

GOLD



CAVE KIDS

GE

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



10044-612
DECEMBER

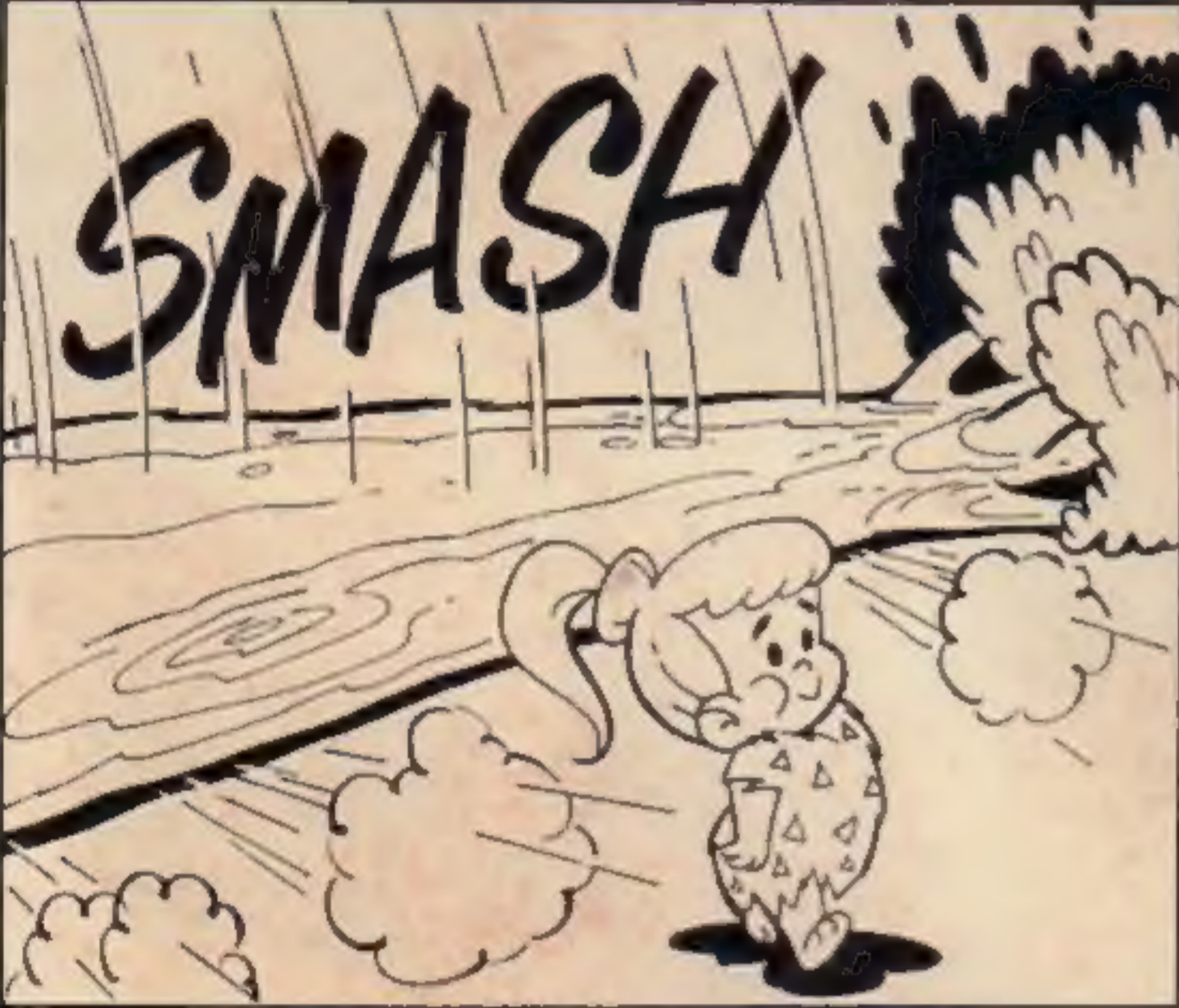
Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

RUMBLE



SMASH



ROAR



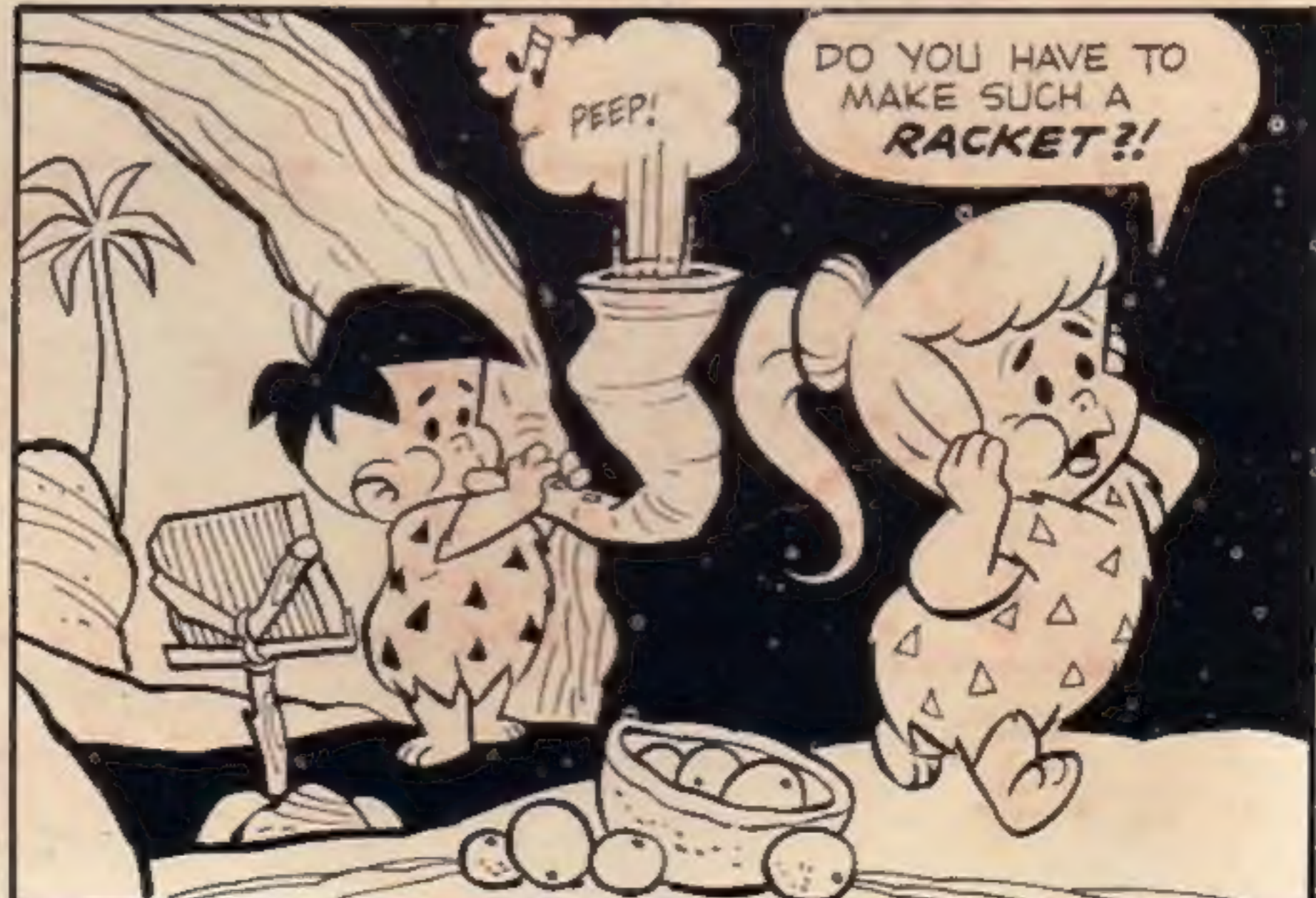
GOOD GRIEF, SANDY...

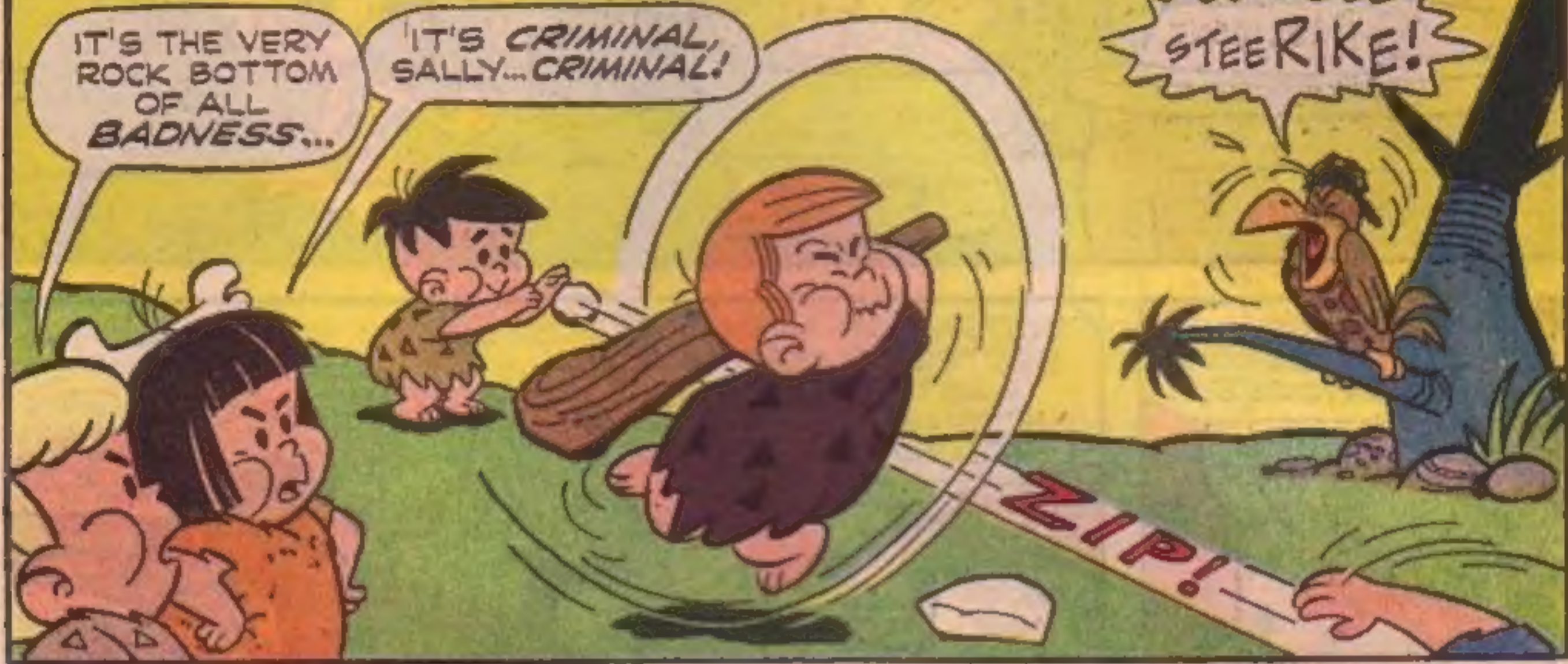
CAVE KIDS



PEEP!

DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE SUCH A RACKET?!







AND ONCE THEY GET IN THE HABIT AS BOYS...THEY NEVER GIVE IT UP!

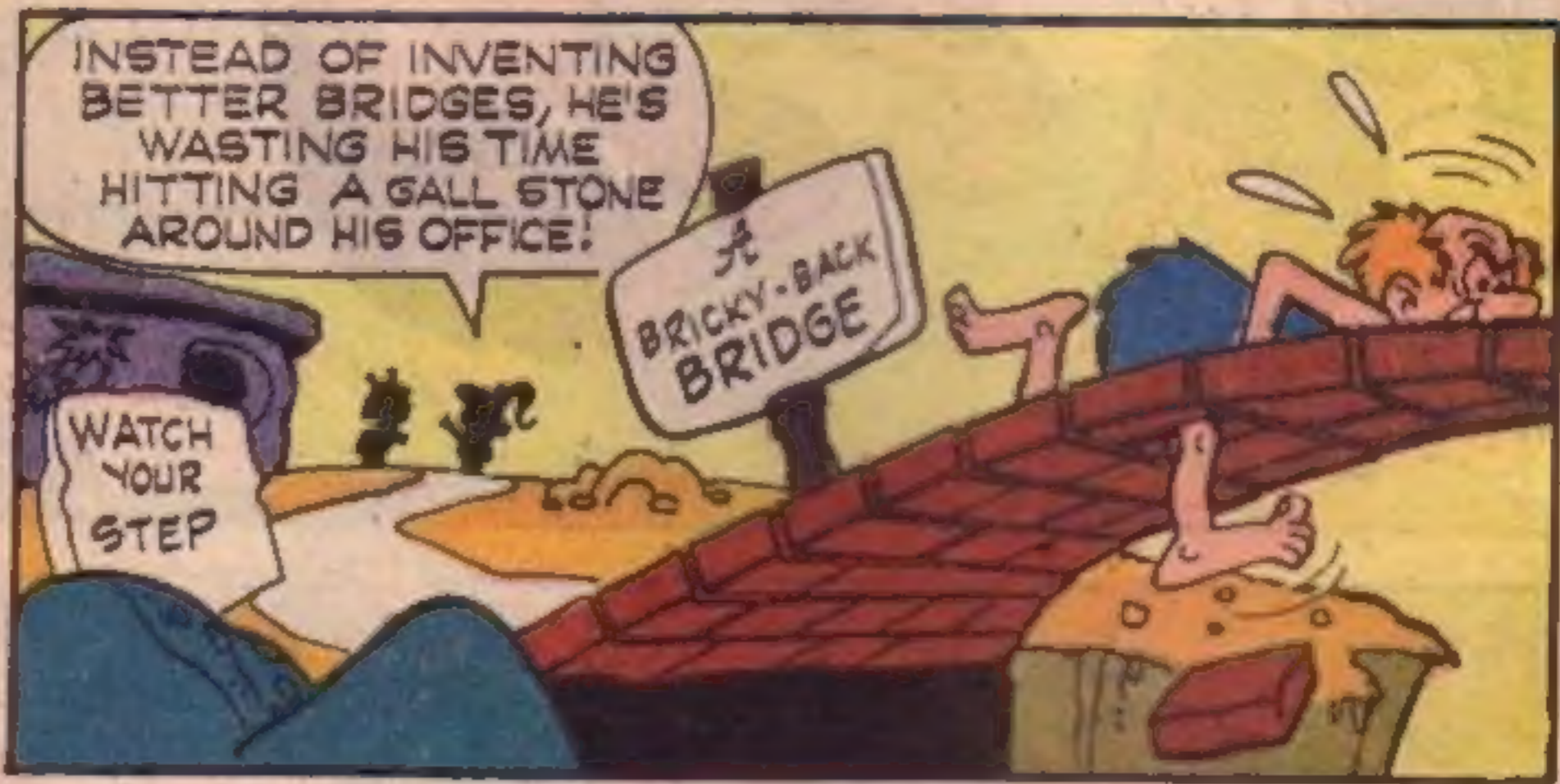
AWK! NO WONDER PROGRESS IS SO SLOW AROUND HERE!

PRESIDENT

POTT!



THAT'S THE PRESIDENT OF BRICKY-BACK BRIDGES!



INSTEAD OF INVENTING BETTER BRIDGES, HE'S WASTING HIS TIME HITTING A GALL STONE AROUND HIS OFFICE!

BRICKY-BACK BRIDGE

WATCH YOUR STEP



HARNK-HARNK!

YO, B.B....LET'S PLAY 36 HOLES OF GALL STONES OVER AT CRATER ACRES!

IT'S A DEAL! I'LL TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF!

AWK! AND DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT MAN IS?

WHO? WHO?

BRICKY-BACK BRIDGE CO.



HE'S C.D. BEELINE, HEAD OF FLAK AIRLINES!

NO!!



PUFF! PANT!

YOU'D THINK HED WANT TO SPEND MORE TIME IMPROVING AIR TRAVEL!

IT SURE NEEDS IMPROVEMENTS!

FLAP!

FLAP!

FLAP!

FLAP!

FLAP!



LOOK OUT, SALLY!



EEEK! A RUNAWAY WHEEL!

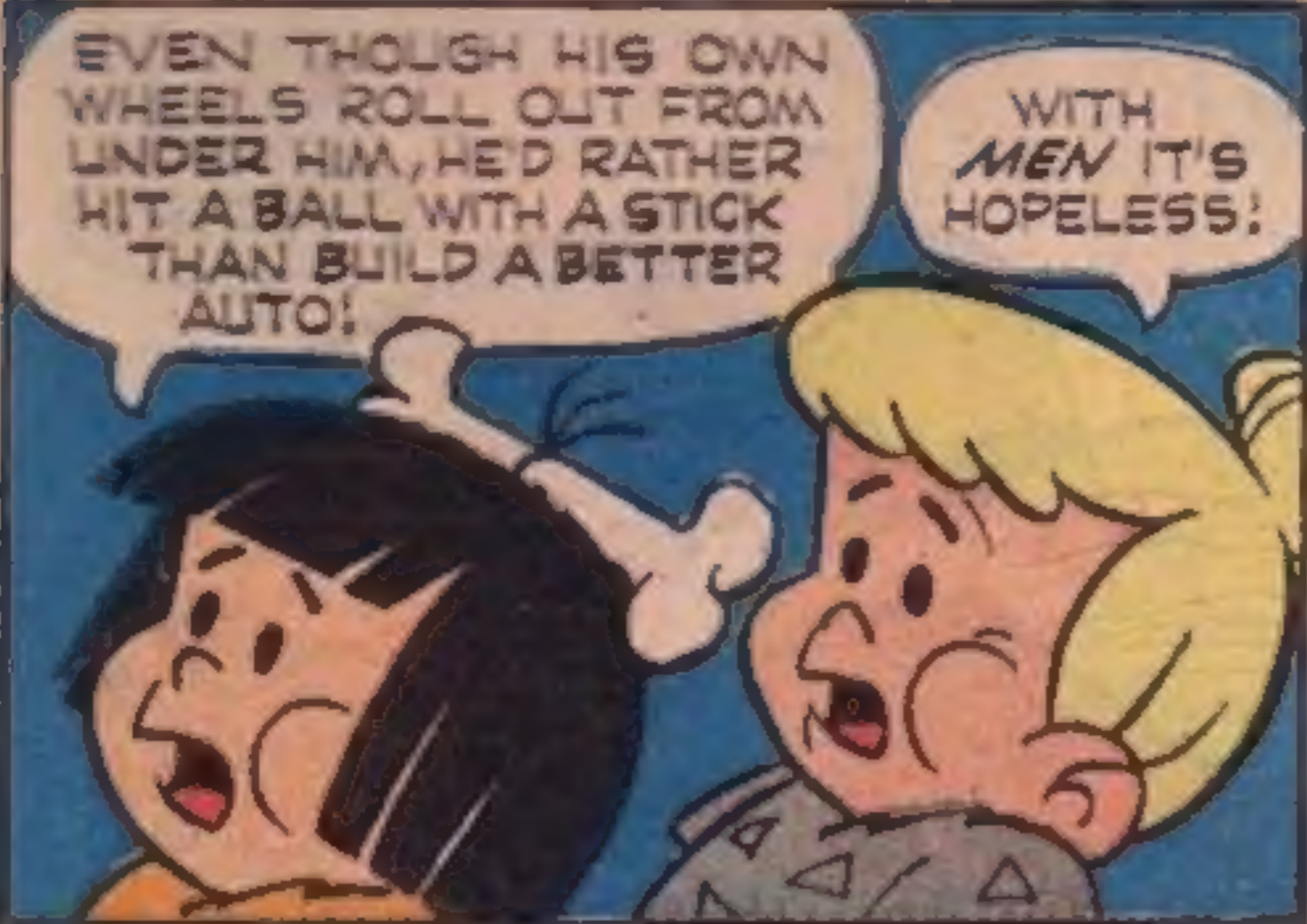


SIR! HELP ME FIX IT!

DO IT YOURSELF, JAMES... I HAVE A GALL-STONE APPOINTMENT WITH C.D. BEELINE AND BRICK E. BRIDGEPORT!

(GROAN!) AND THAT BIG WHEEL IS ROLLO ROCKROD, CAR MANUFACTURER!

YOU'D THINK HE'D WISE UP!



EVEN THOUGH HIS OWN WHEELS ROLL OUT FROM UNDER HIM, HE'D RATHER HIT A BALL WITH A STICK THAN BUILD A BETTER AUTO!

WITH MEN IT'S HOPELESS!



BUT WITH BOYS... WE CAN PROBABLY REFORM THEM TO GIVE UP BEFORE THEY'RE TOO SET IN THEIR WAYS!



BUT...

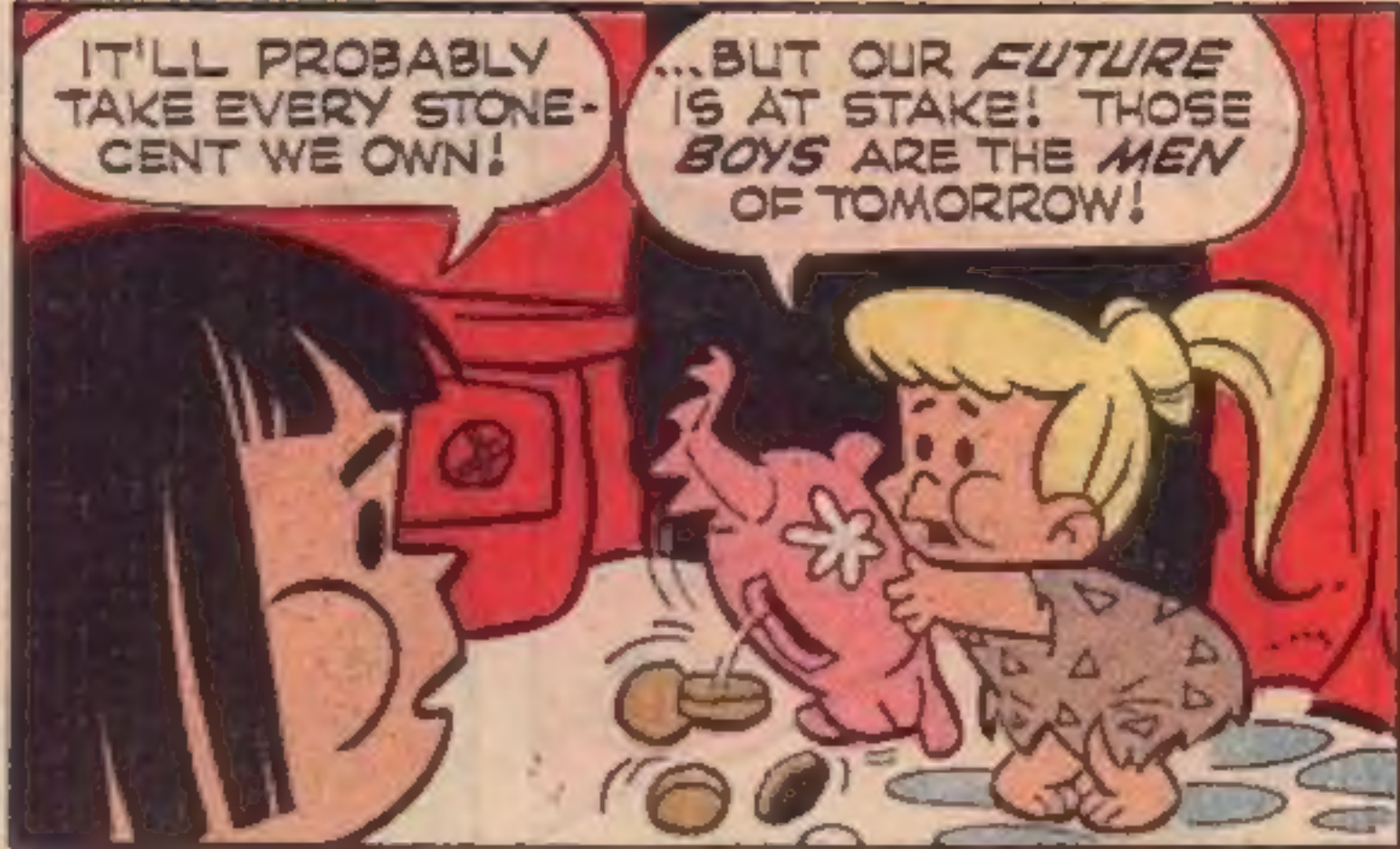
GIVE UP BALL PLAYING?! YOU MUST HAVE ROCKS IN YOUR ATTIC!

OKAY-OKAY... SO YOU WON'T LISTEN TO REASON!

YOU'RE MENTAL GRANDPAS ALREADY!



C'MON, SUZY... THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BEAT THEM AT THEIR BALL GAME...

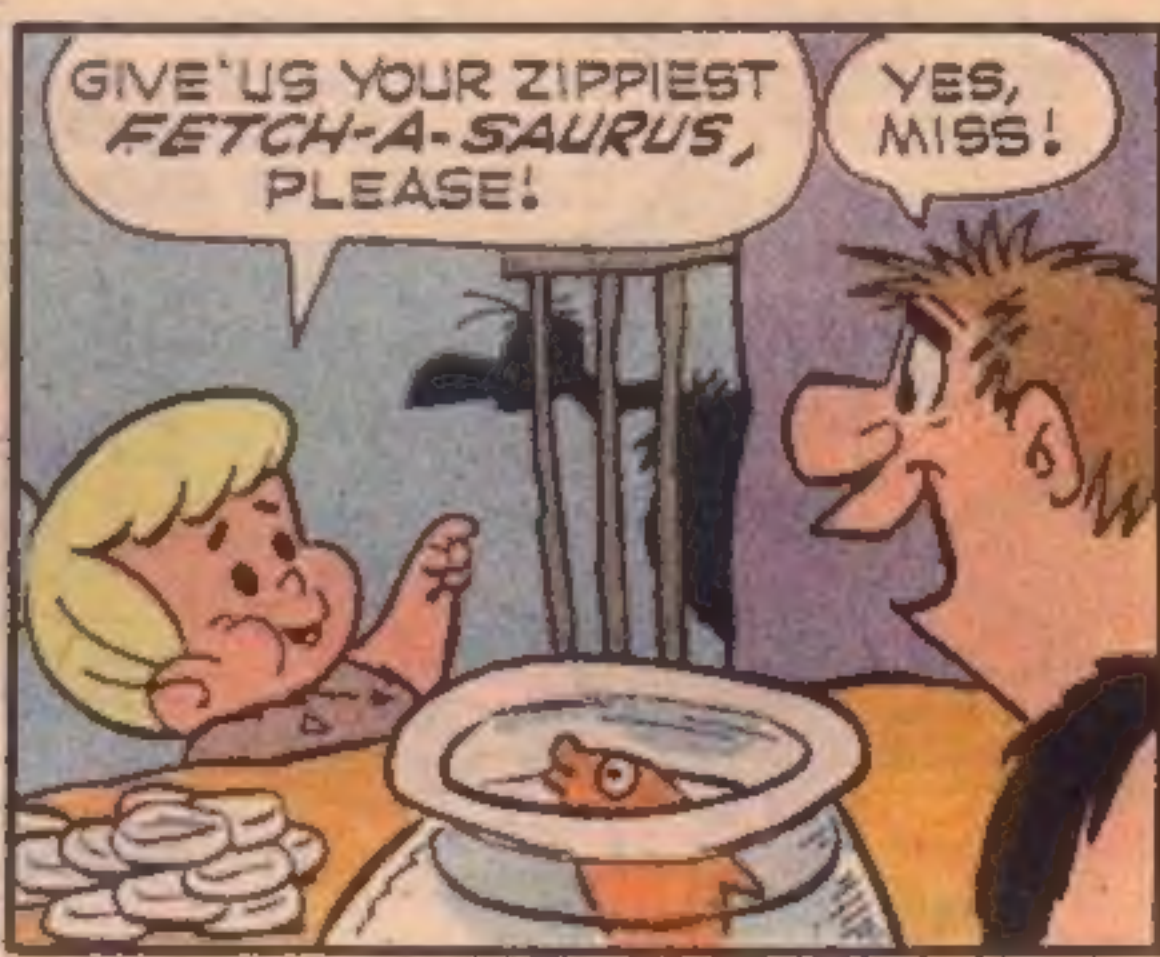


IT'LL PROBABLY TAKE EVERY STONE-CENT WE OWN!

...BUT OUR FUTURE IS AT STAKE! THOSE BOYS ARE THE MEN OF TOMORROW!

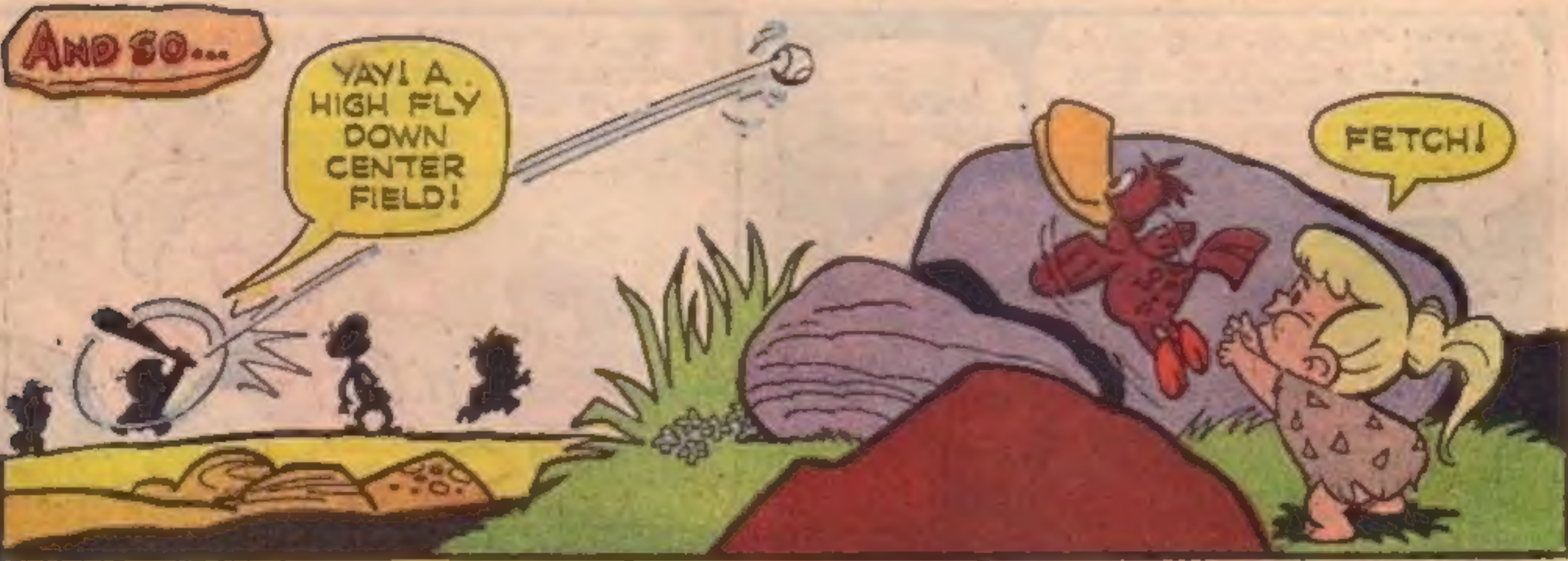


... AND IF WE WANT TO SEE ANY REAL PROGRESS...THEY'LL HAVE TO BE MEN WHO DON'T KILL TIME HITTING BALLS WITH STICKS!



GIVE'US YOUR ZIPPIEST FETCH-A-SAURUS, PLEASE!

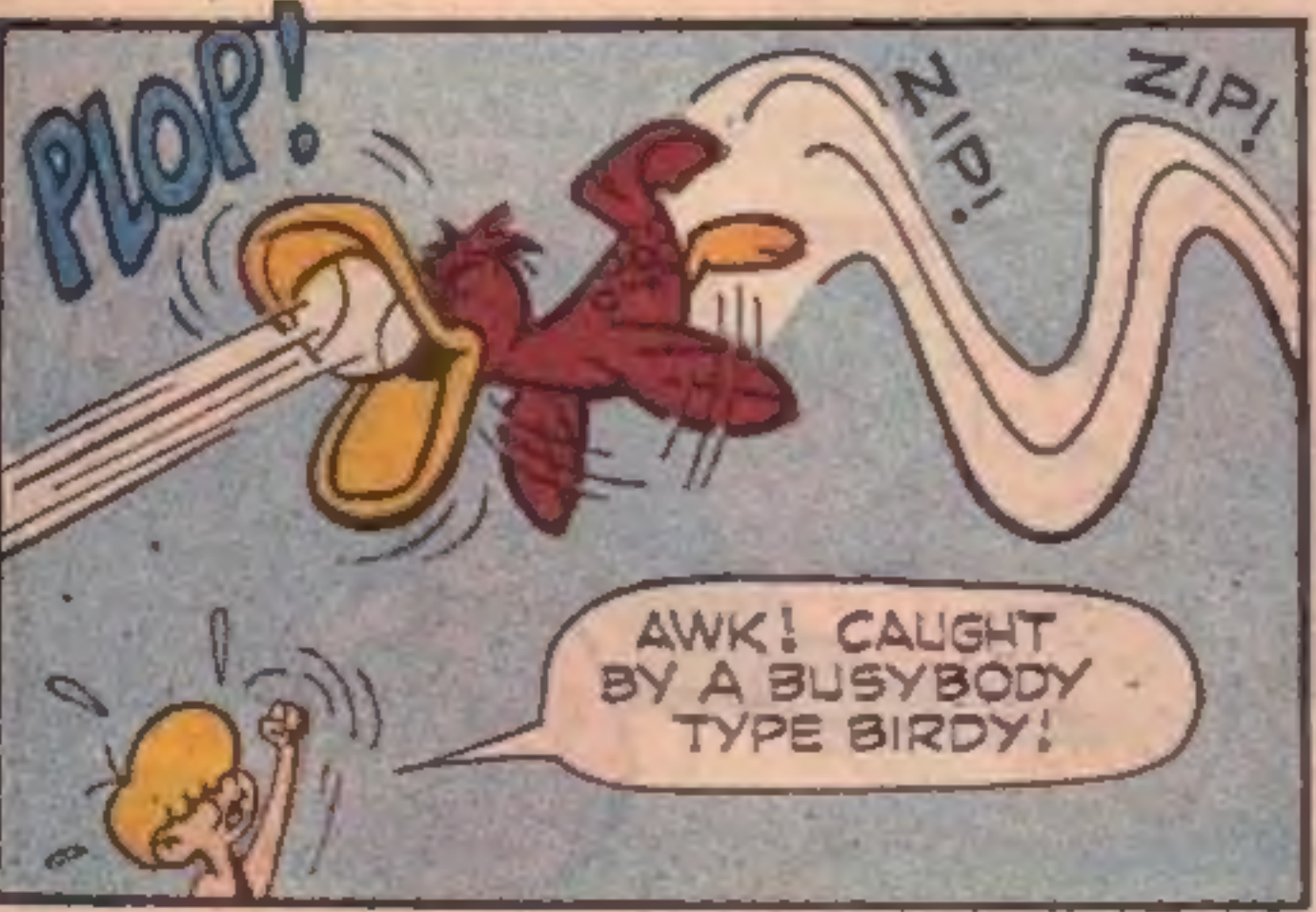
YES, MISS!



AND SO...

YAY! A HIGH FLY DOWN CENTER FIELD!

FETCH!



PLOP!

ZIP! ZIP!

AWK! CAUGHT BY A BUSYBODY TYPE BIRDY!

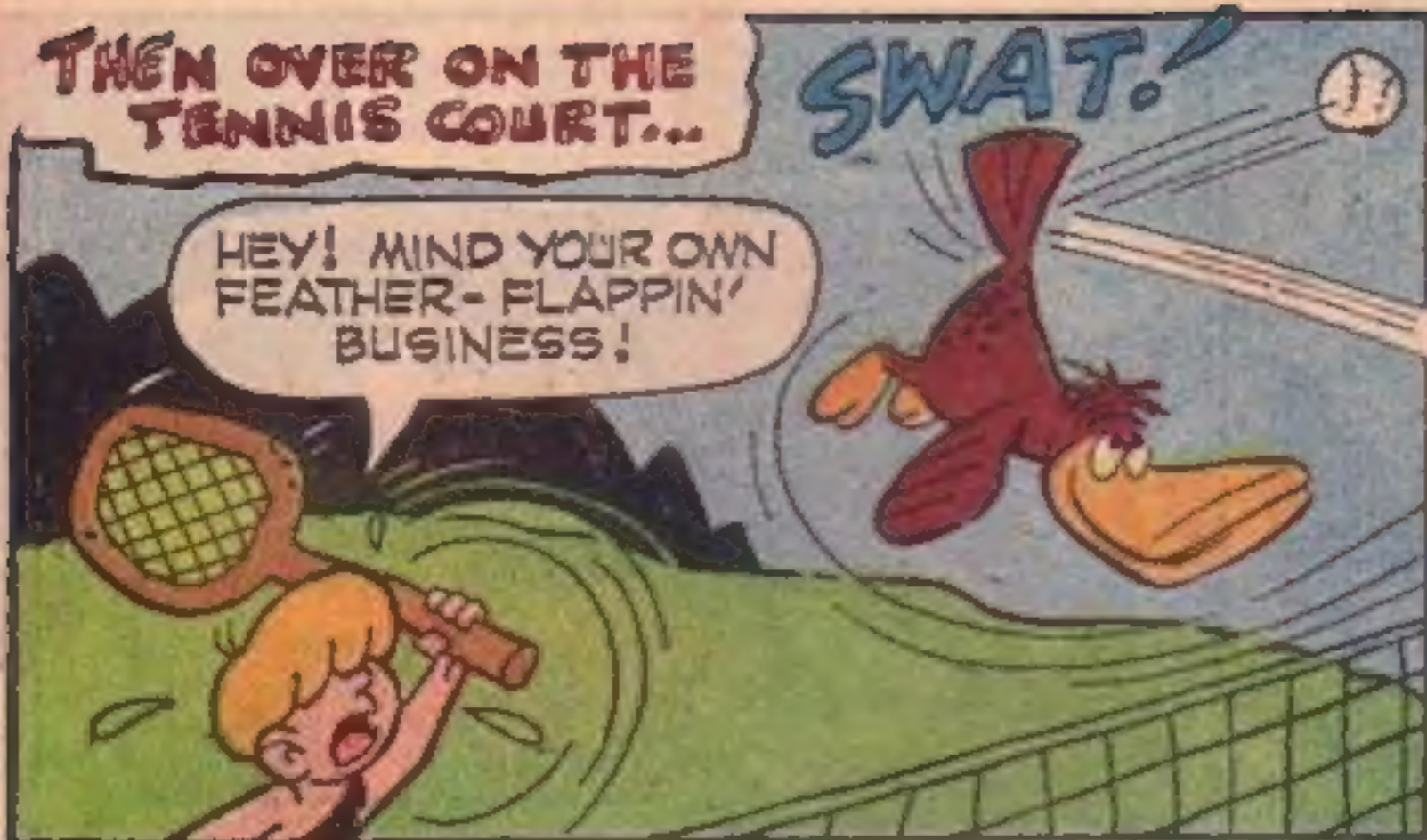


COME BACK WITH OUR BALL, YOU SKYWAY ROBBER!

THEN OVER ON THE TENNIS COURT...

SWAT!

HEY! MIND YOUR OWN FEATHER-FLAPPIN' BUSINESS!



TEE-HEE! AFTER A WHILE THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ELSE WHEN ALL THE BALLS ARE GONE!

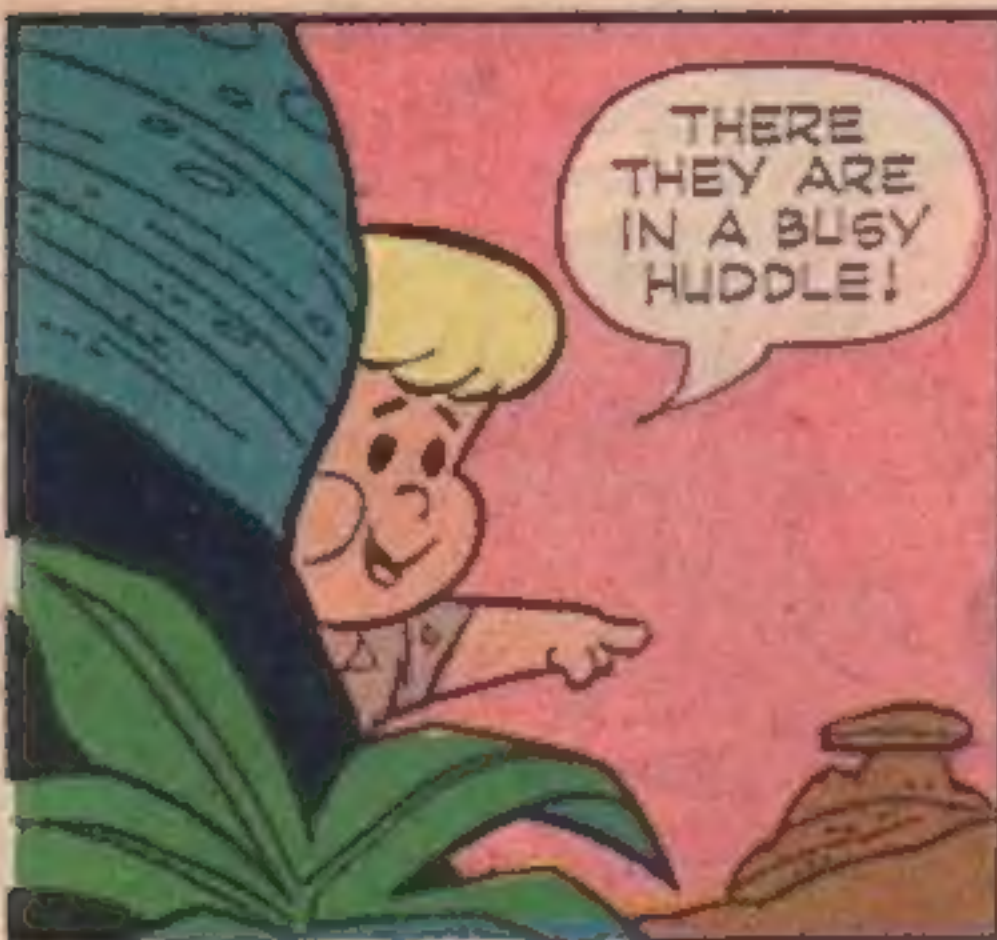


AND BY AND BY...

C'MON... THE BOYS HAVE BEEN QUIET FOR A SPELL NOW!



THERE THEY ARE IN A BUSY HUDDLE!



OH, GOODY! YOU'VE SETTLED DOWN TO DOING CREATIVE WORK WITH YOUR HANDS!

YEAH...



...WE'RE MAKING BALLS!

SOME SINISTER BIRD HAS TAKEN ALL OF THEM!

BUT NEXT TIME THIS FOR THAT BIRD!



(SIGH!) IT'S NO USE! THEIR HEARTS BELONG TO BALL PLAYING!

HMM...



C'MON... I KNOW JUST THE GAL TO GIVE THE GUYS A CHANGE OF MIND!



Go...

LEAVE IT TO ME! AFTER I HYPNOTIZE THEM THEY'LL HAVE A REVULSION AGAINST HITTING BALLS WITH STICKS!

MAKE IT AN EXTRA-REVOLTING REVULSION, PLEASE!

GYPSY CRYSTAL FORTUNE TELLER



ER... THEY PROBABLY WON'T COOPERATE!

I'LL CATCH THEM UNAWARES!



AND...

I'M THIRSTY!



OOPS!

LOOK DEEEEEEP INTO MY EYES...



AND SO IT GOES...

...YOU HATE HITTING A BALL WITH A STICK ...YOU HATE IT...

HUH? ER... DUH-H-H... I HATE IT!



UNTIL FINALLY...

I HATE ALL FORMS OF BALL PLAYING...

ME, TOO!

SAME HERE!





RATS TO BATS!

BALLS ARE FOR THE BIRDS!

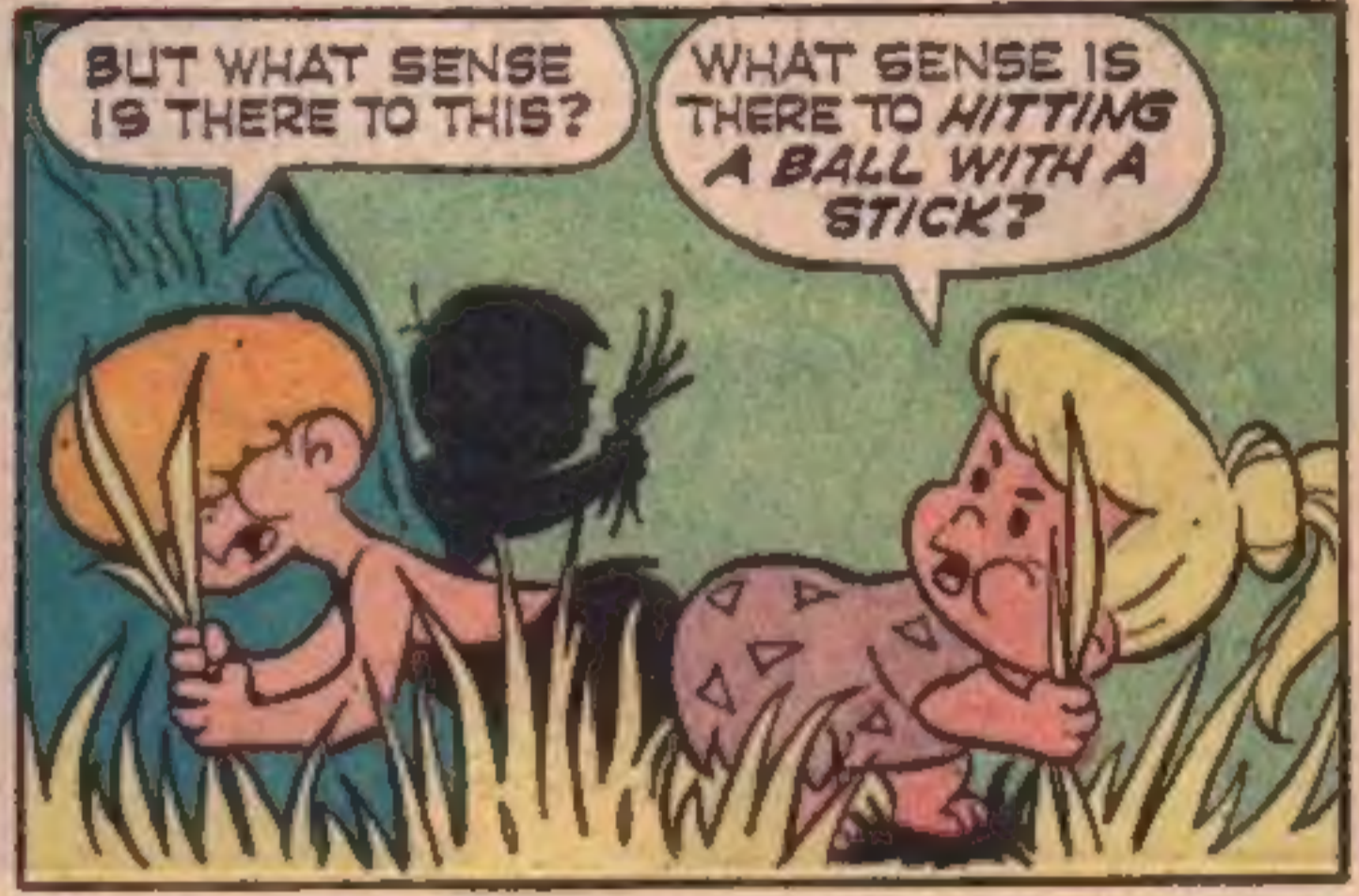
ER... SUDDENLY, THERE IS A BIG HOLE IN OUR LIVES...

... AND THAT'S WHERE WE STEP IN, FELLAS!



LET'S GO ON A STRAW PICKIN' SAFARI!

WELL, OKAY... UNTIL WE THINK OF SOMETHING BETTER!



BUT WHAT SENSE IS THERE TO THIS?

WHAT SENSE IS THERE TO HITTING A BALL WITH A STICK?

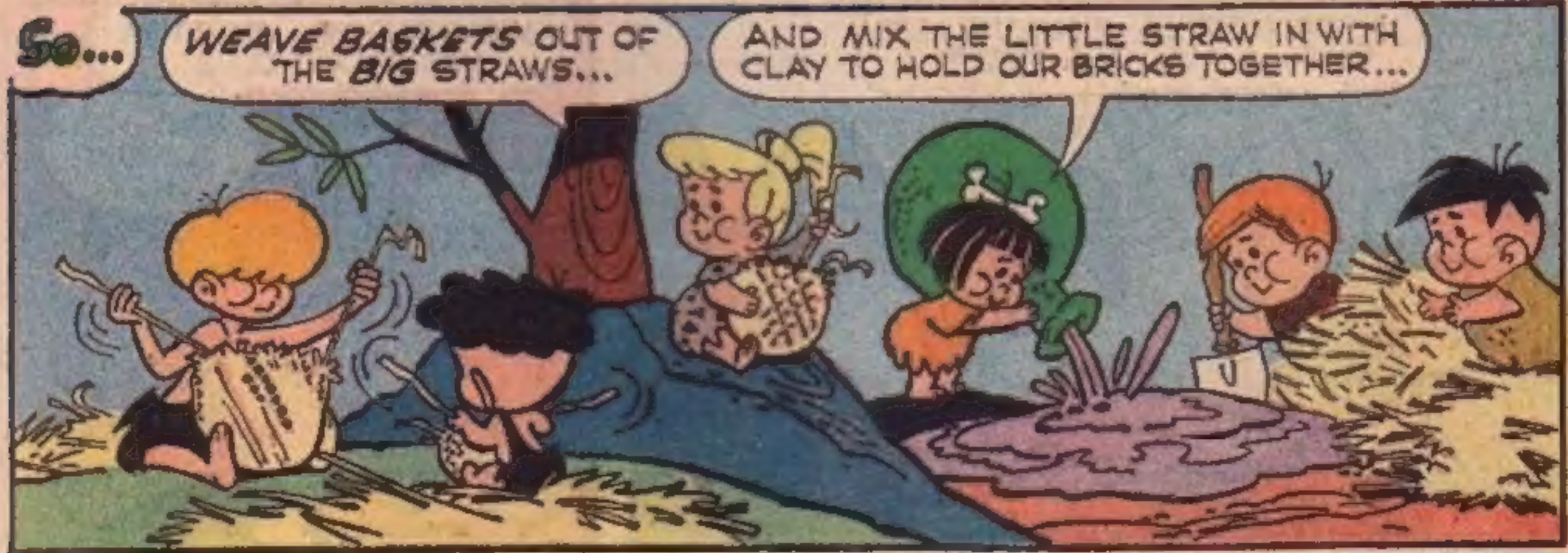


PLEASE!! DON'T MENTION THAT REVOLTING STUFF!

EXCUSE ME! TEE-HEE!



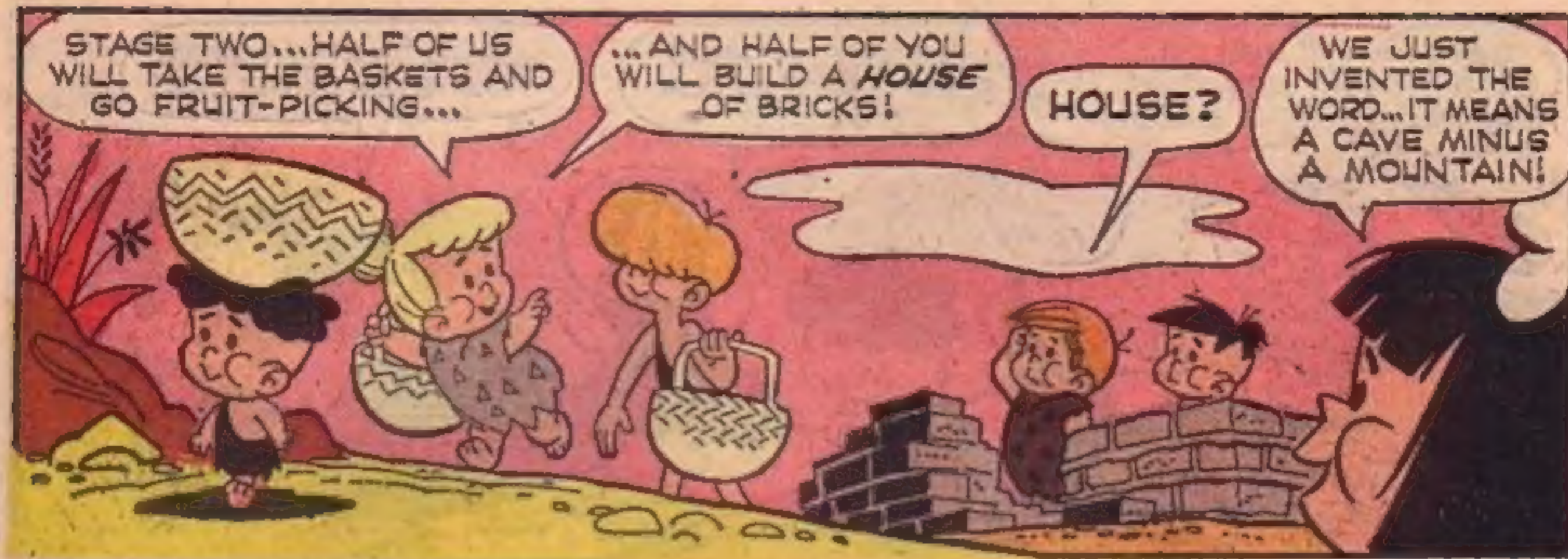
BUT WE'LL MAKE GOOD USE OF THE STRAW, AS YOU SHALL SOON SEE!



So...

WEAVE BASKETS OUT OF THE BIG STRAWS...

AND MIX THE LITTLE STRAW IN WITH CLAY TO HOLD OUR BRICKS TOGETHER...



STAGE TWO...HALF OF US WILL TAKE THE BASKETS AND GO FRUIT-PICKING...

...AND HALF OF YOU WILL BUILD A *HOUSE* OF BRICKS!

HOUSE?

WE JUST INVENTED THE WORD...IT MEANS A CAVE MINUS A MOUNTAIN!

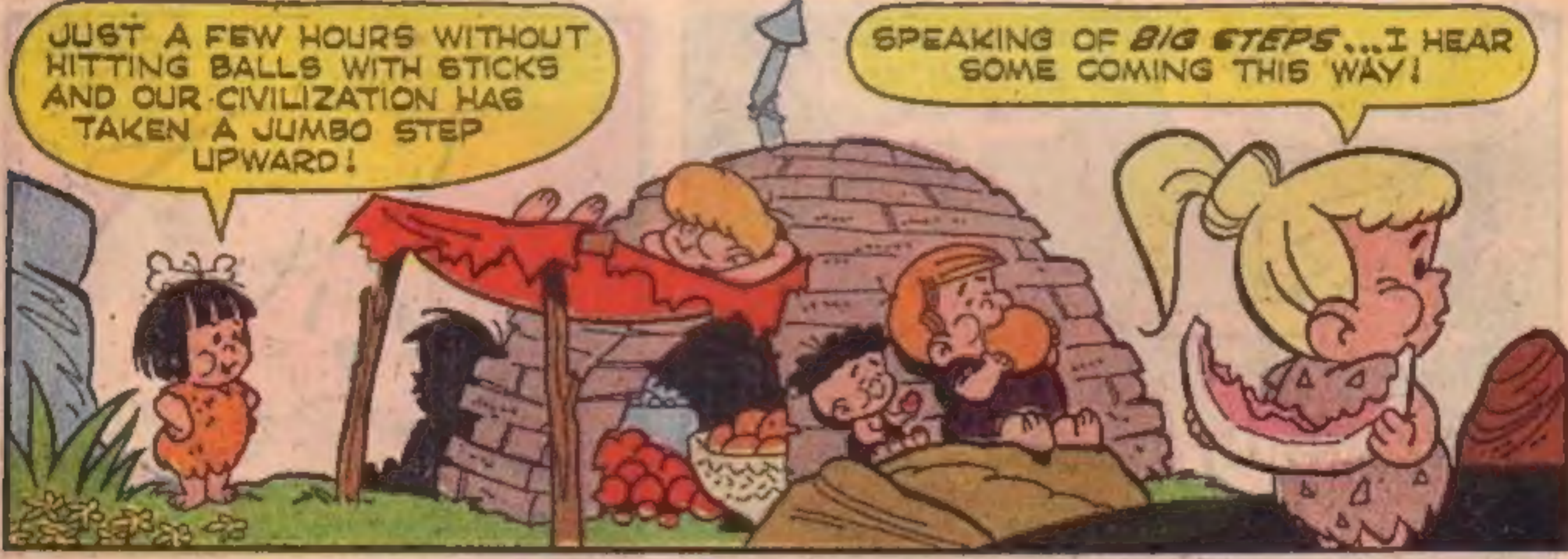


FOR ONCE WE'LL PICK MORE THAN WE CAN CARRY IN OUR BARE HANDS!

...AND *STORE* THE EXTRA IN OUR *HOUSE*!

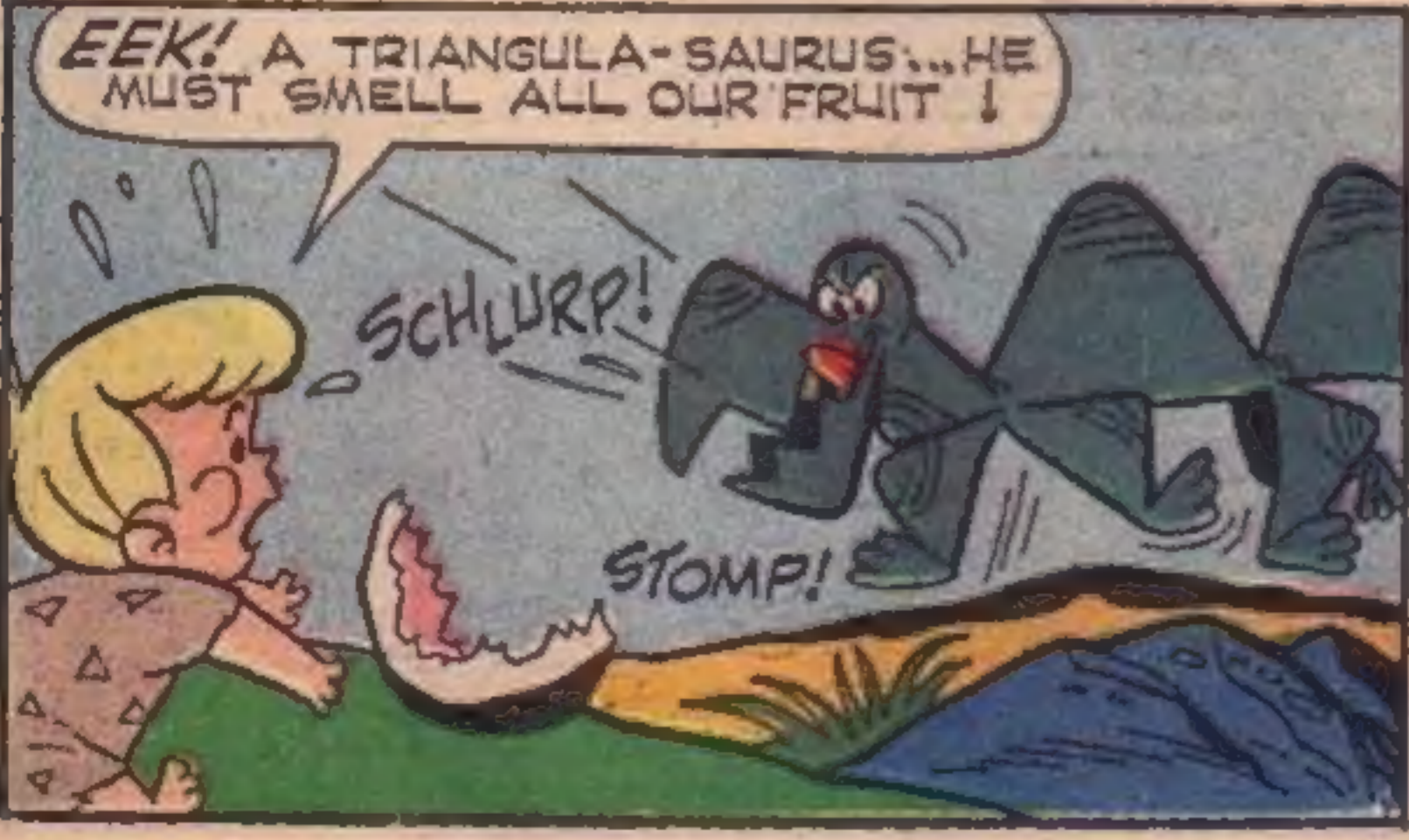


WHEE! WE'RE SEEING TREMENDOUS PROGRESS ALREADY!



JUST A FEW HOURS WITHOUT HITTING BALLS WITH STICKS AND OUR CIVILIZATION HAS TAKEN A JUMBO STEP UPWARD!

SPEAKING OF *BIG STEPS*...I HEAR SOME COMING THIS WAY!



EEK! A TRIANGULA-SAURUS...HE MUST SMELL ALL OUR FRUIT!

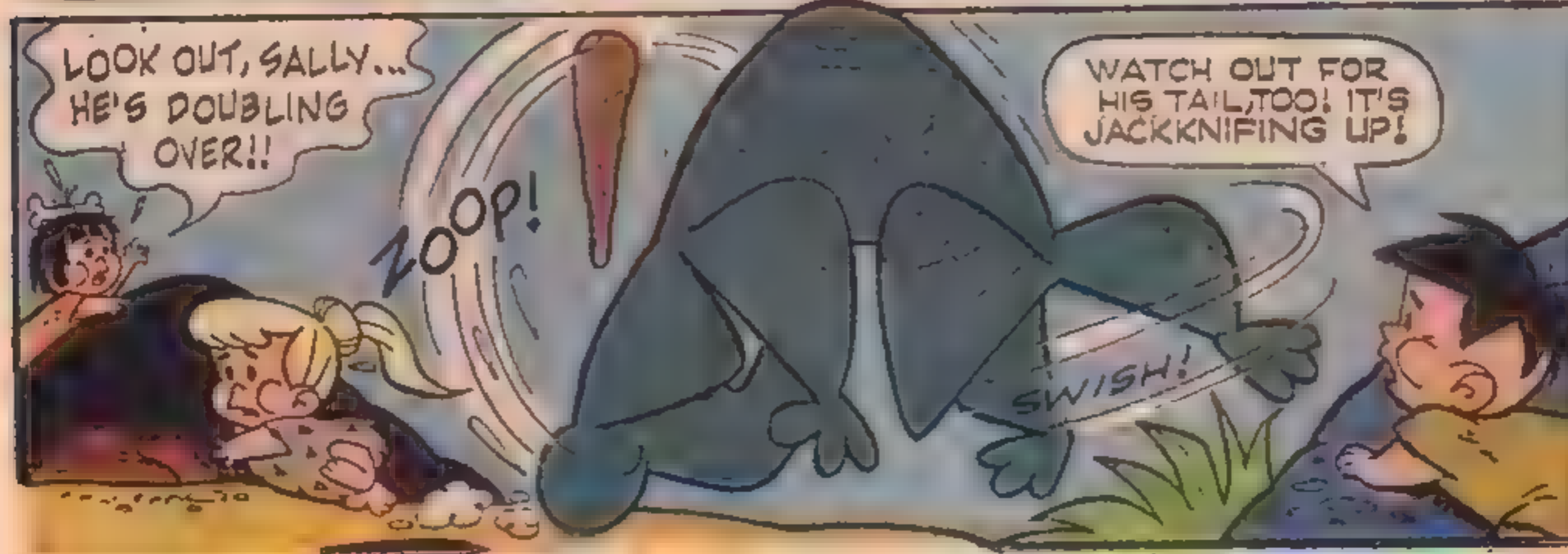
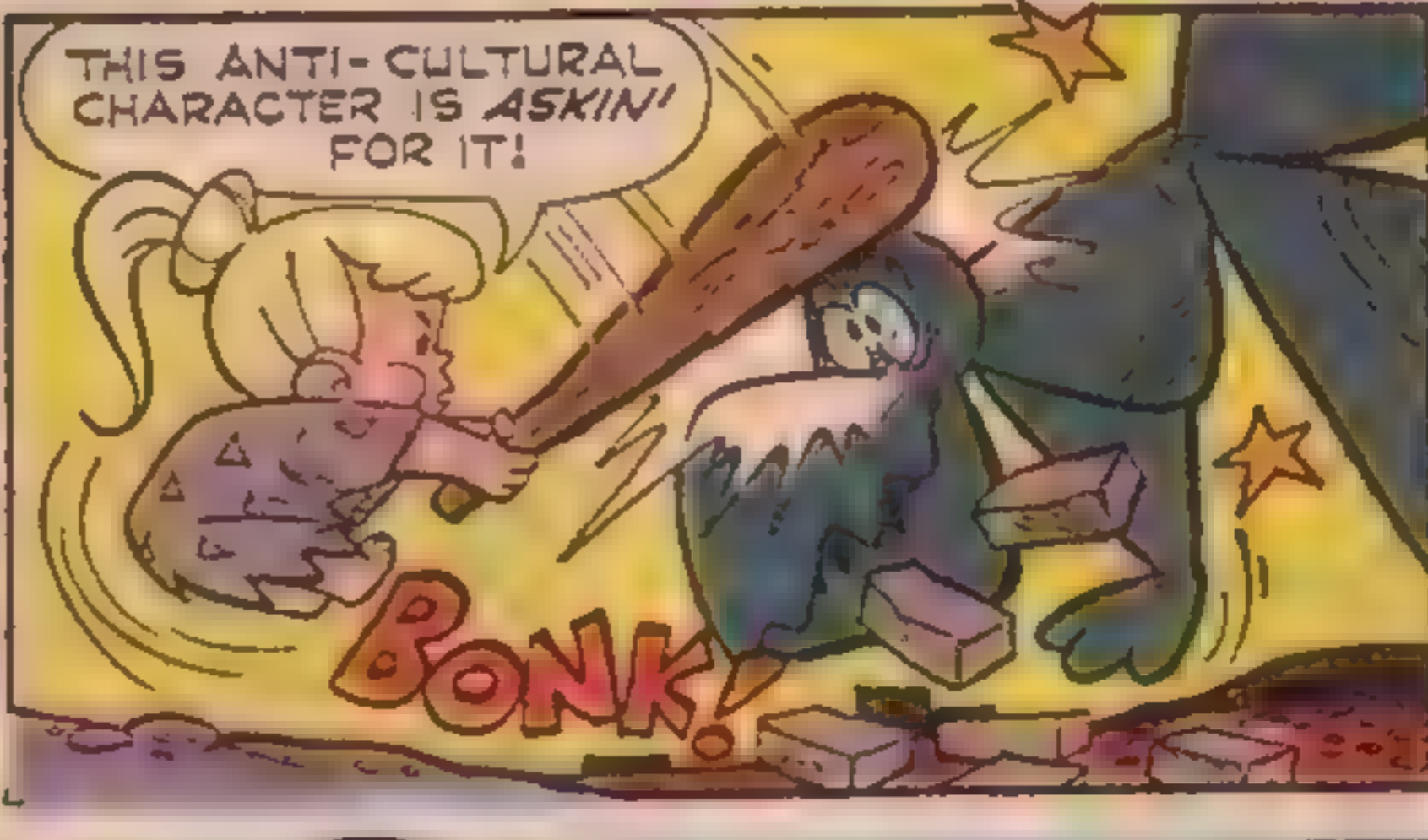
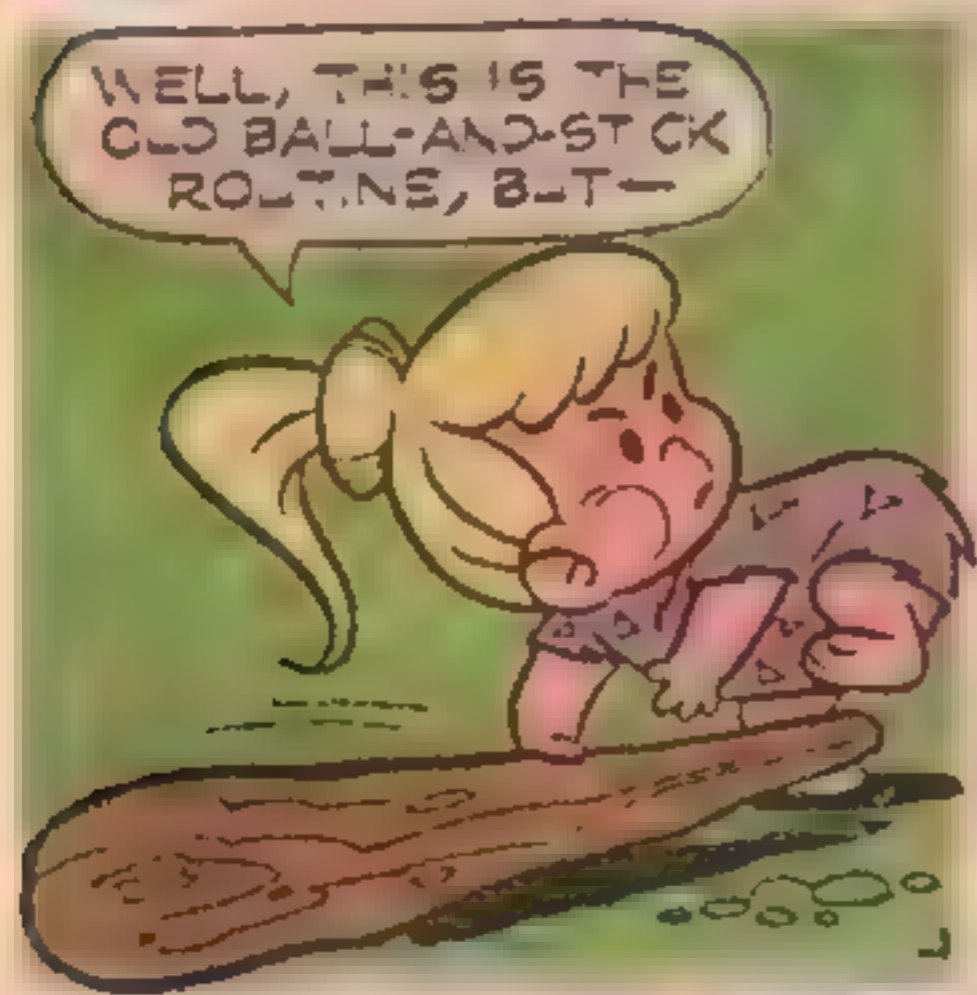
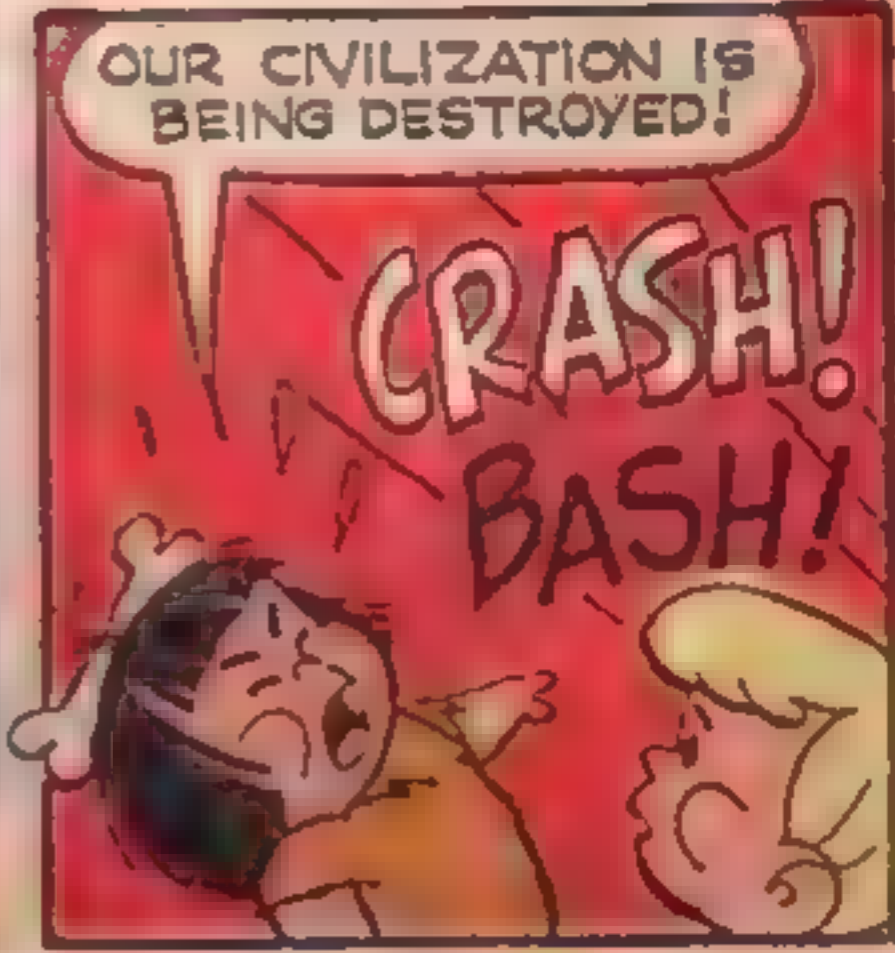
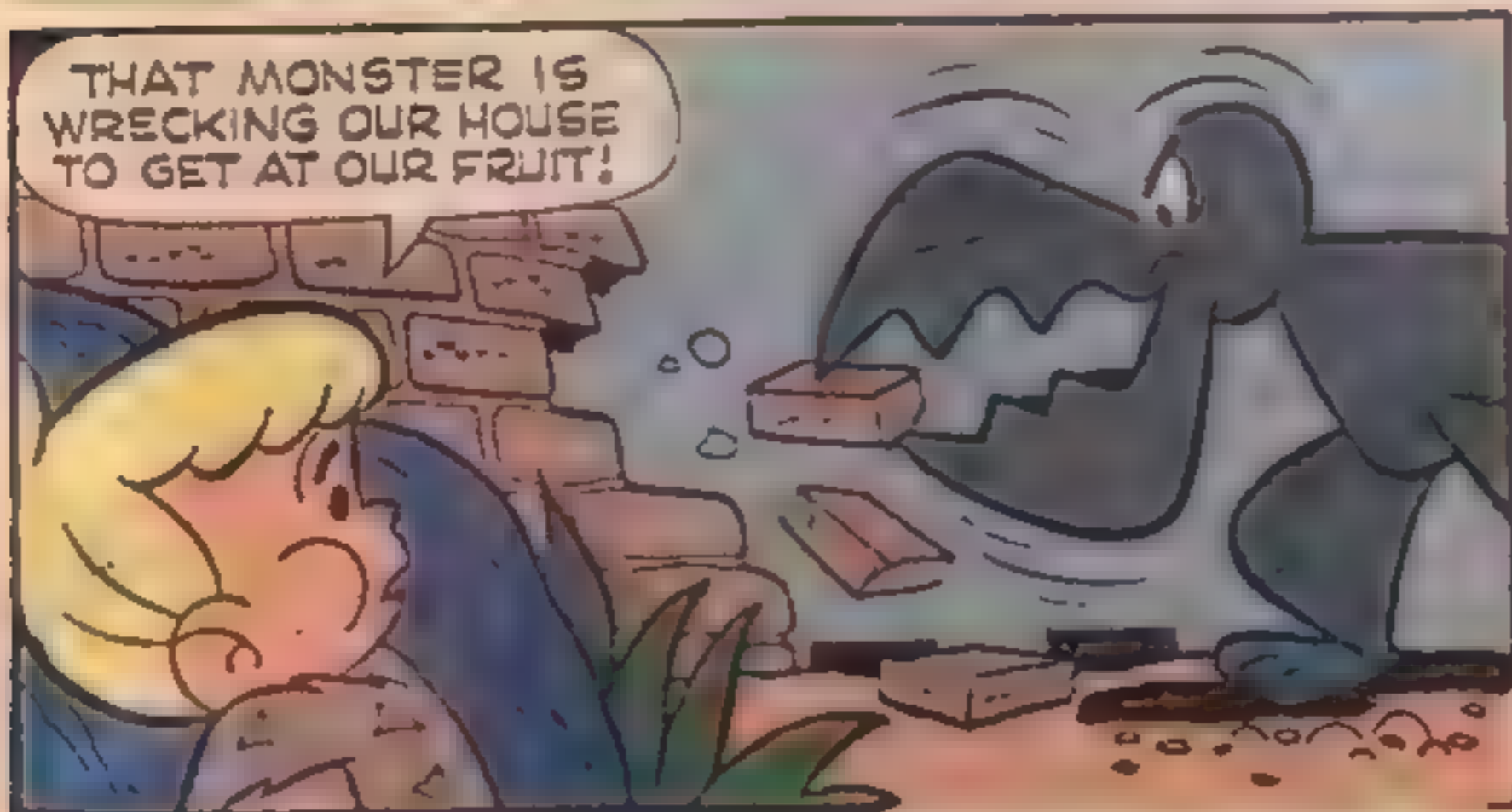
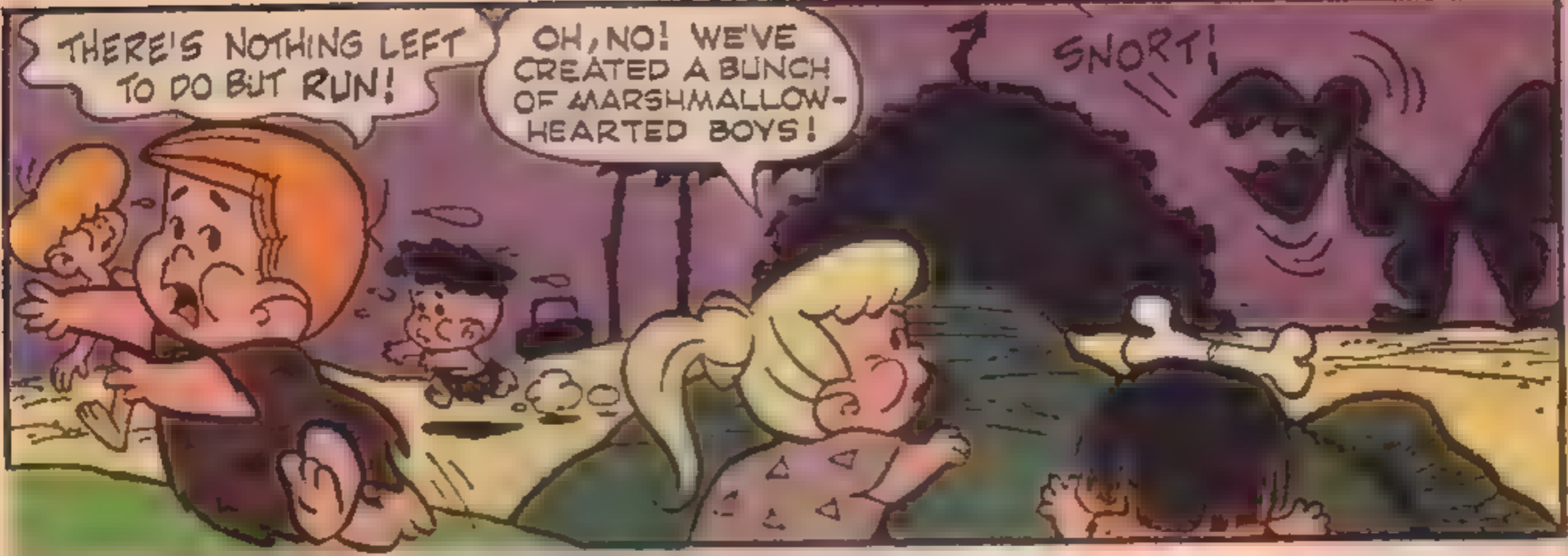
SCHLURP!

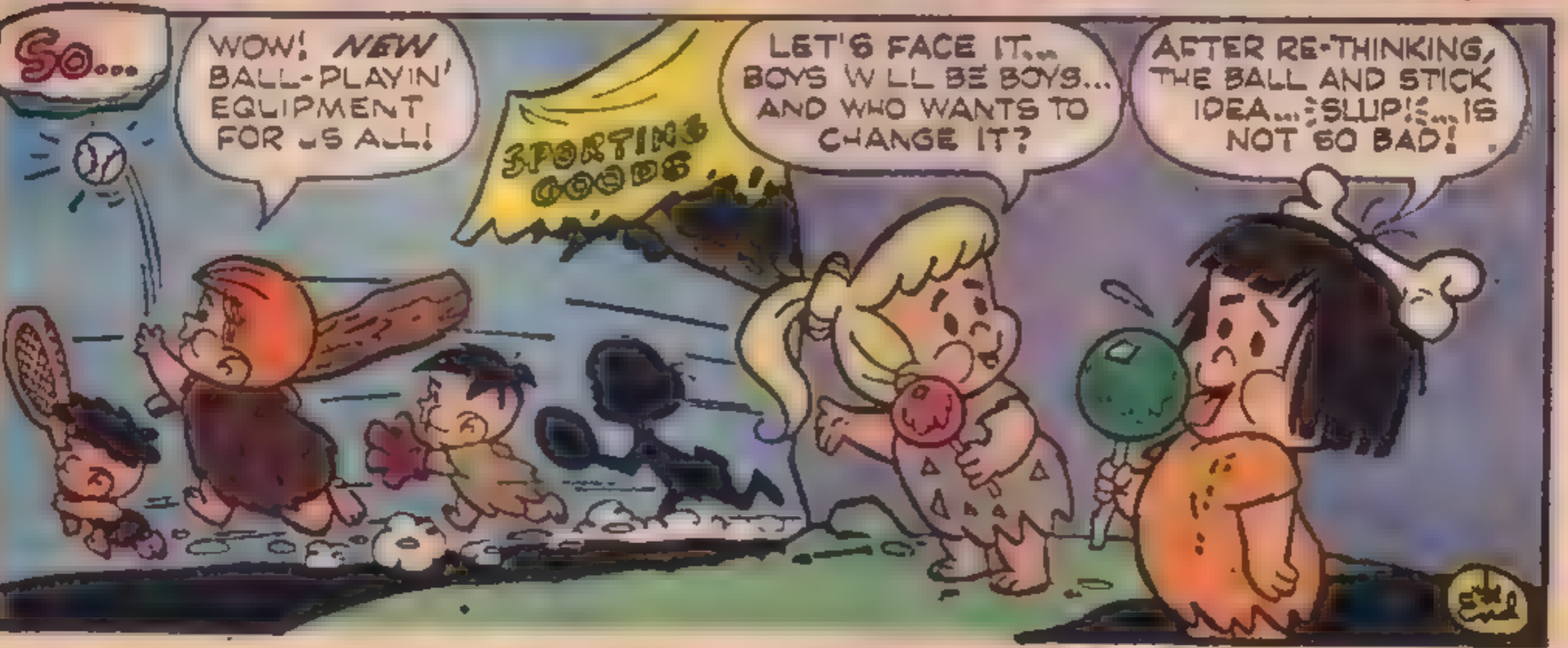
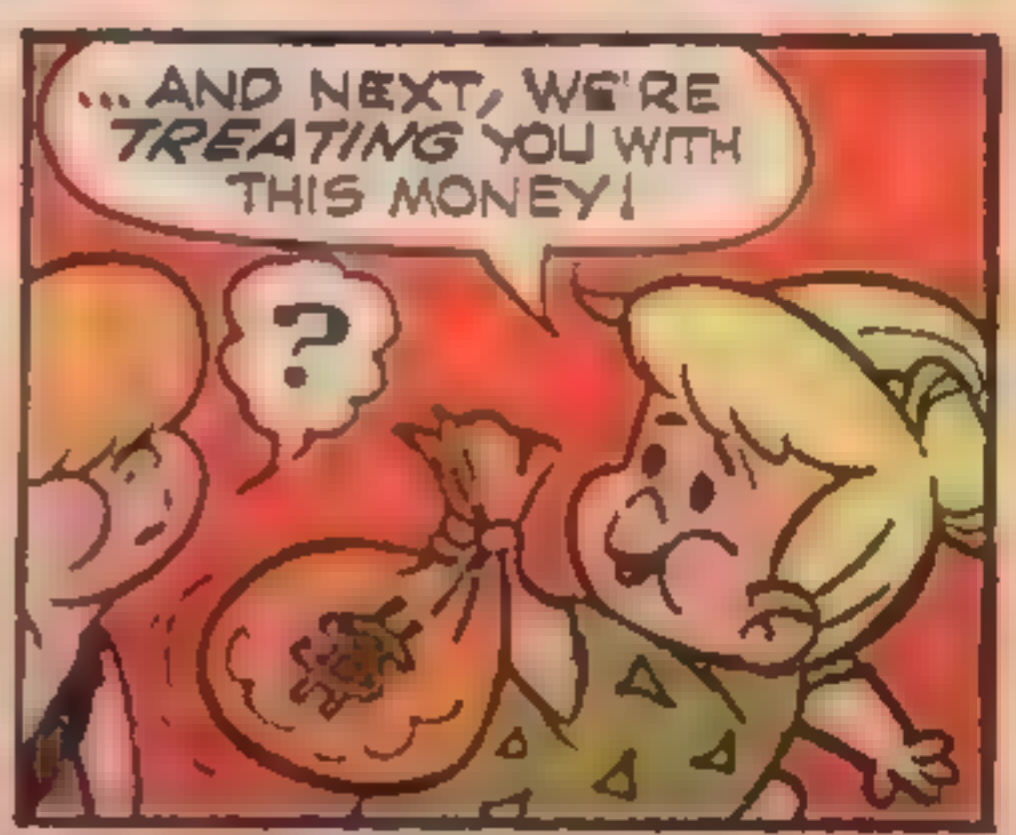
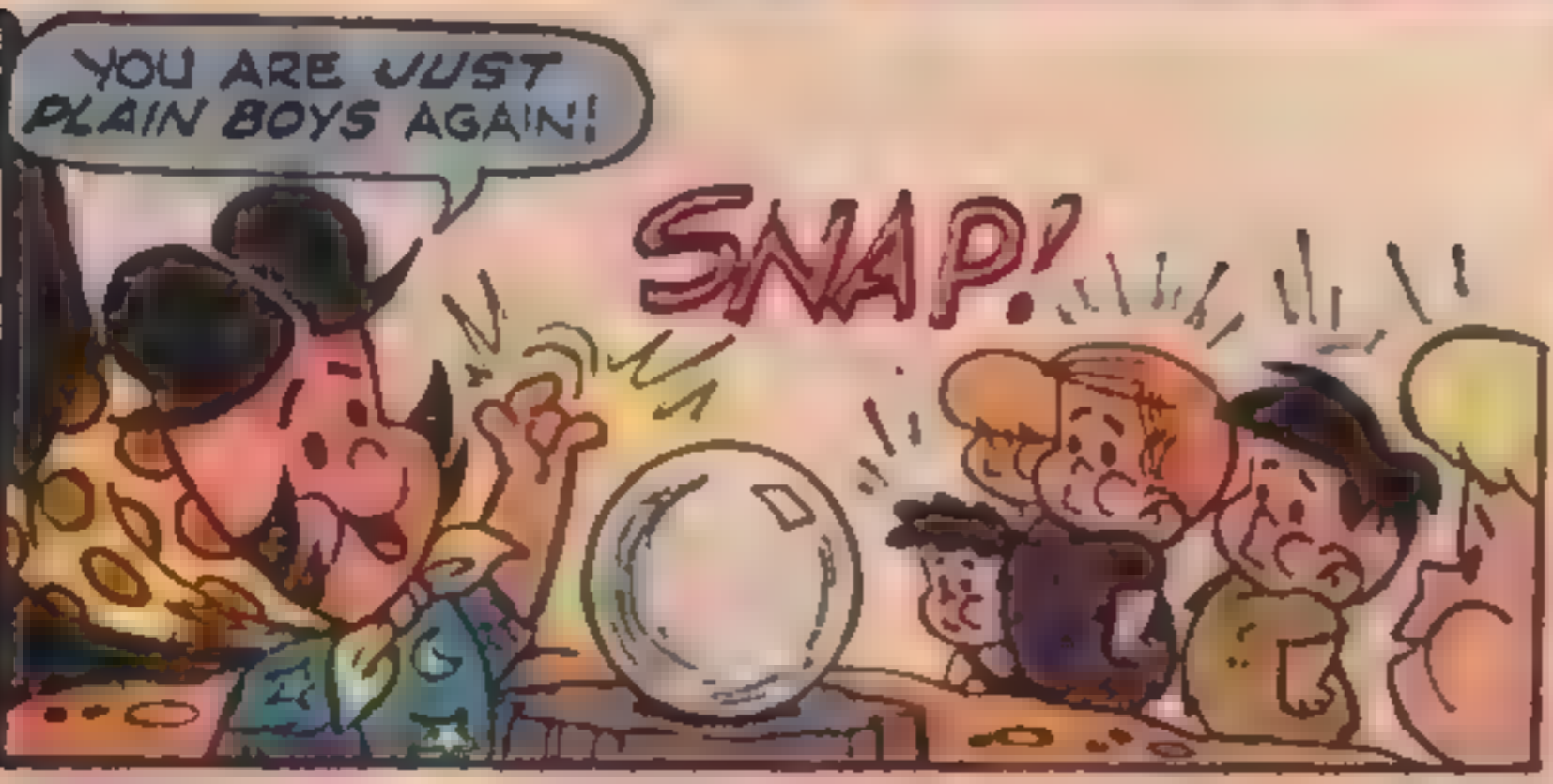
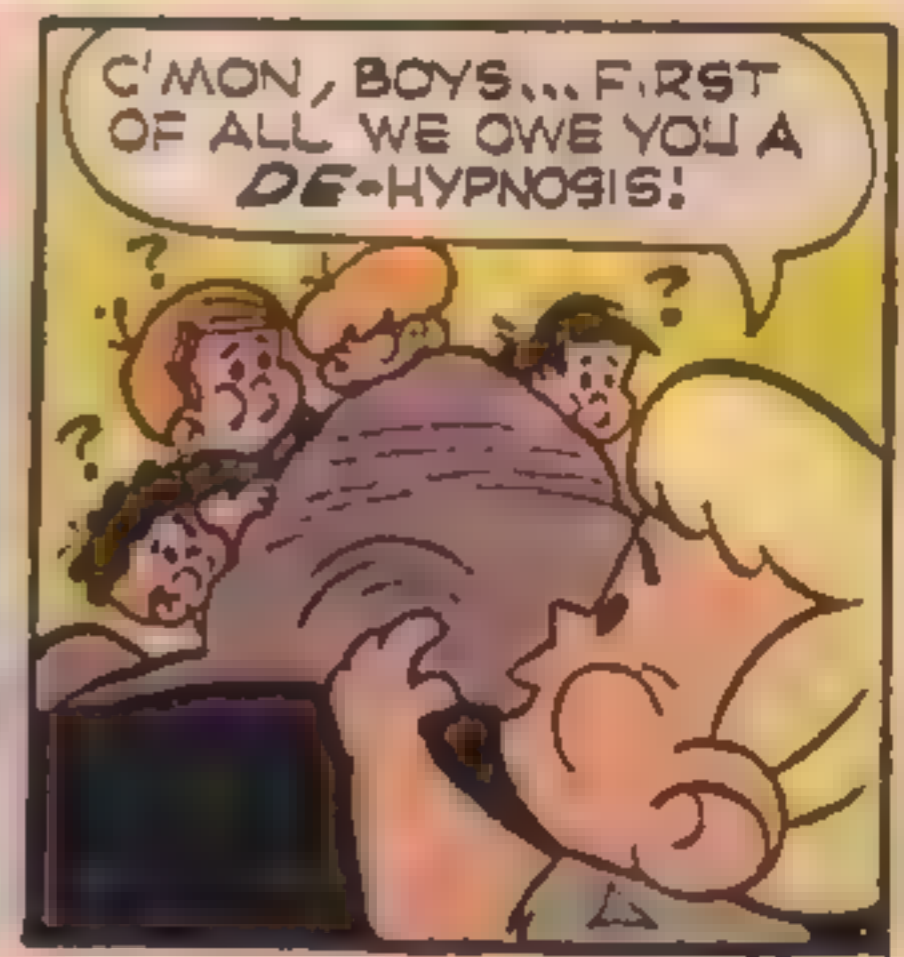
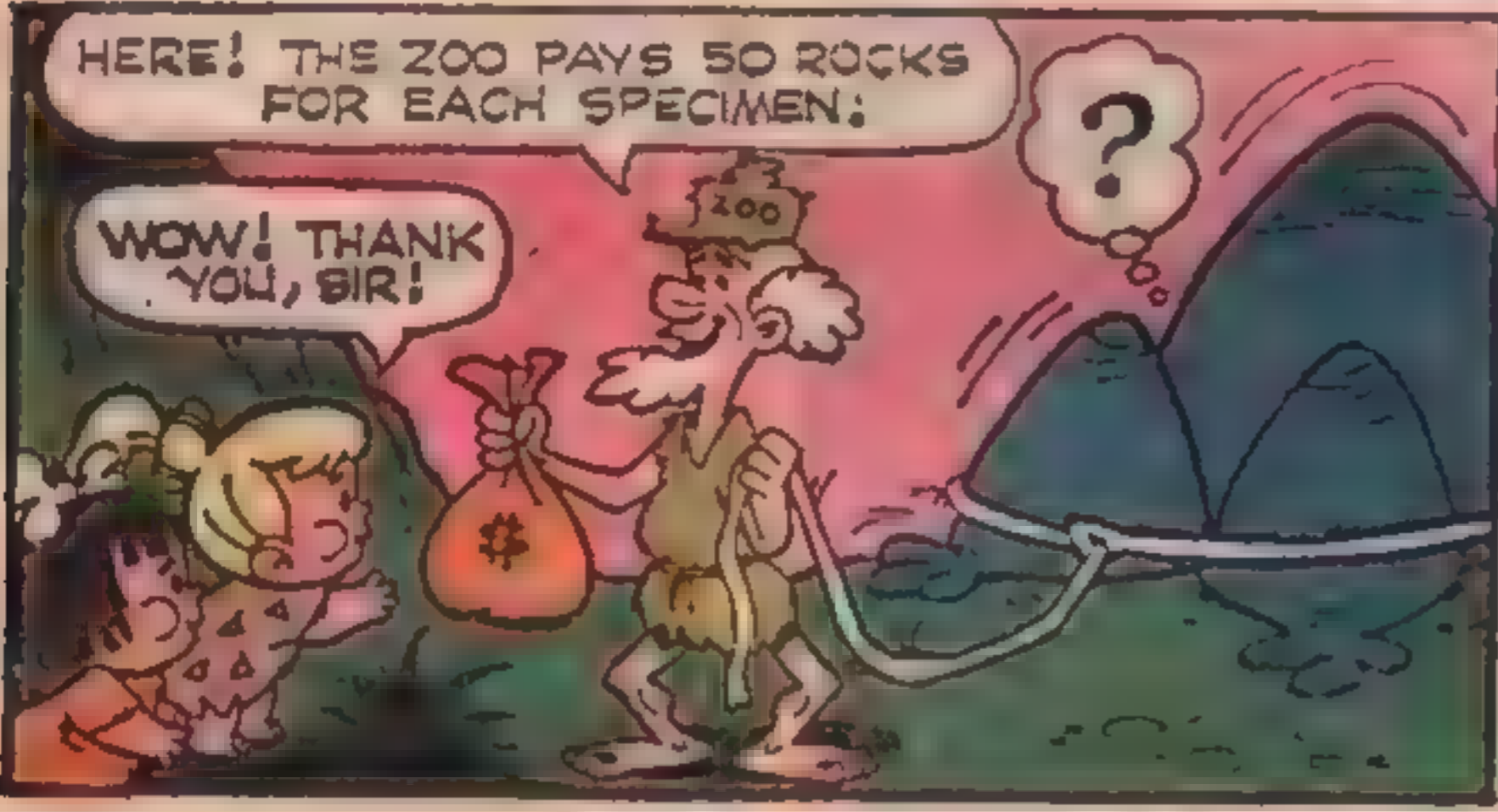
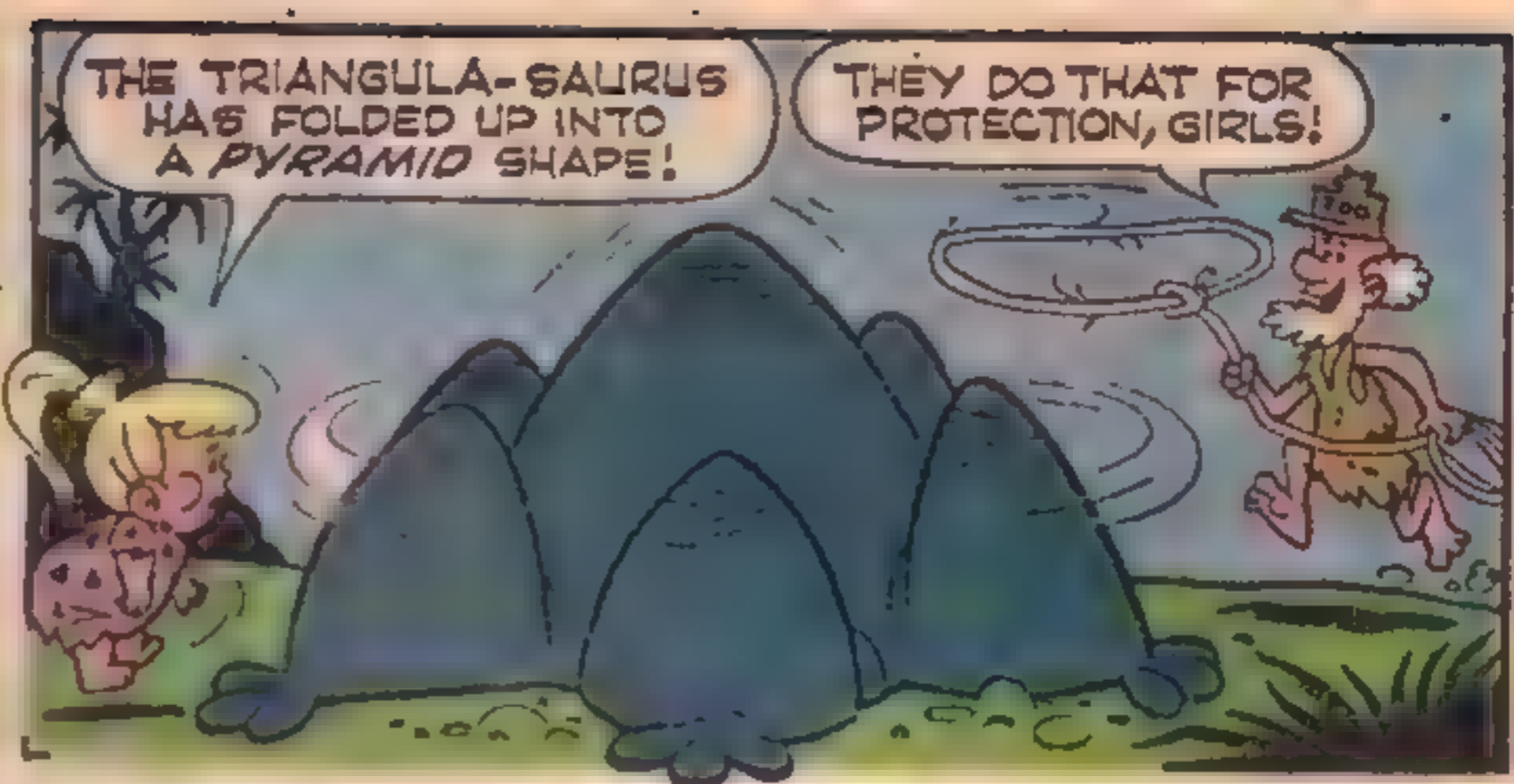
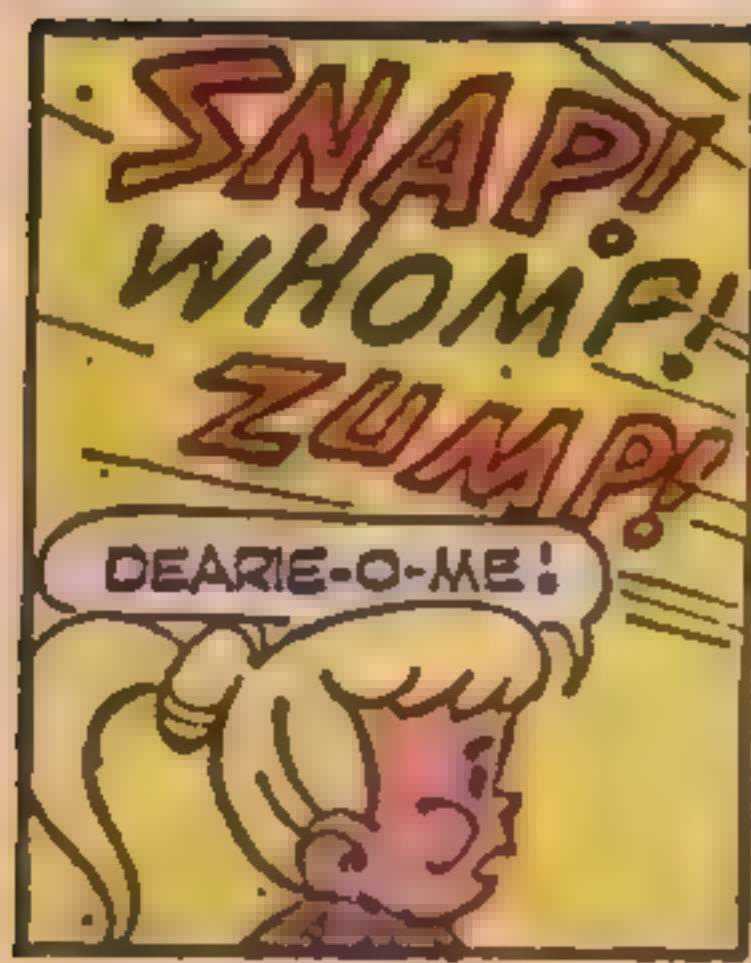
STOMP!



QUICK, BUDDY...BOP HIM WITH YOUR CLUB!

ICK! HE'D CLOBBER ME!

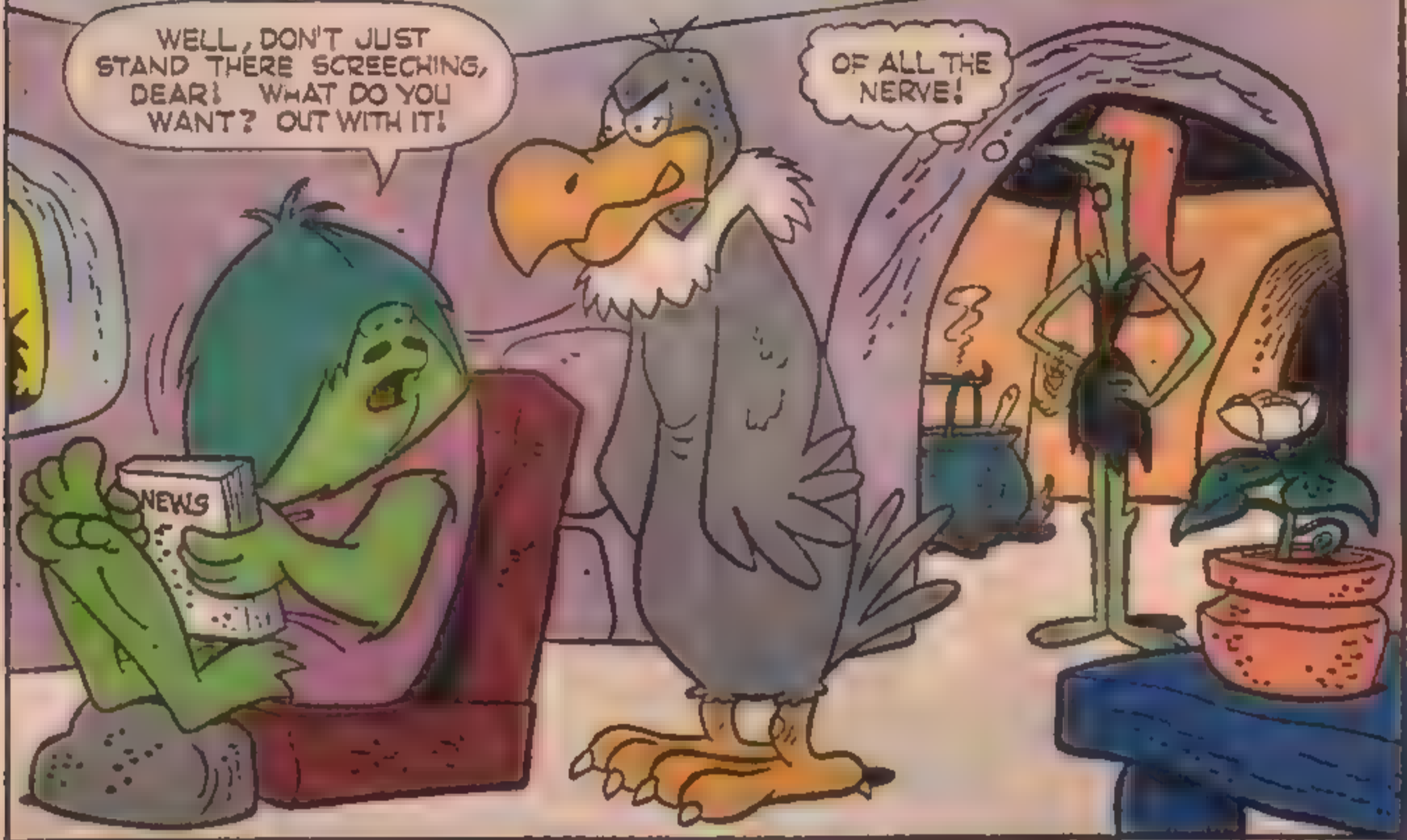




Hanna-Barbera

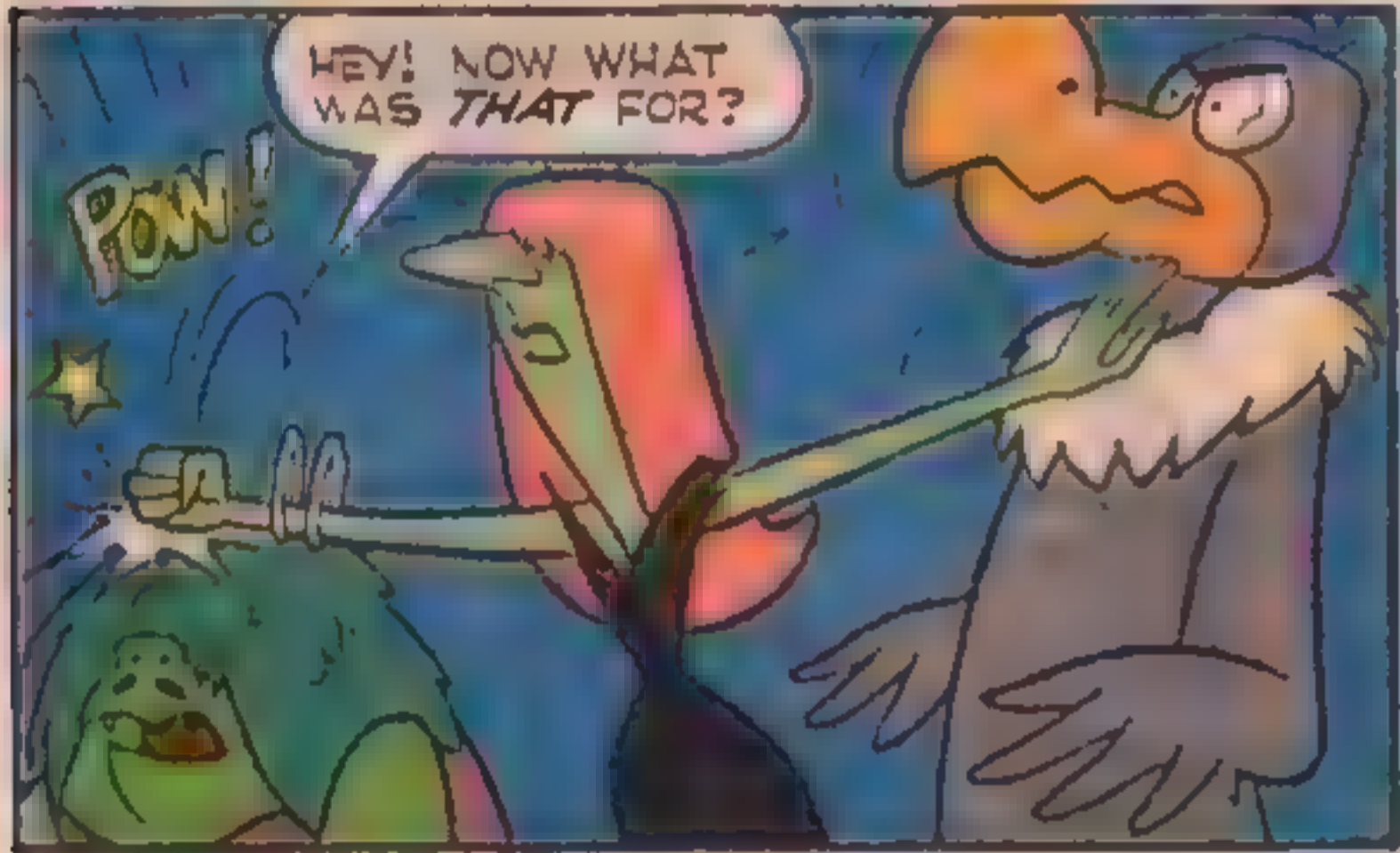
THE GRUESOMES

The NEW LOOK



WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE SCREECHING, DEAR! WHAT DO YOU WANT? OUT WITH IT!

OF ALL THE NERVE!

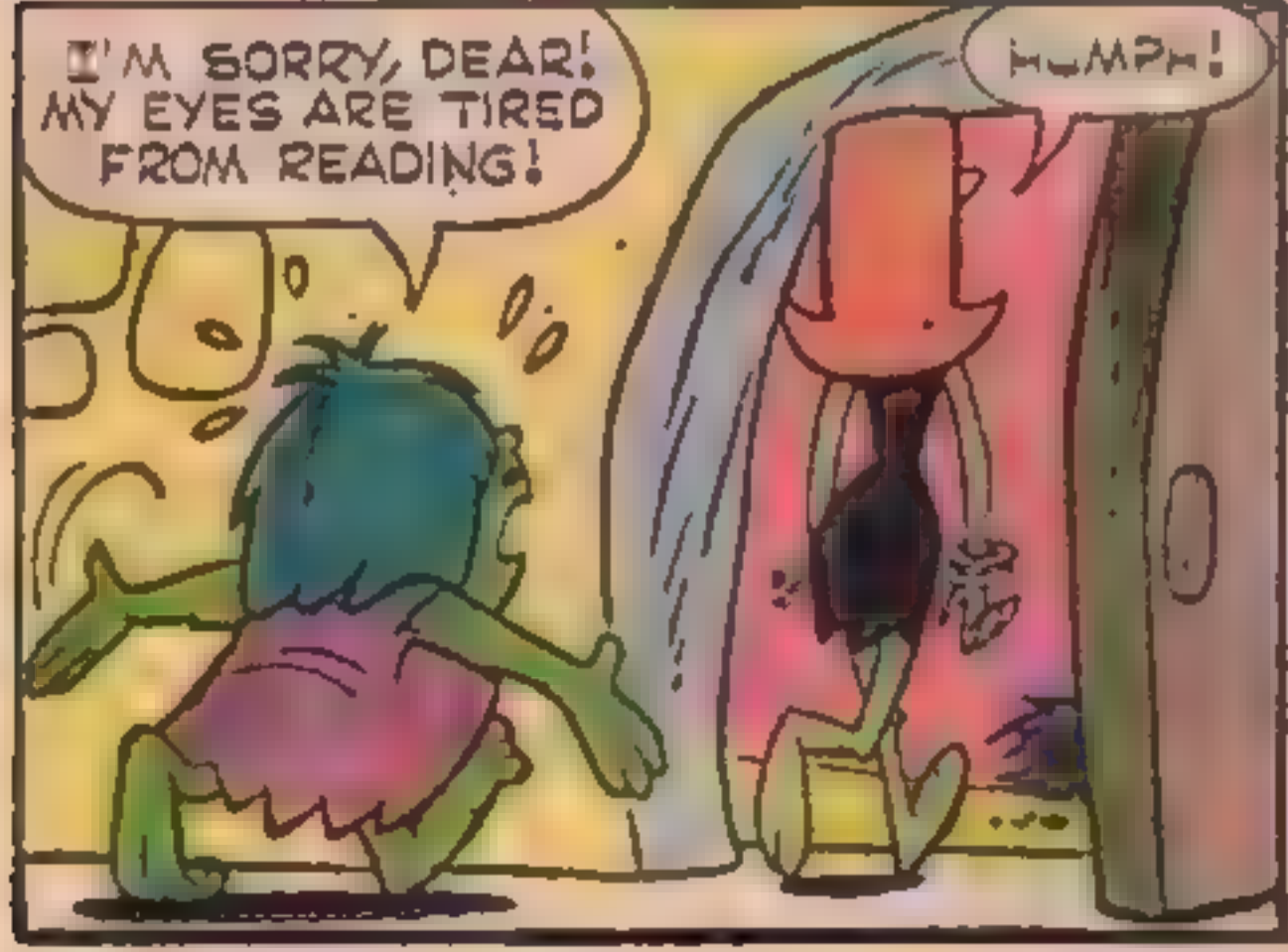


HEY! NOW WHAT WAS THAT FOR?

POW!

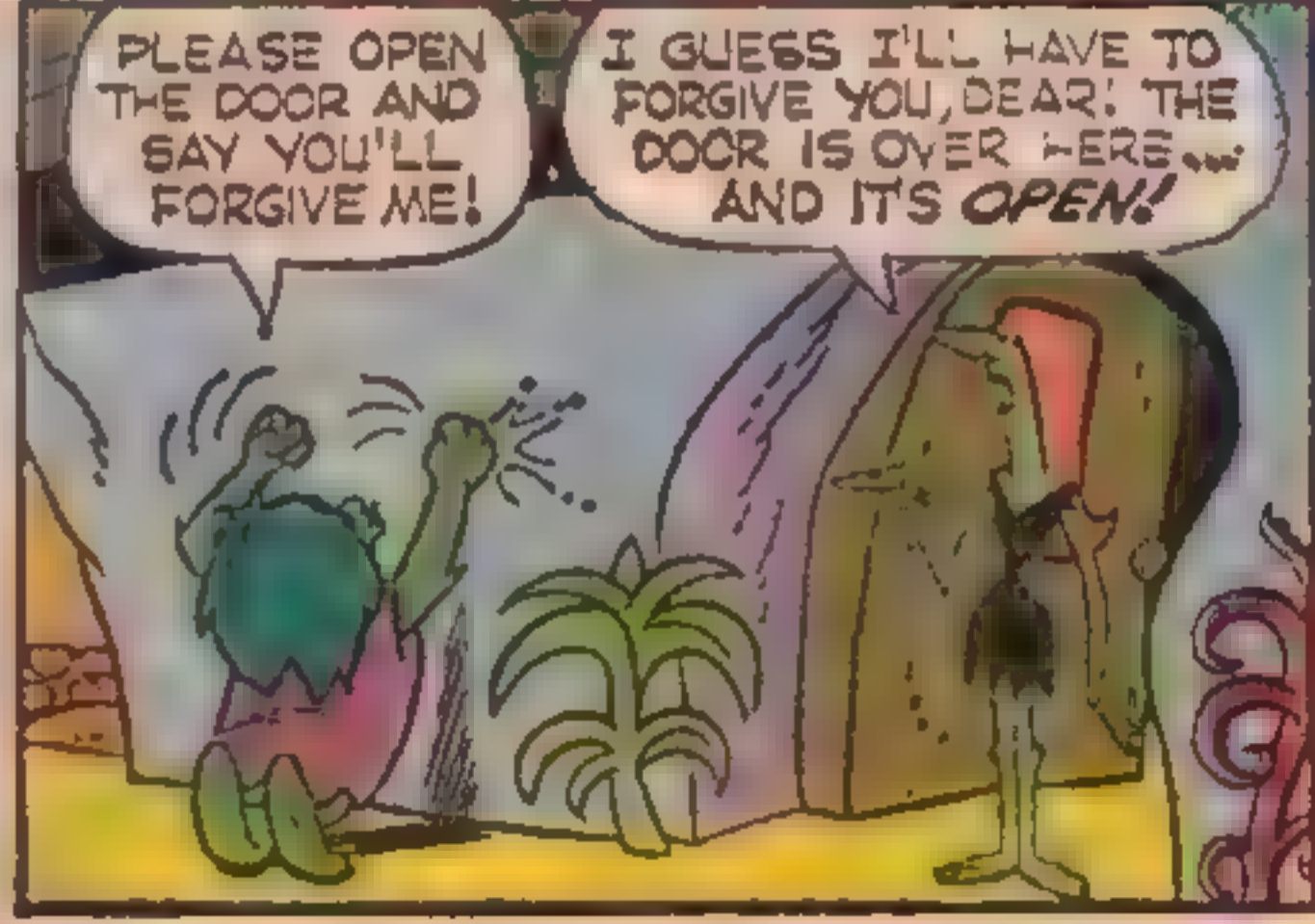


FOR THINKING GOBBY'S PET BLIZZARD WAS ME— THAT'S WHAT!



I'M SORRY, DEAR! MY EYES ARE TIRED FROM READING!

HUMPH!



PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR AND SAY YOU'LL FORGIVE ME!

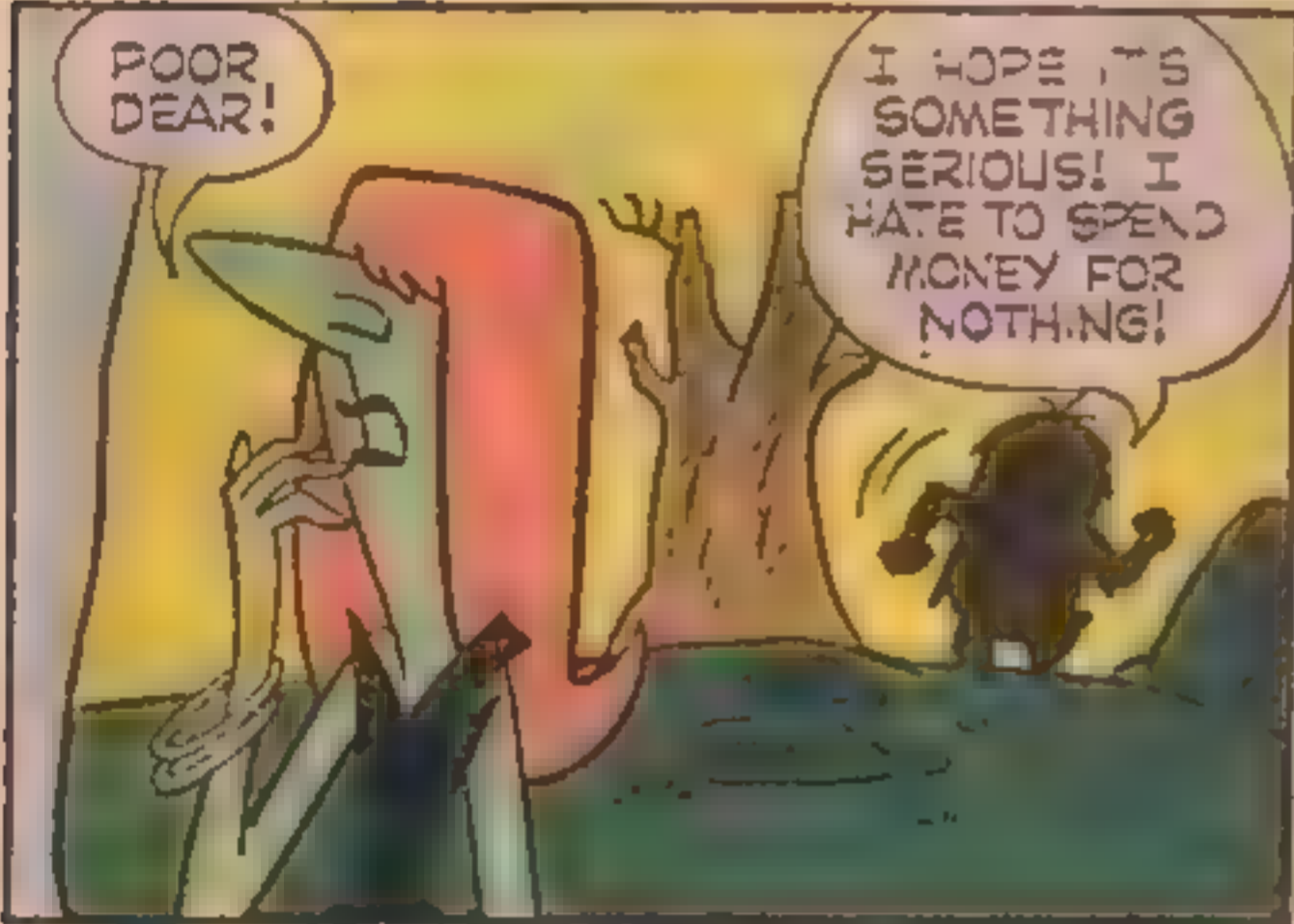
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE YOU, DEAR! THE DOOR IS OVER HERE AND IT'S OPEN!



NOW, YOU GO STRAIGHT TO THE EYE DOCTOR, WEIRDLY, AND HAVE YOUR EYES CHECKED!

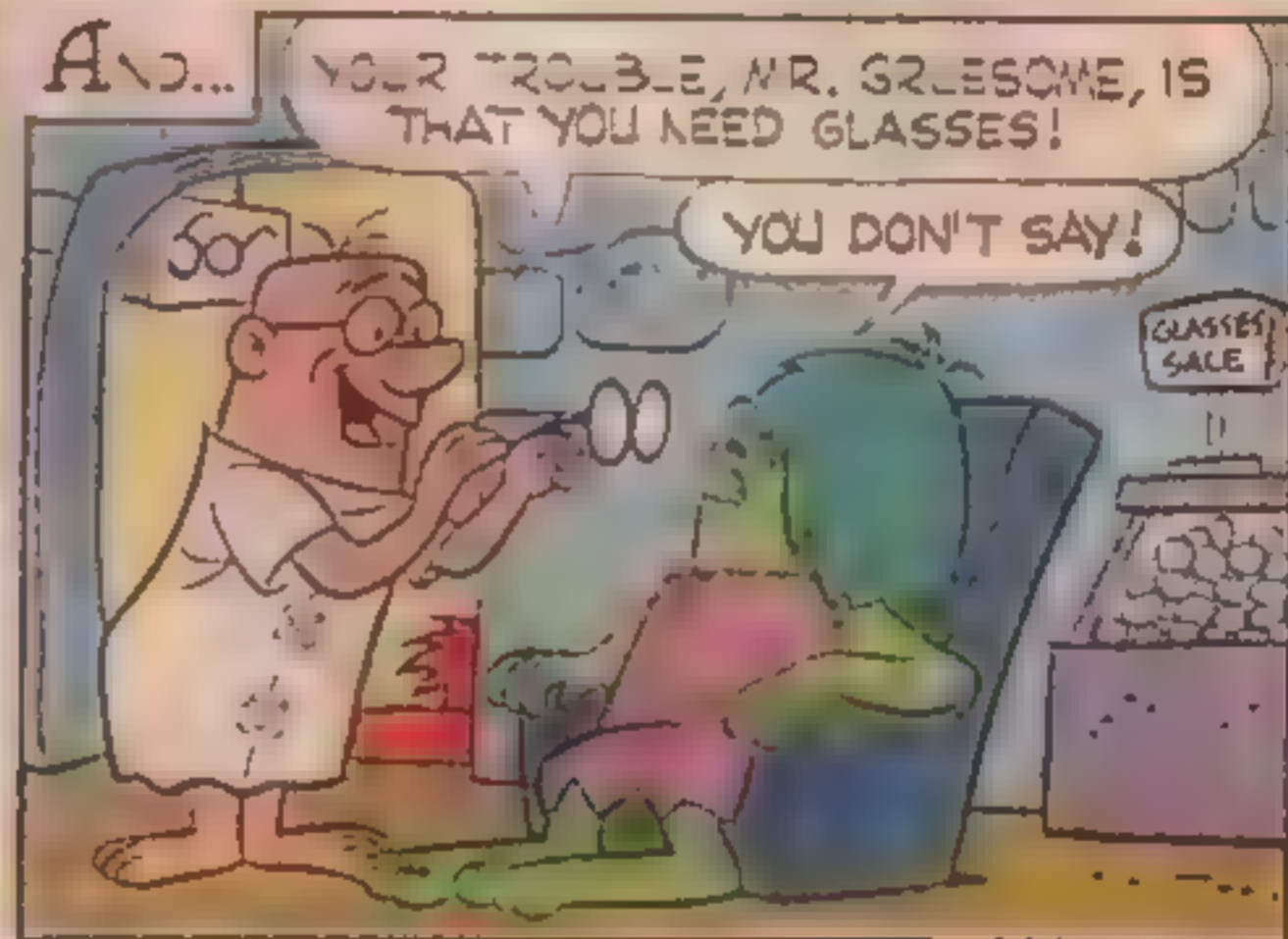
YES, DEAR—COF!

POW!



POOR DEAR!

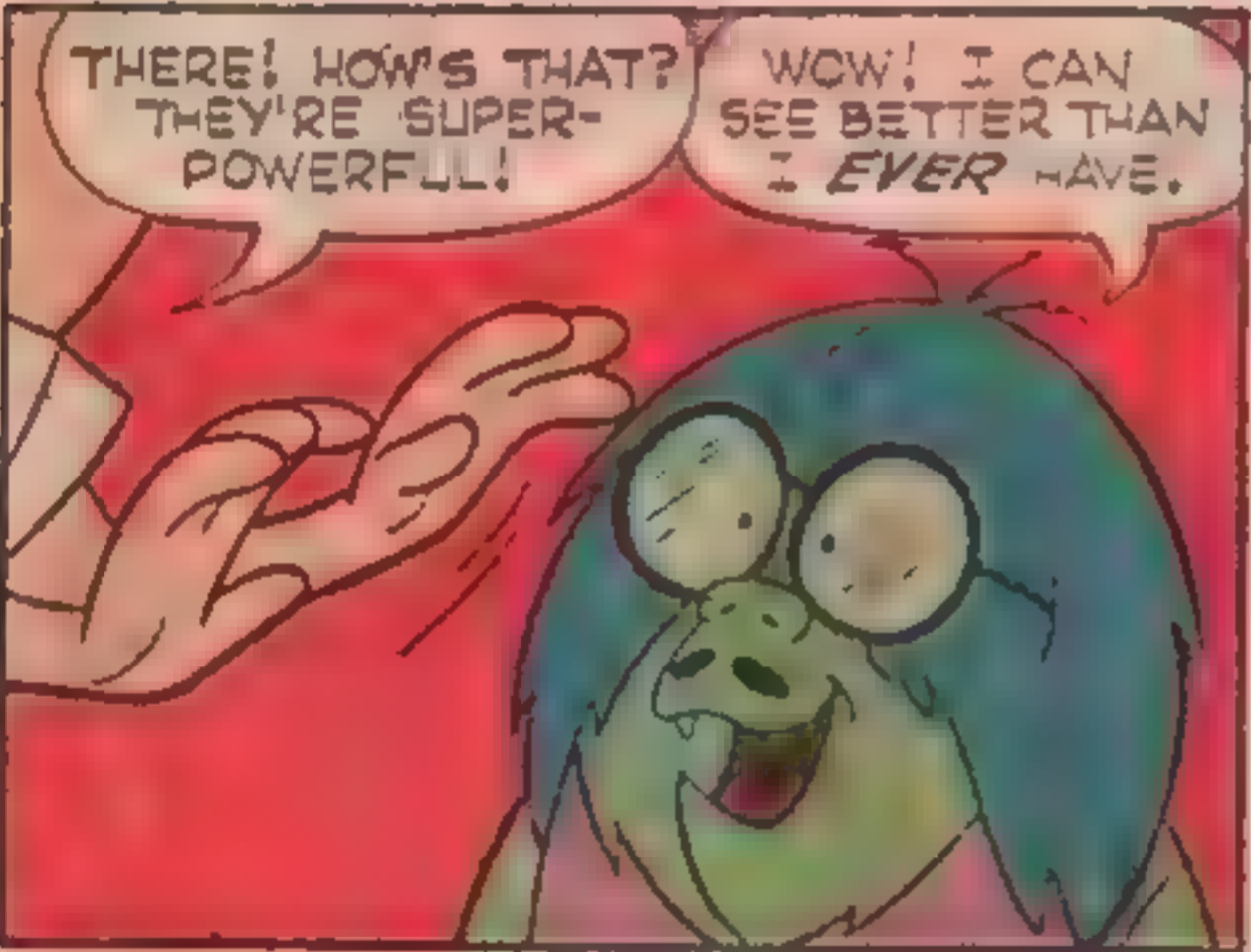
I HOPE IT'S SOMETHING SERIOUS! I HATE TO SPEND MONEY FOR NOTHING!



AND...

YOUR TROUBLE, MR. GRESOME, IS THAT YOU NEED GLASSES!

YOU DON'T SAY!

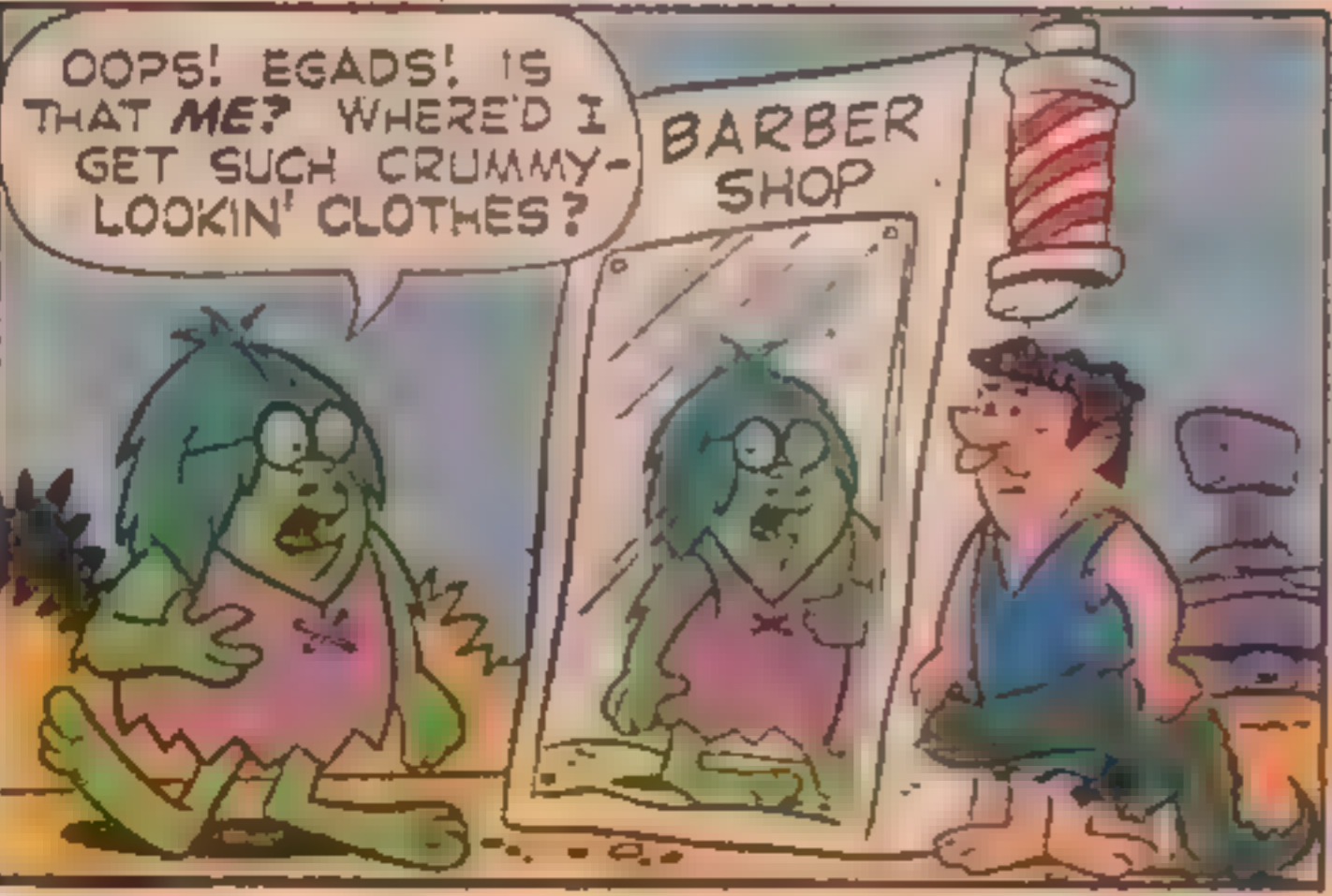


THERE! HOW'S THAT? THEY'RE SUPER-POWERFUL!

WOW! I CAN SEE BETTER THAN I EVER HAVE.

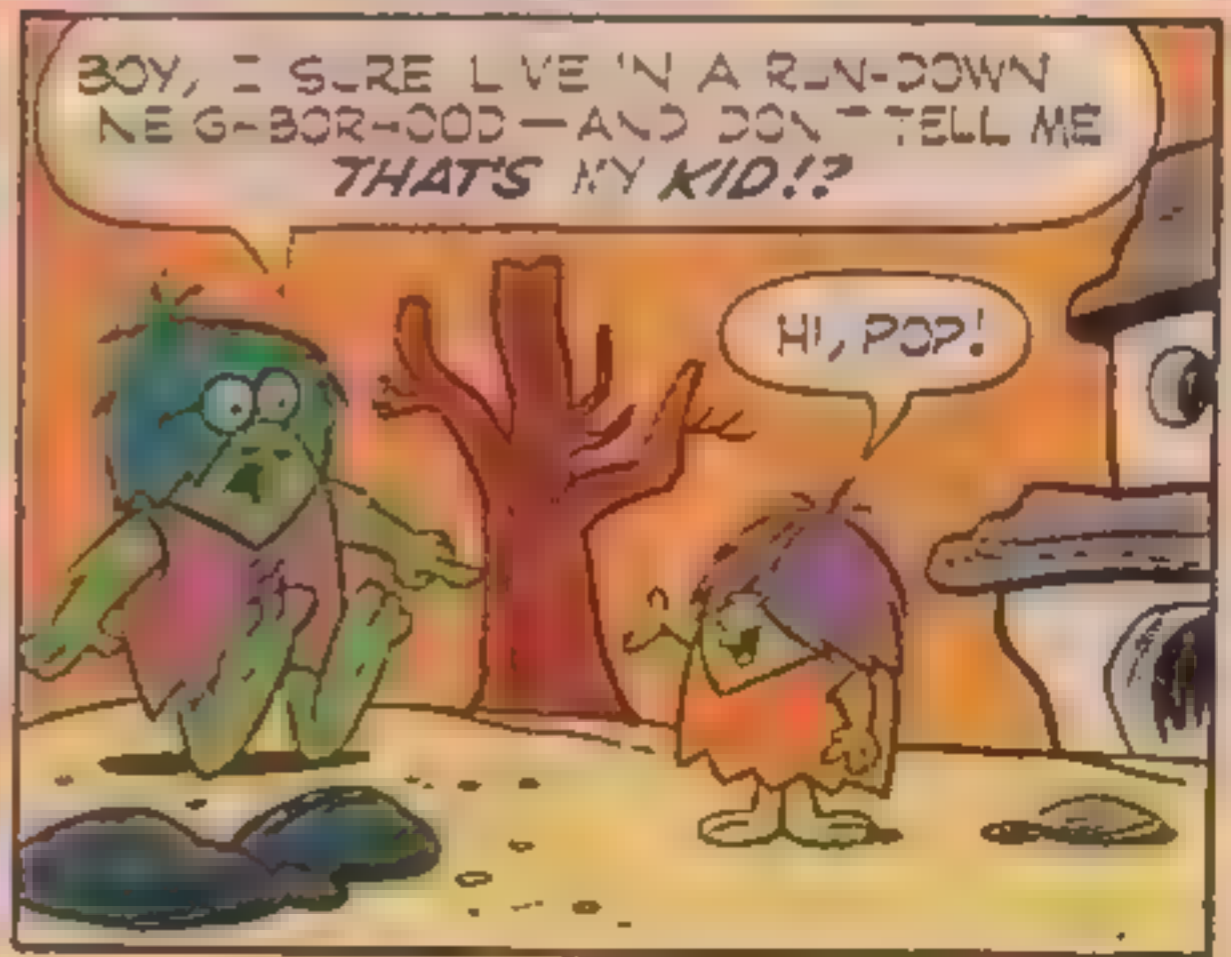


GEE, THAT'S GREAT!



OOPS! EGADS! IS THAT ME? WHERE'D I GET SUCH CRUMMY-LOOKIN' CLOTHES?

BARBER SHOP



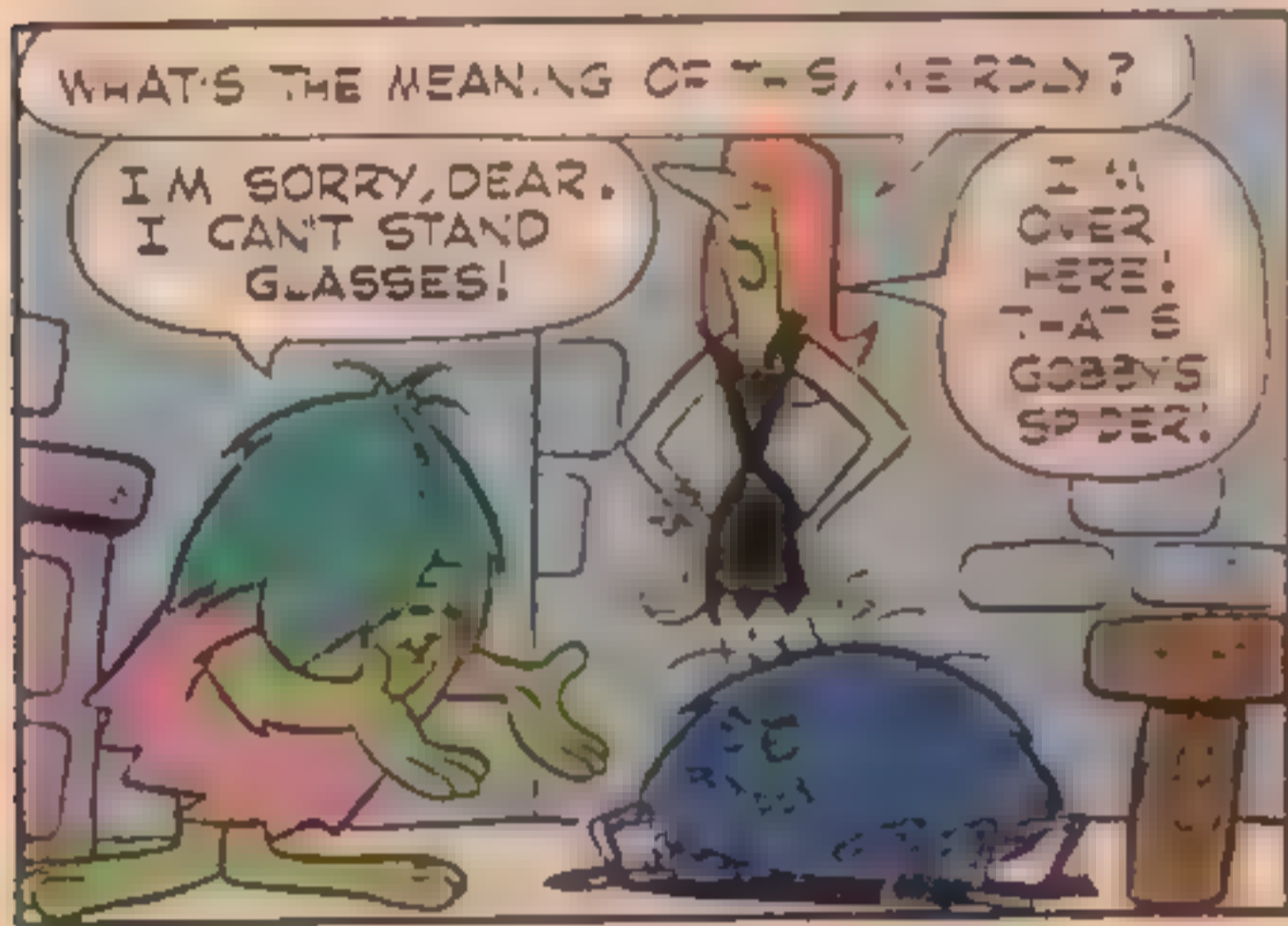
BOY, I SURE LIVE 'N A RUN-DOWN NE G-BOR-HOOD—AND DON'T TELL ME THAT'S MY KID!?

HI, POP!



THAT DOES IT! I'M GONNA PUT THESE THINGS IN A DRAWER AND NEVER WEAR 'EM AGAIN!

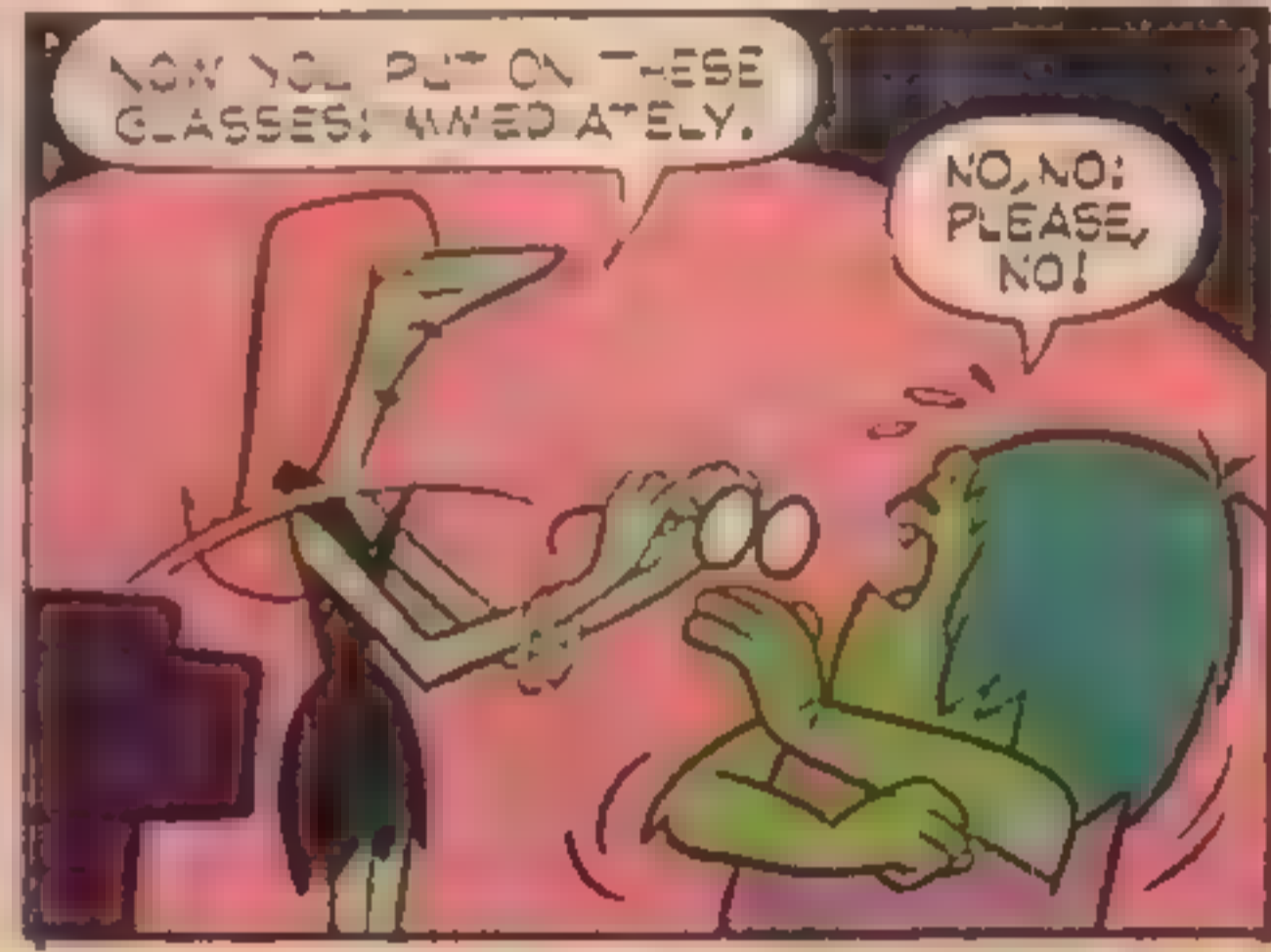
?



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, NERDLY?

I'M SORRY, DEAR. I CAN'T STAND GLASSES!

I'M OVER HERE! THAT'S GOBBY'S SPIDER!

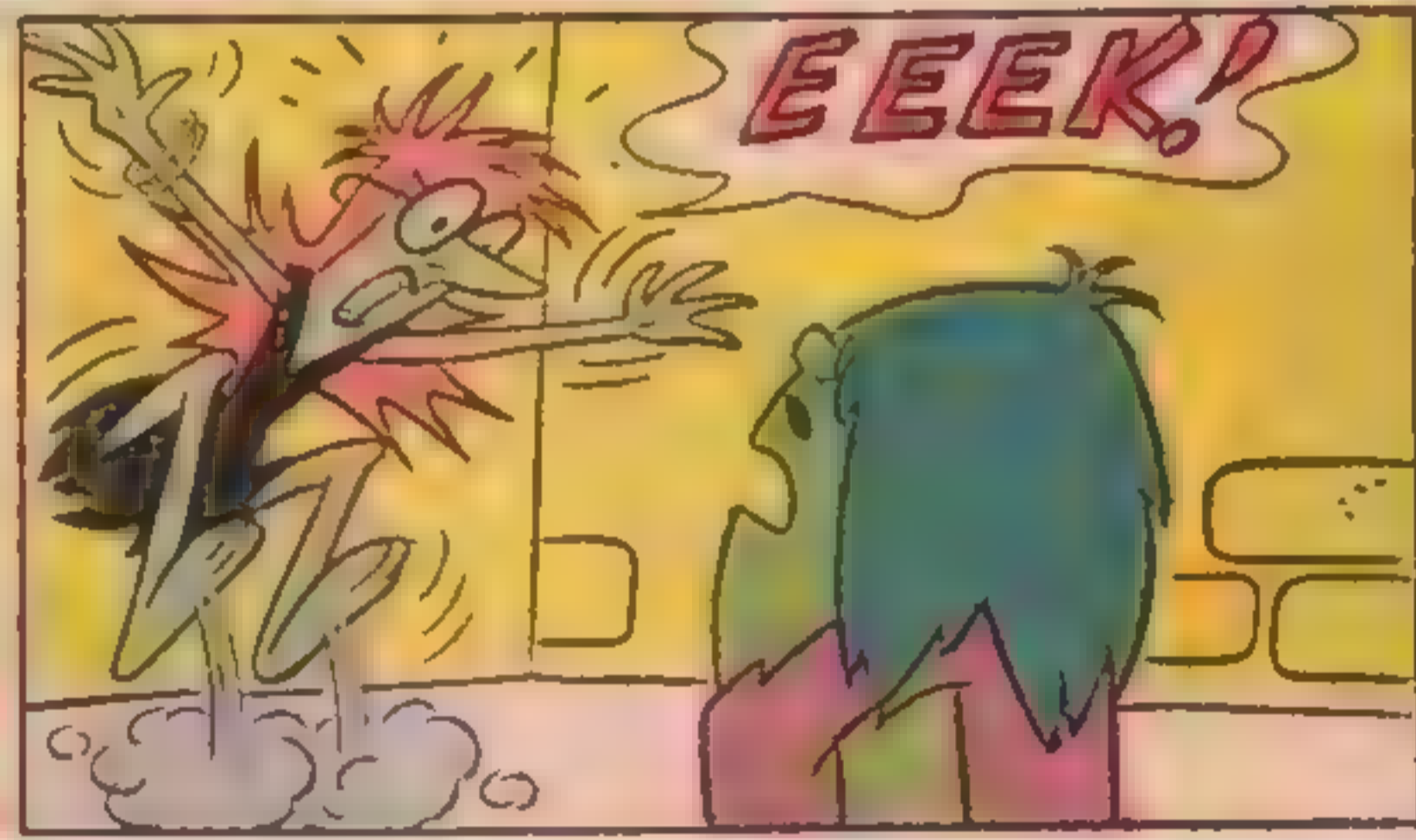


NOW YOU PUT ON THESE GLASSES! IMMEDIATELY.

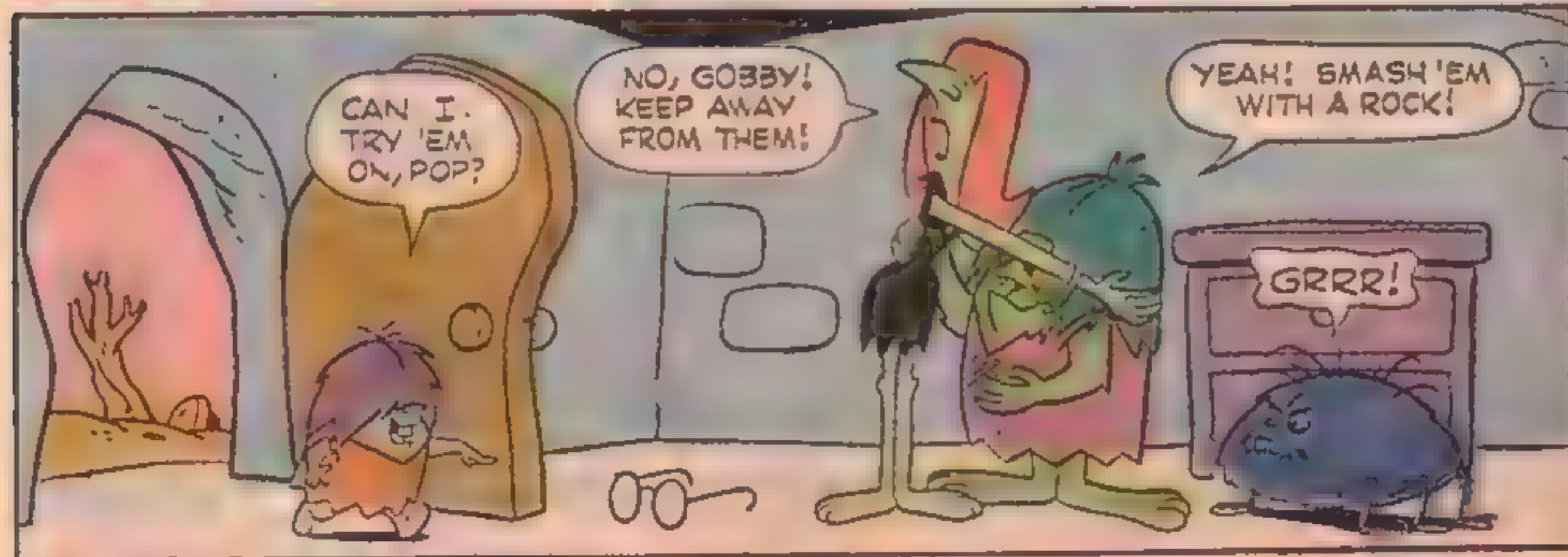
NO, NO! PLEASE, NO!



REALLY, DEAR, THEY CAN'T BE THAT BAD!



EEEK!

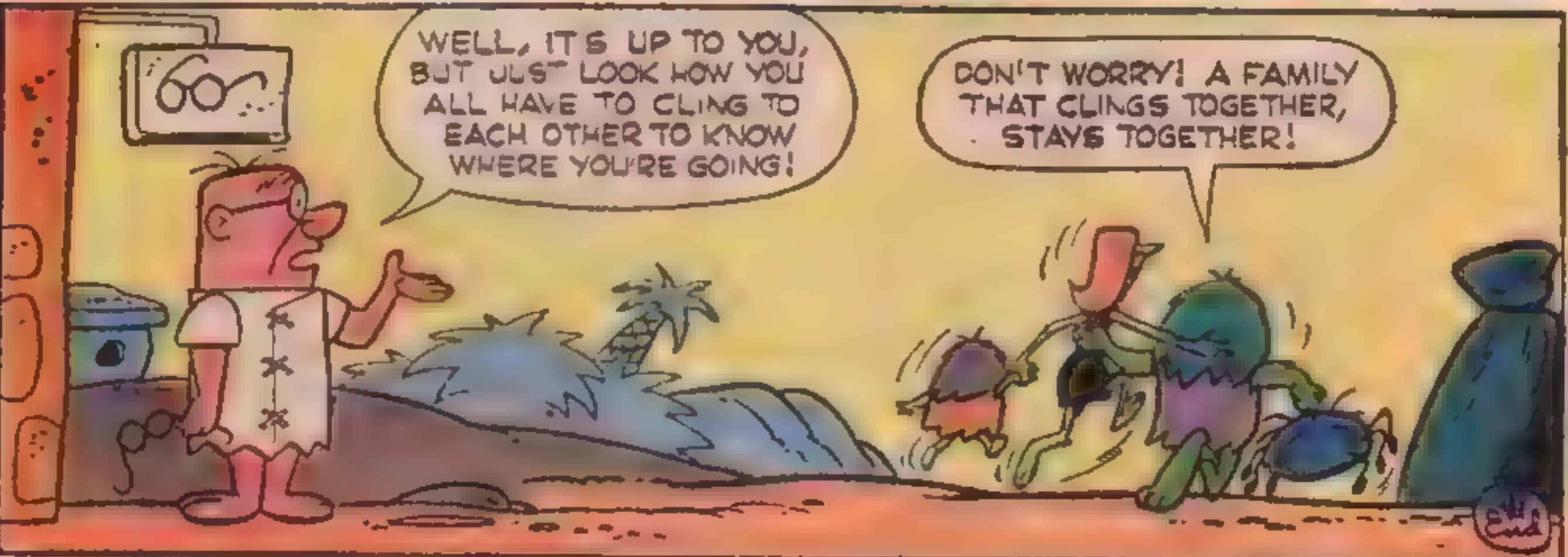
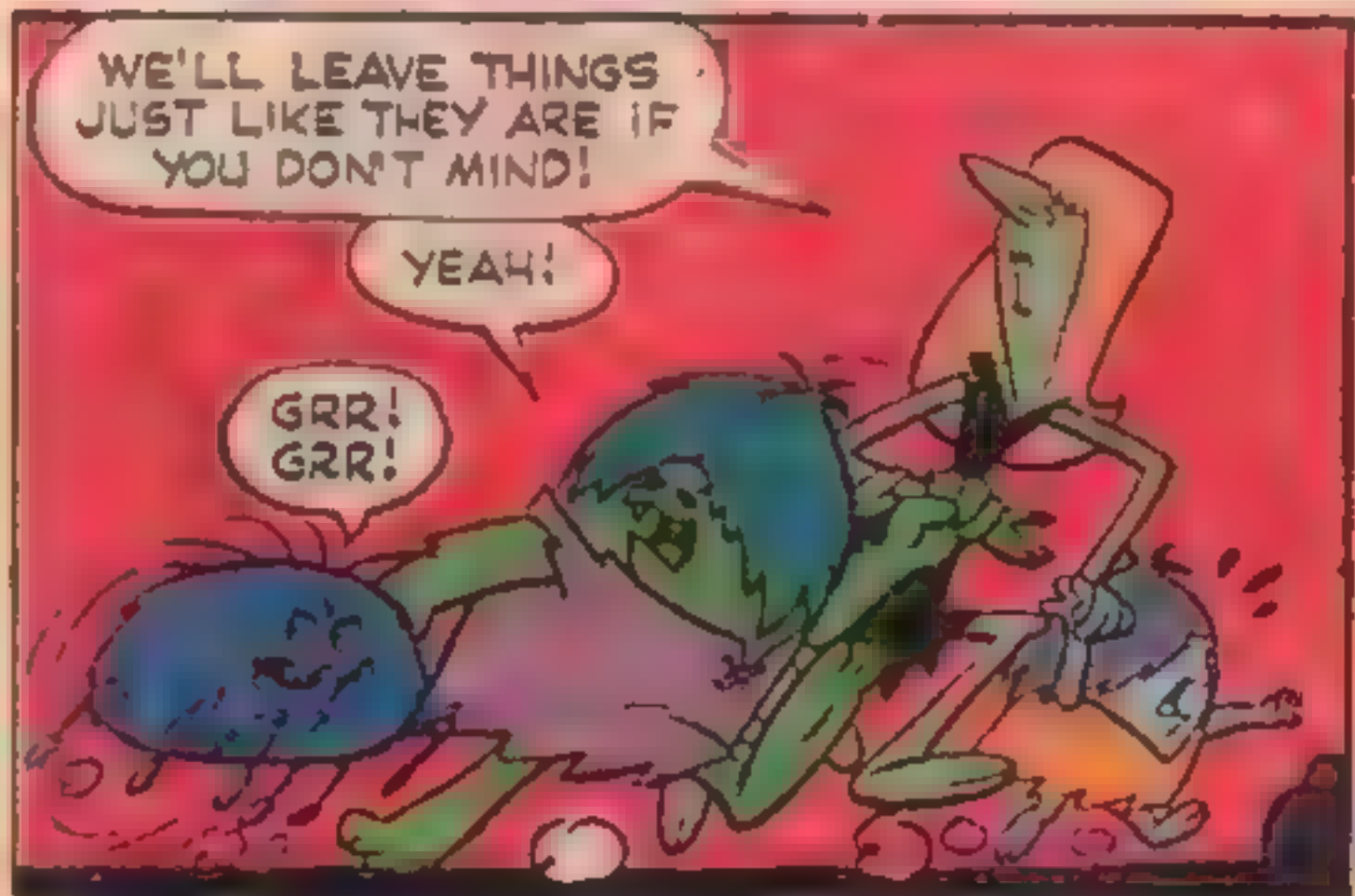
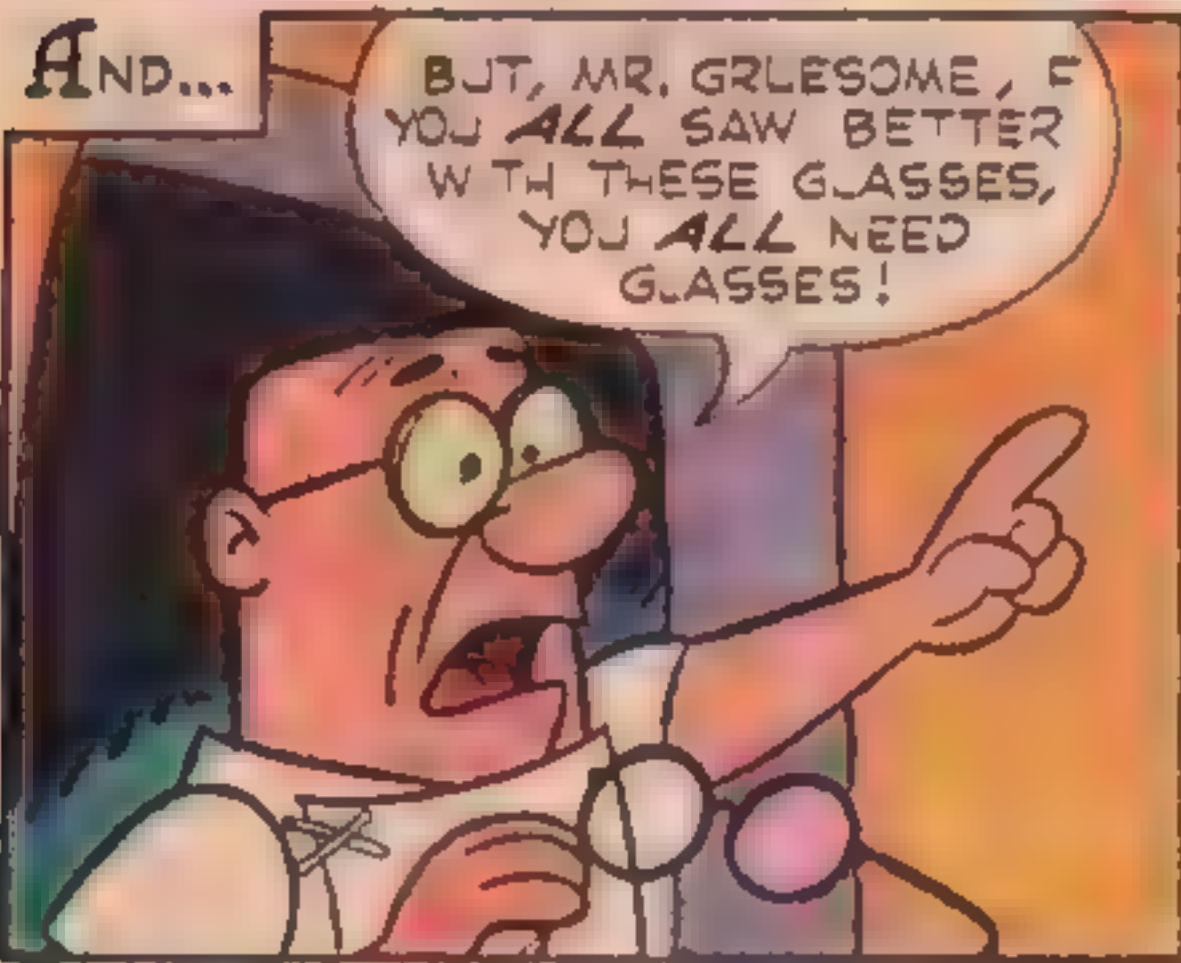
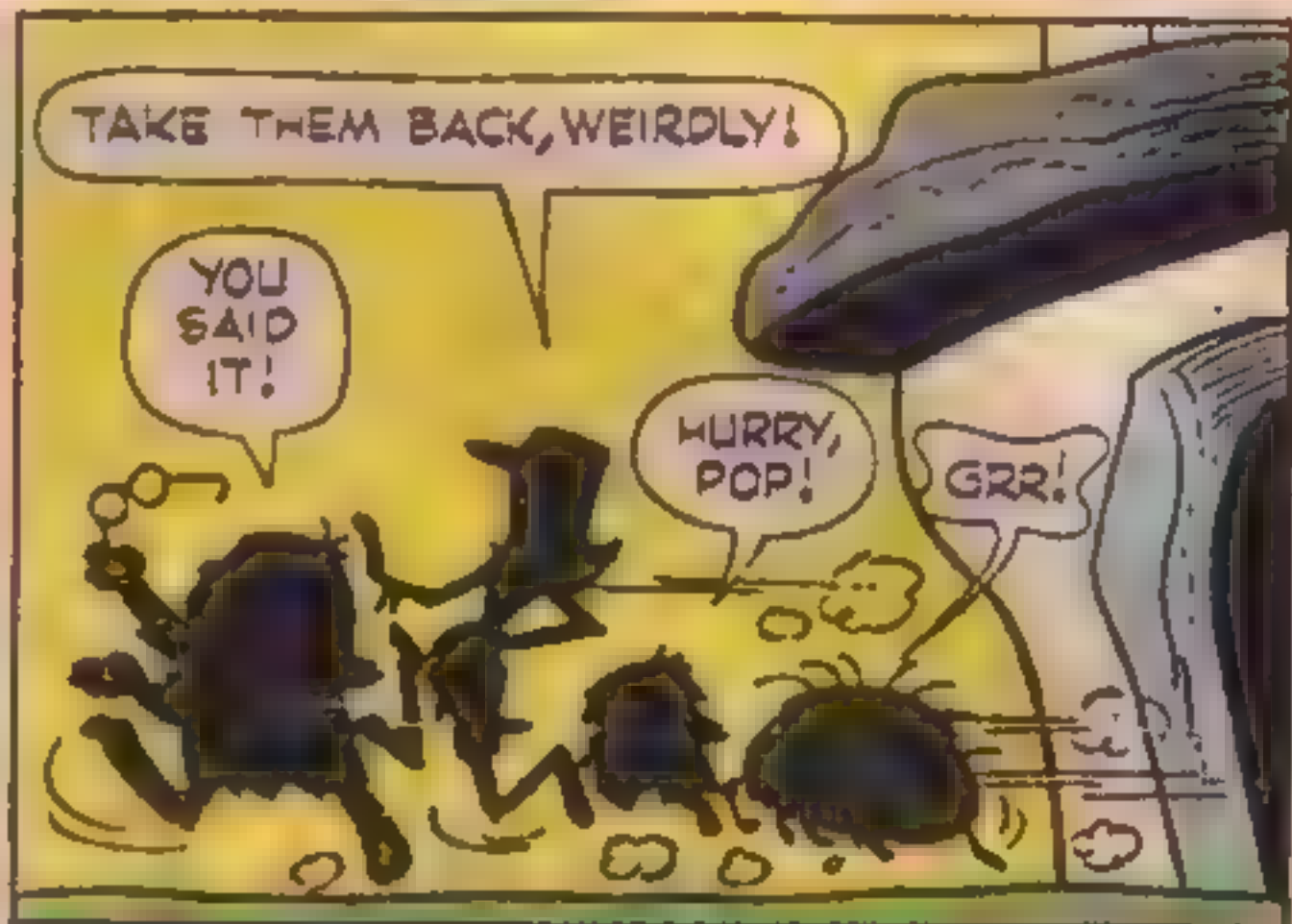
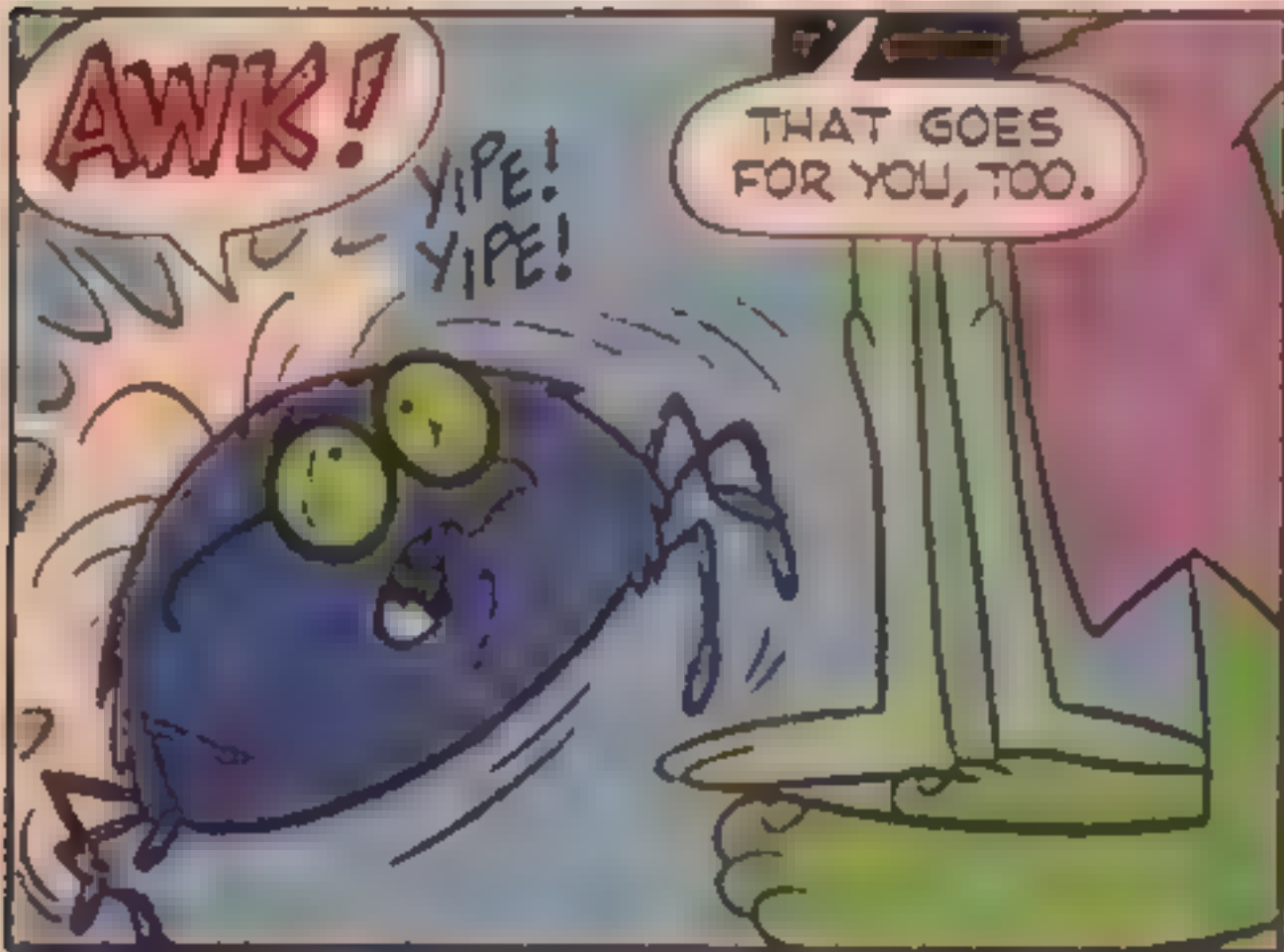
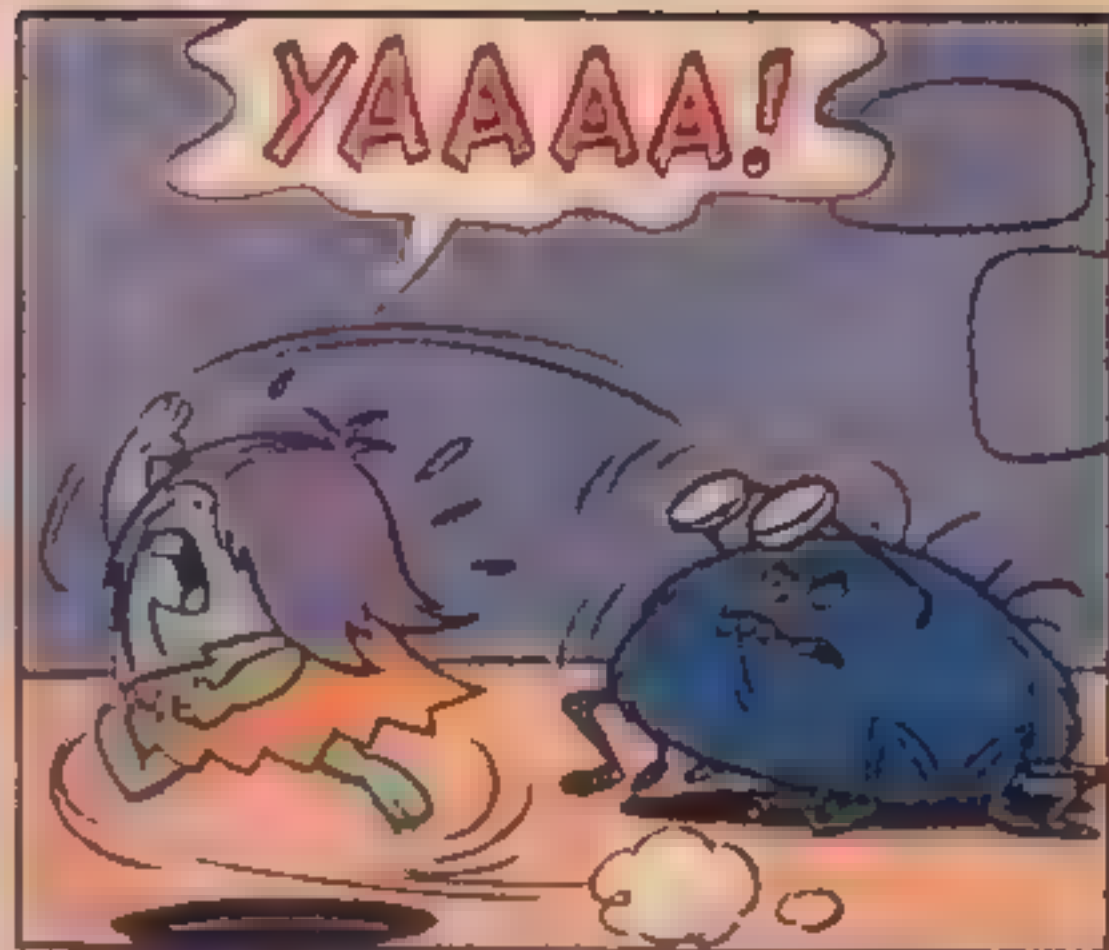
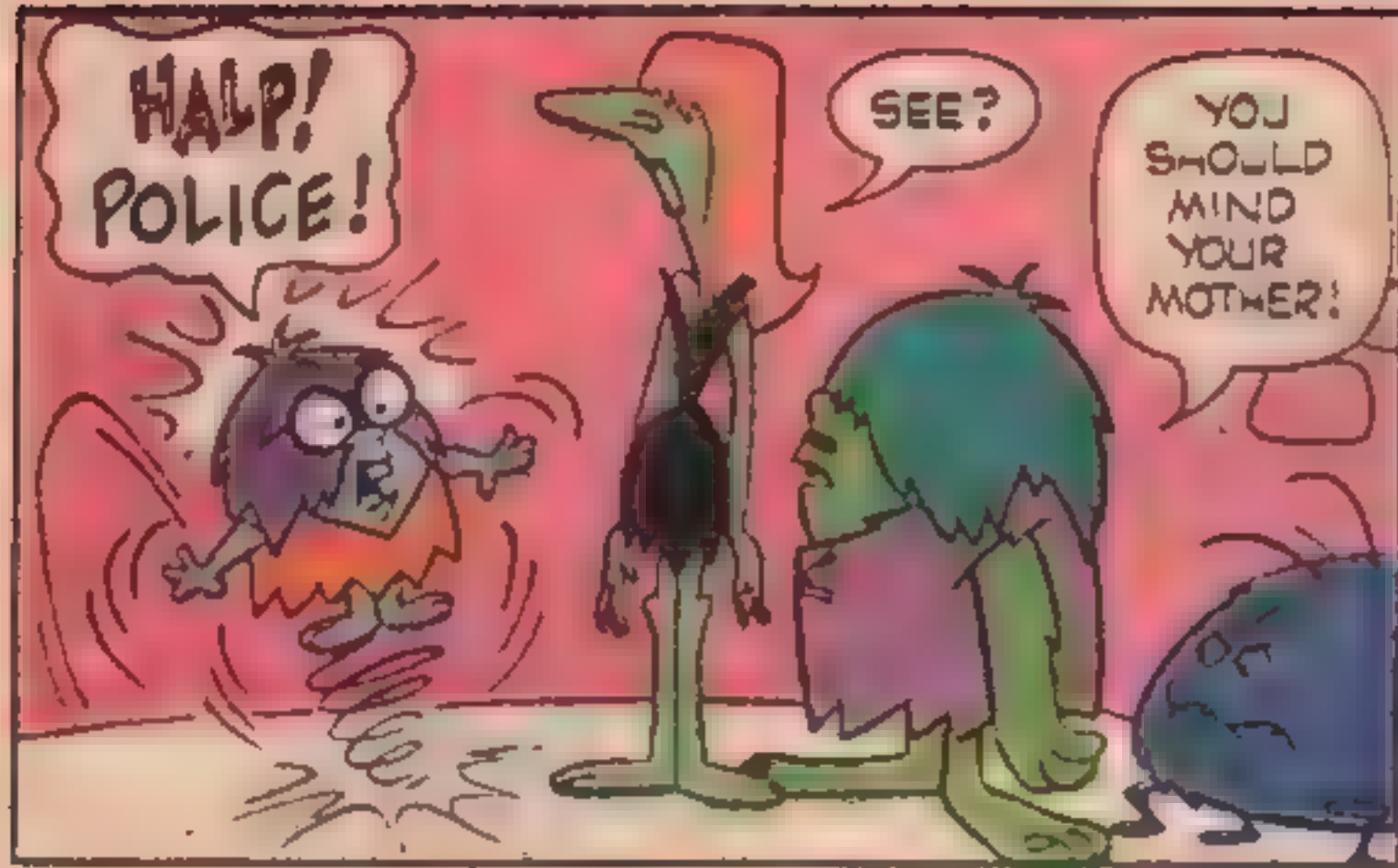


CAN I TRY 'EM ON, POP?

NO, GOBBY! KEEP AWAY FROM THEM!

YEAH! SMASH 'EM WITH A ROCK!

GRRR!



TWO FOR SCHOOL



"Hi, Dear Understanding Dad," called Augie Doggie, as he ran into the house. "I have a big surprise to tell you."

"Tell away, Eager Son!" smiled Doggie Daddy, as he hung his work coat on a rack. "You seem to be bursting with great joy!"

"I am! I am!" he cried. "I am going to save you a lot of money, Generous Pop! You won't have to pay any more tuition for me to go to school! I quit today!"

With a flip of his wrist, Augie tossed his books into the waste basket; and with a turn of his head, Doggie Daddy shouted, "YOU WHAT?"

"Quit!" repeated Augie in a sure voice.

"That's what I thought you said, Son of Mine. But tell me why!"

Augie didn't blink an eye, he just replied, "Because I know everything that I need to know! I've been educated enough!"

Doggie Daddy did not reply, he just went about the business of preparing dinner and feeding his "educated" son. After the meal was over, and as Daddy tucked his so-smart son in bed, he thought of a solution to his pressing problem.

"How would you like to go with me on my job tomorrow?" he asked. "I think you could help me if you did."

"You bet, Daddy in Need," agreed Augie.

It was Doggie Daddy's plan to prove to his son that every growing boy needed to be in school. Daddy thought that an on-the-job session would convince Augie that Augie did not know everything.

The next day, they set out to saw a tree into firewood for Mr. Jones. As soon as Daddy began work, the chain saw broke. Try

as he might, Daddy could not repair it.

"Here, you try it, Smart Son," he said. "I am sure you know how to do it."

Augie tried, but he could not fix the saw, and at last he said, "Dear Trusting Dad, I must tell you, I don't know how to fix your saw."

Just at that moment, a truck stopped, and a man jumped out saying, "I see you're having trouble. Let me fix that for you."

With a few twists of a few bolts, the man had the saw working like it was new.

"How did you do that so fast, mister?" Augie asked in wonder.

"It's all in knowing how!" replied the man. "I went to school to learn mechanics. That will be five dollars, sir," he added.

As the man drove away, with his fee, Augie looked at his father and said, "Did I hear him say he went to school to learn how to do that?"

"You heard him right, Dear Son! Come, let's finish cutting this tree and get the wood loaded onto the truck."

Soon, the job was done, and they were heading toward home, when Augie cried out a warning. "Stop, Cautious Dad! You didn't see that sign! It says the bridge ahead has a load limit of ONE TON!"

"Don't fret!" grinned Daddy. "We have under four thousand pounds on our truck."

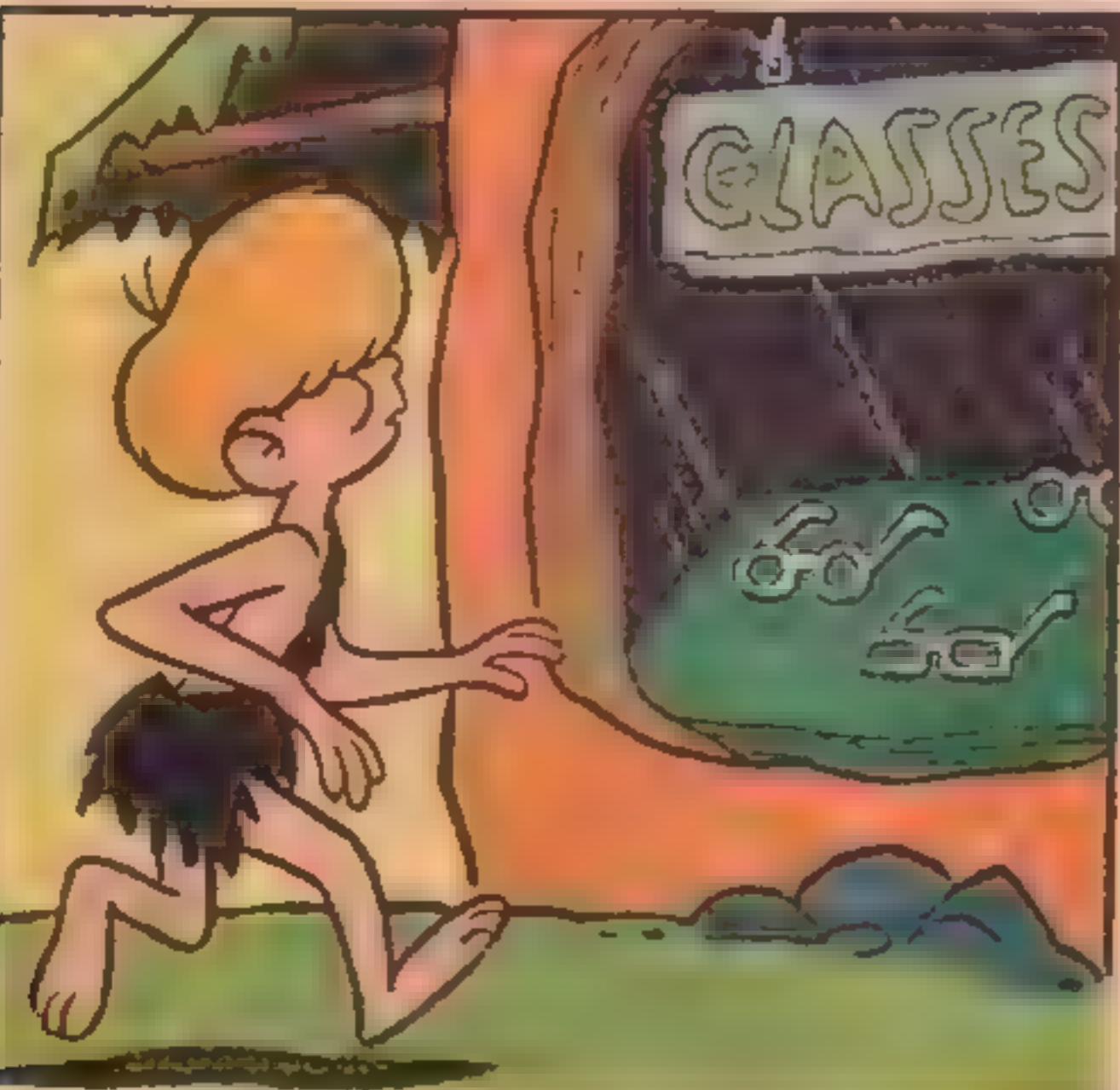
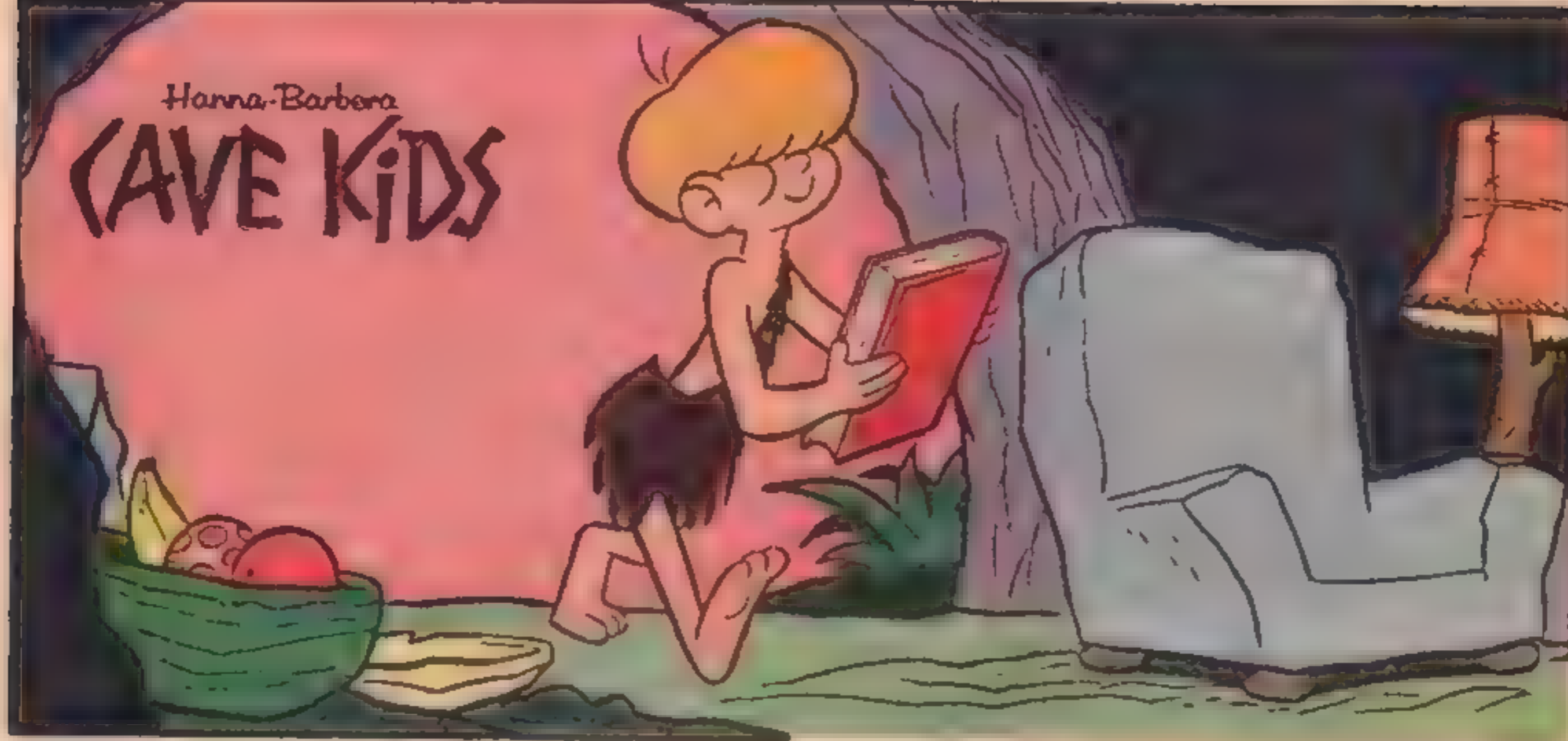
And with that, Daddy gunned the motor and the car sped onto the bridge.

"Oh, Forgetful Dad, one ton is only TWO THOUSAND pounds! I learned that in school," Augie cried, as they made it to safety on the other side of the bridge.

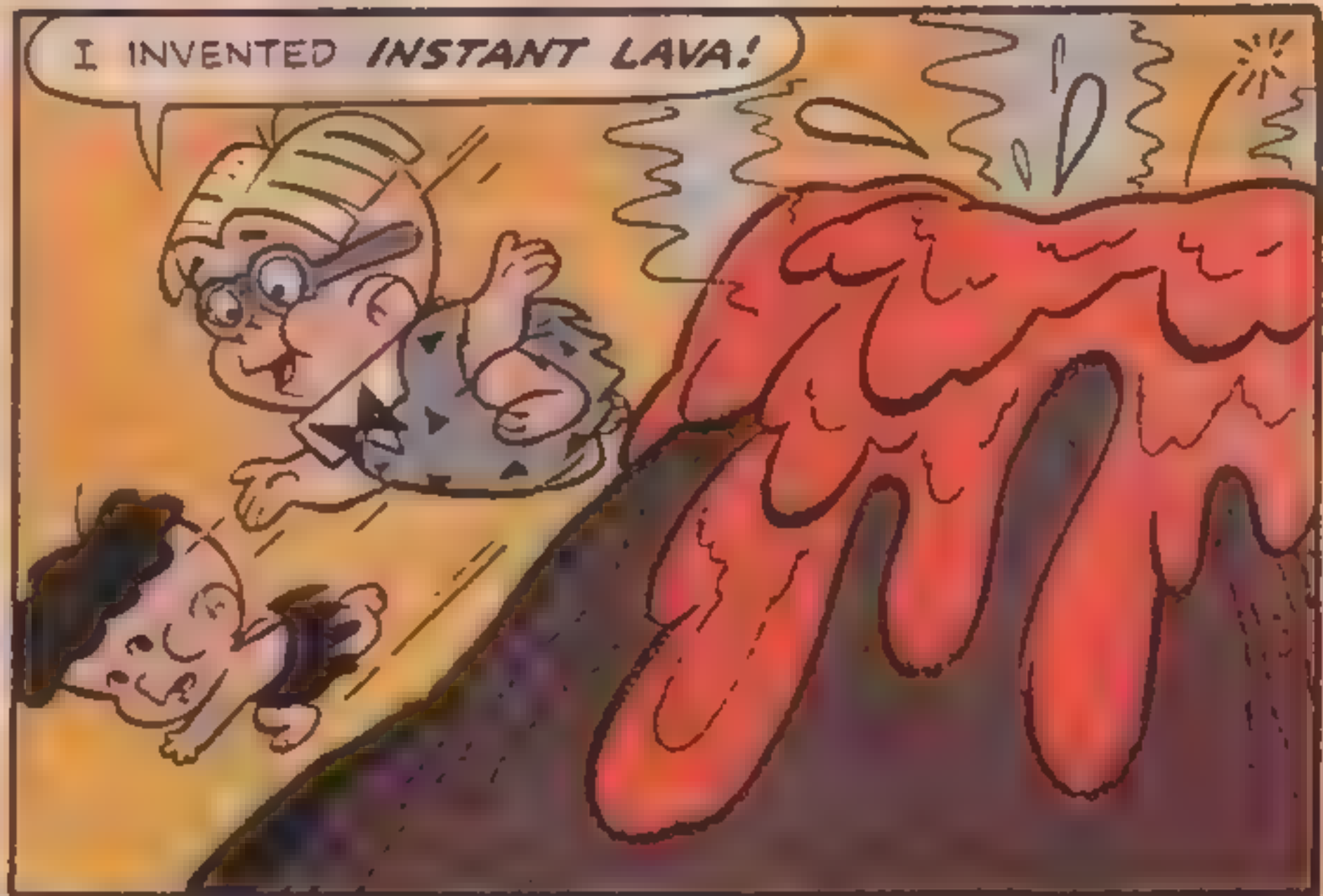
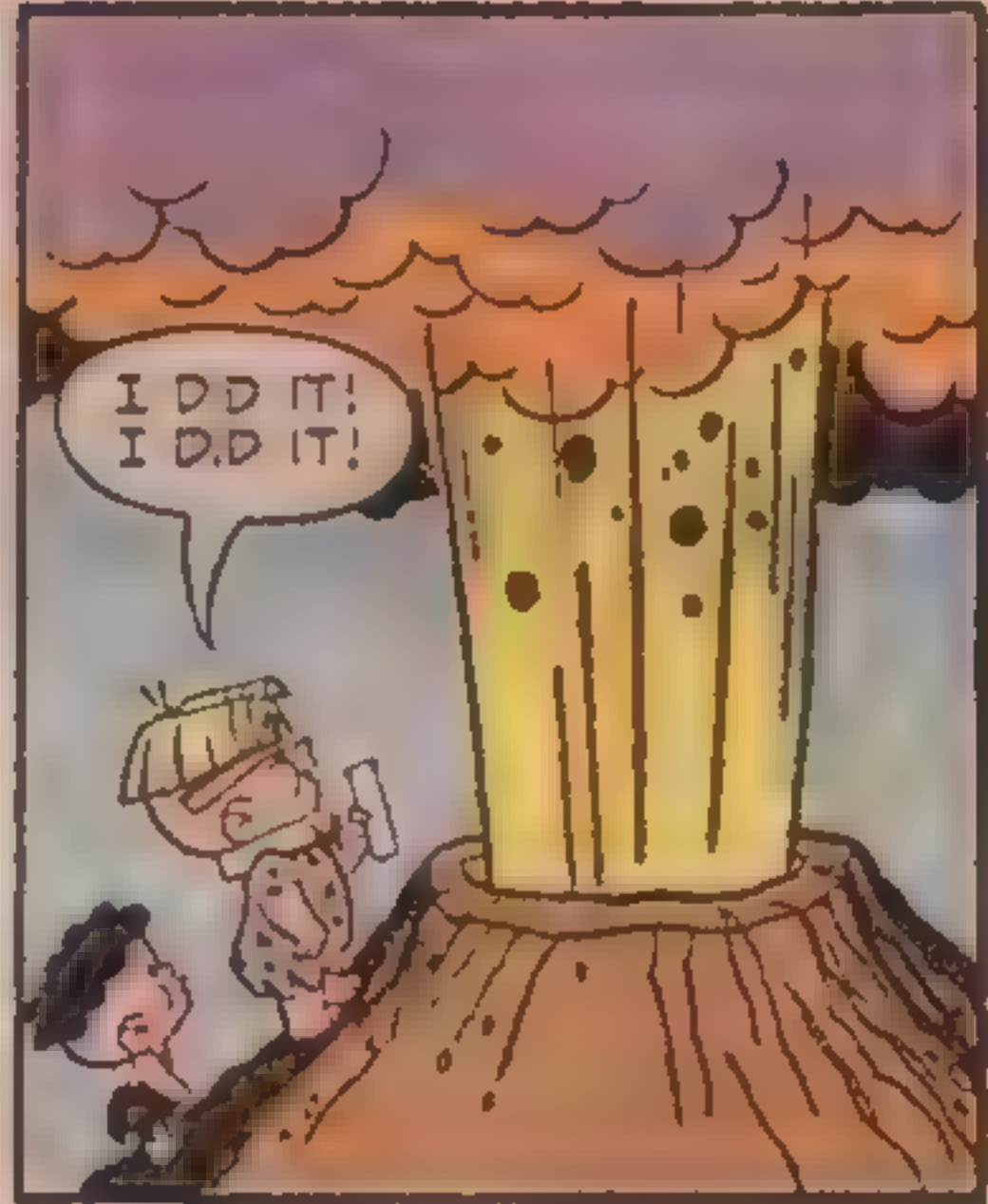
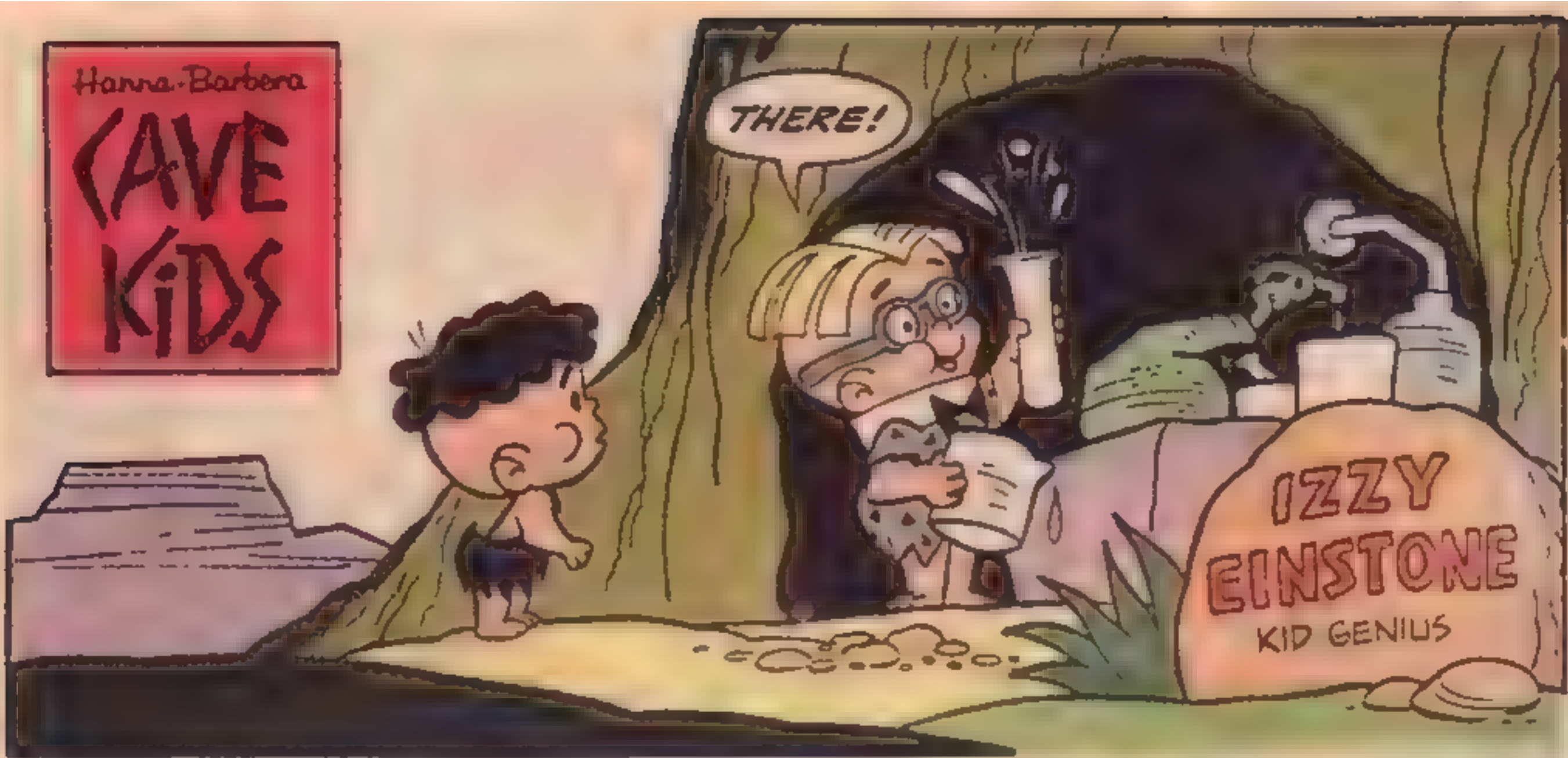
"Whew!" Daddy said, looking back at the swaying bridge. "A ton must be just two thousand pounds; like you learned at school. Hmm, maybe I'll go back to school myself, and take a refresher course."

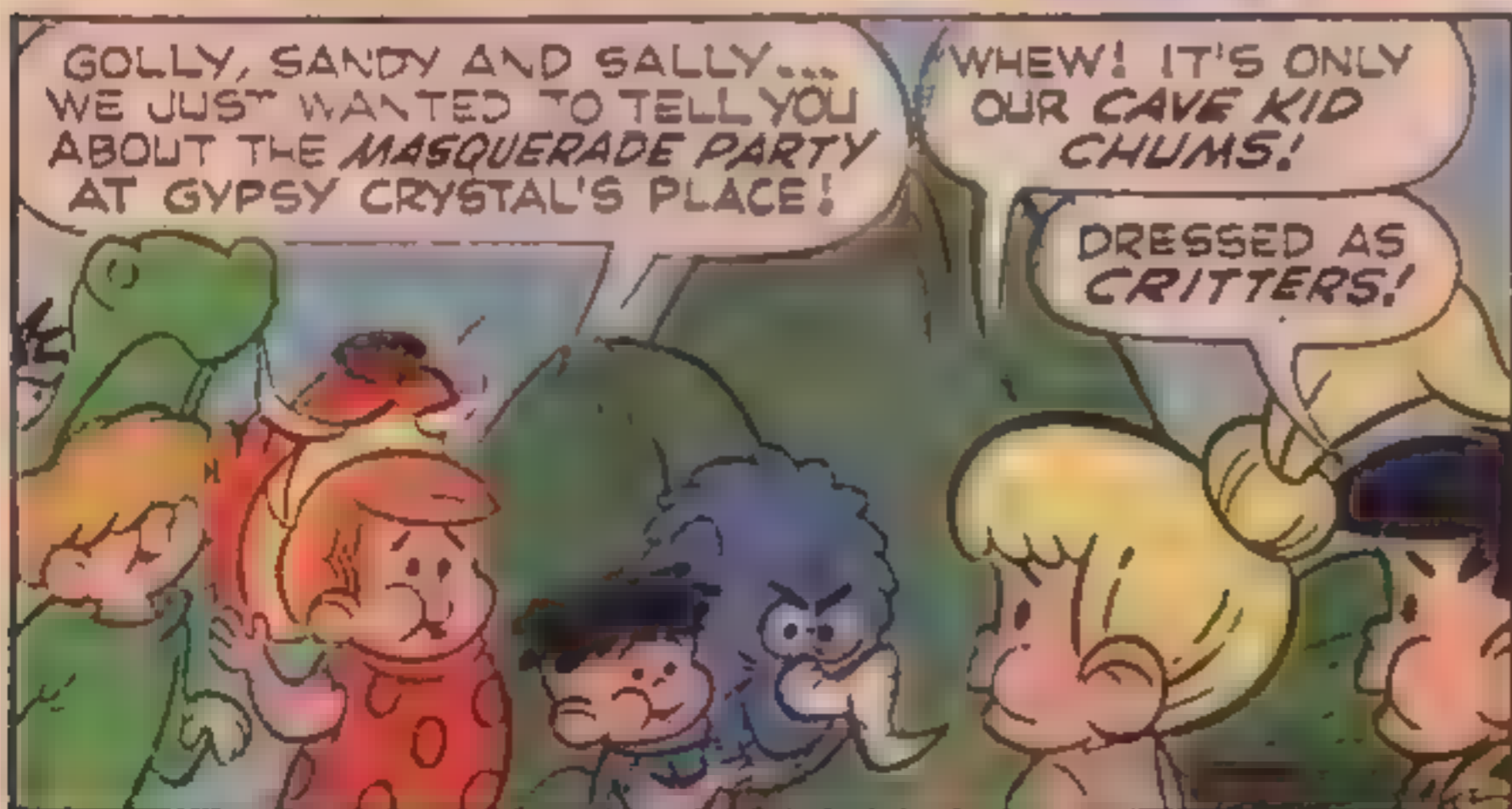
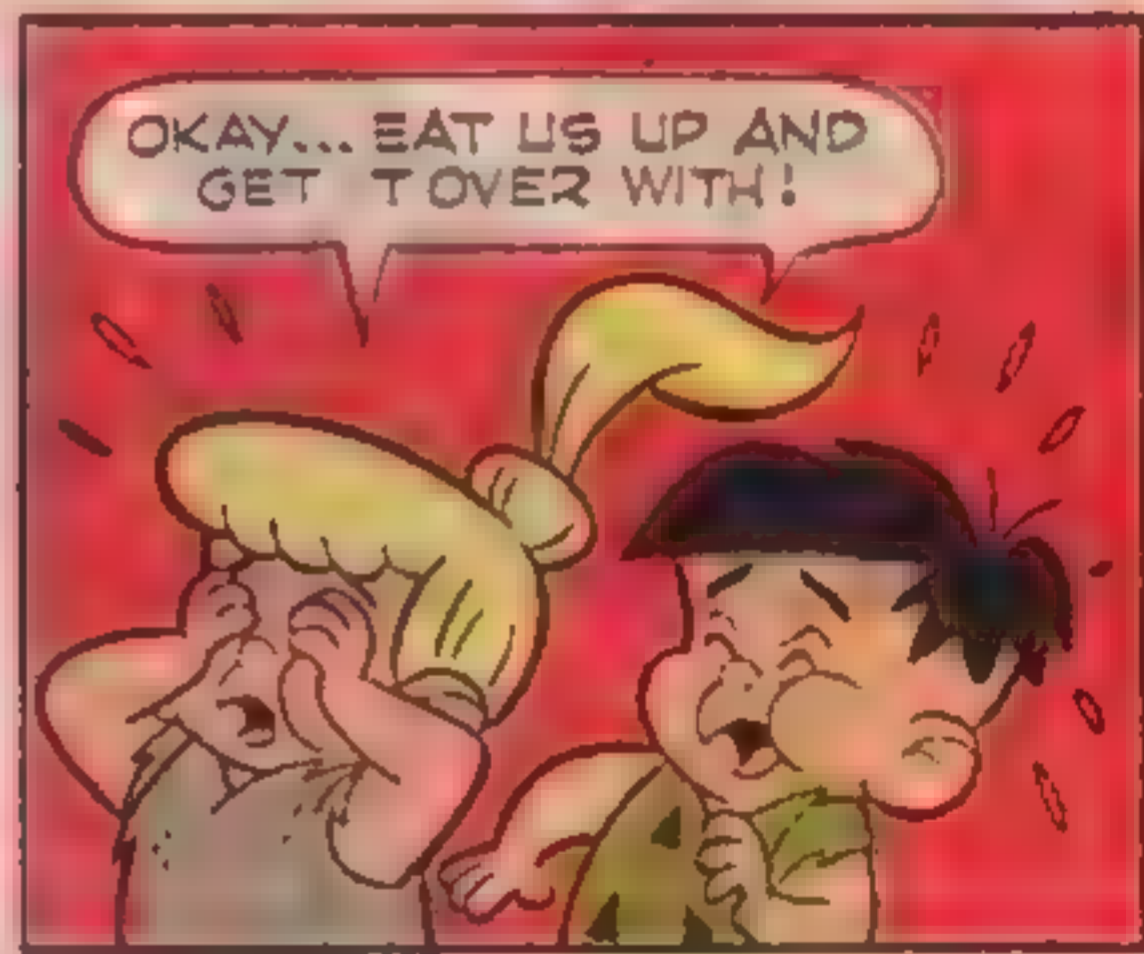
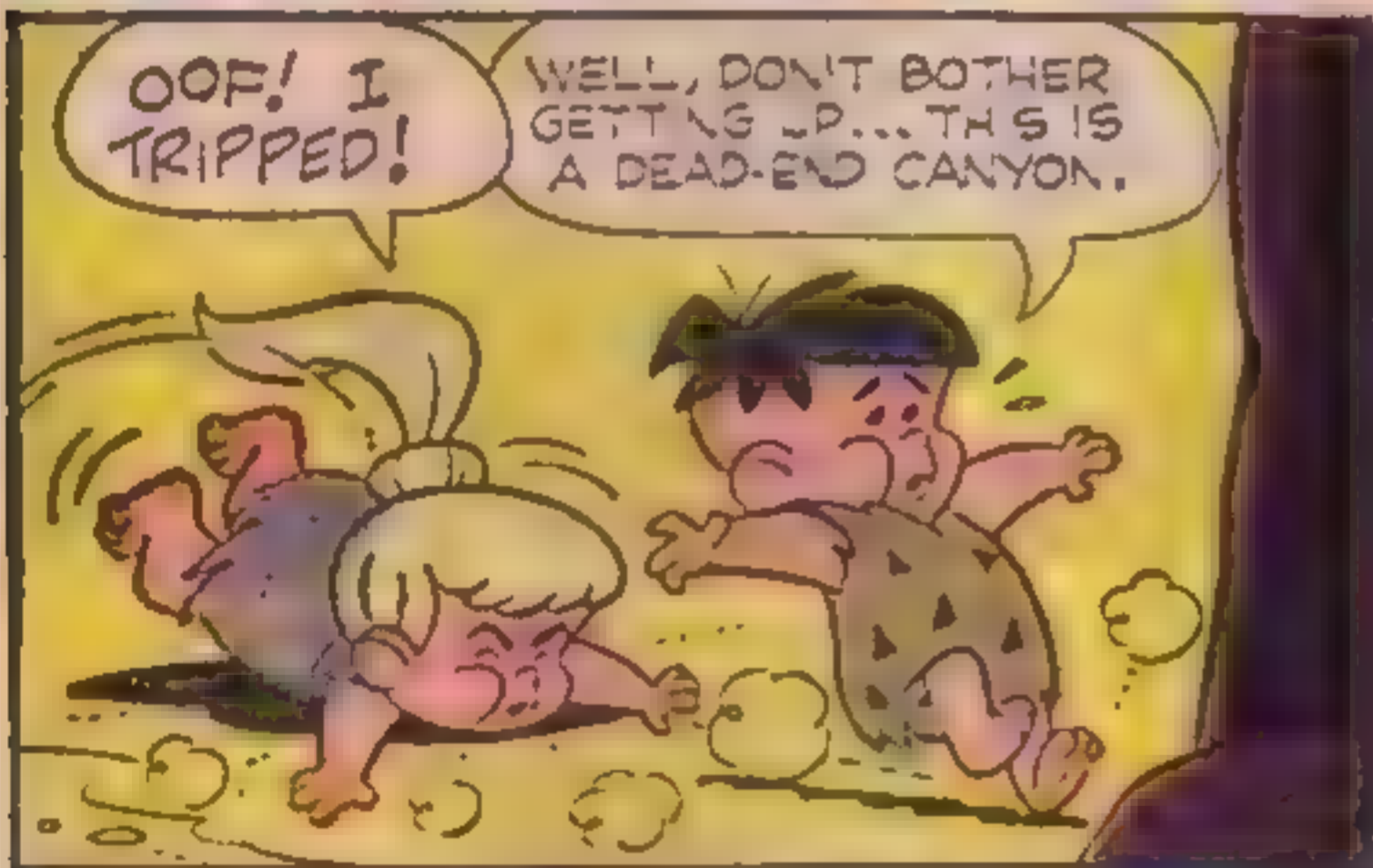
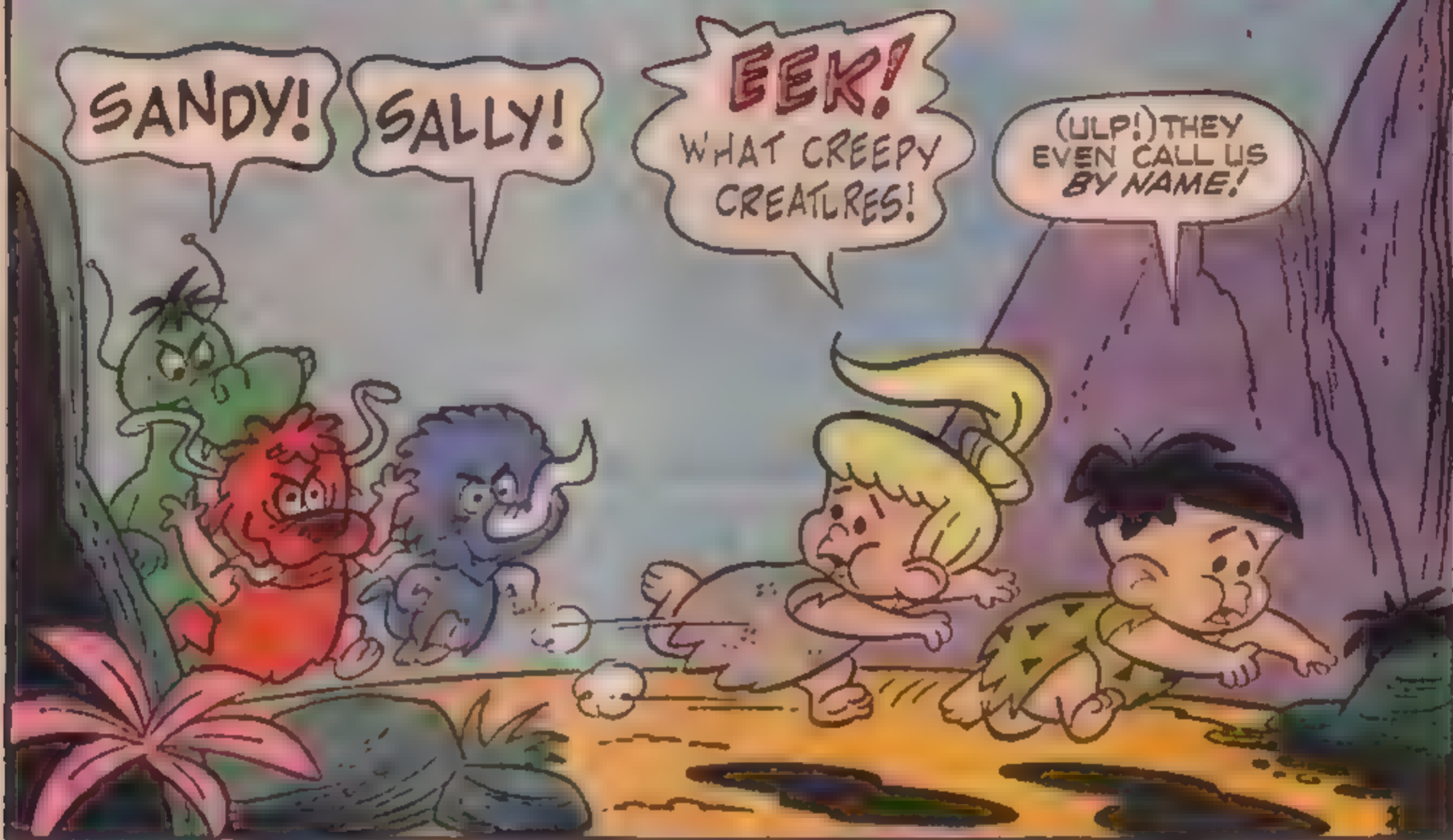
"Great idea, Ambitious Pater," nodded Augie. "And I am going back to school, too. If I am to know enough to keep you out of danger, and to repair your equipment so I can save you money, I think I need more education!"

Doggie Daddy smiled as he thought, "Well, the plan was sort of risky, and it cost me five dollars, but it worked. Besides, a little more education isn't going to hurt me... so it will be TWO for school."



Hanna-Barbera
**CAVE
KIDS**

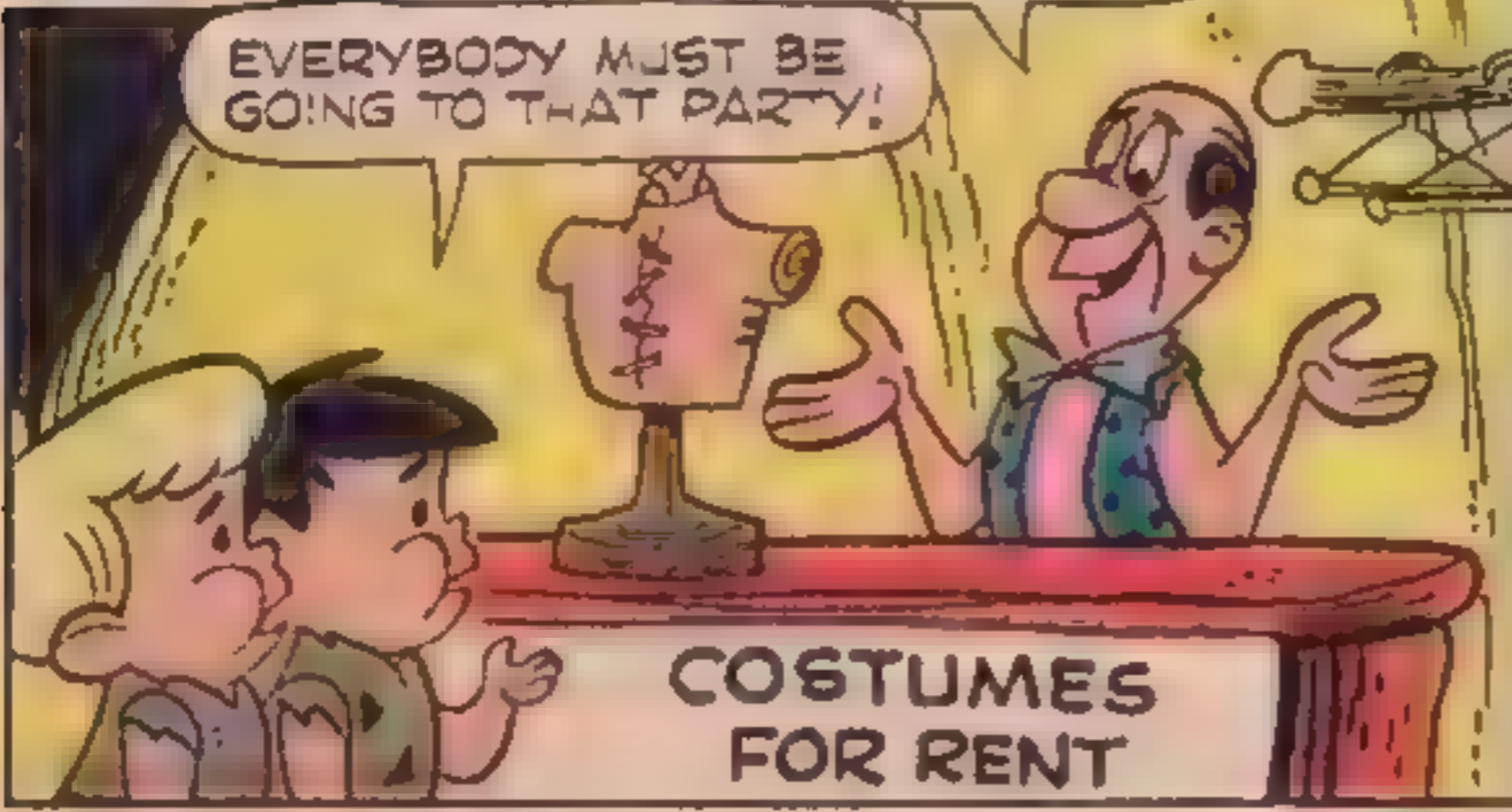




BUT...

SORRY... ALL SOLD OUT!

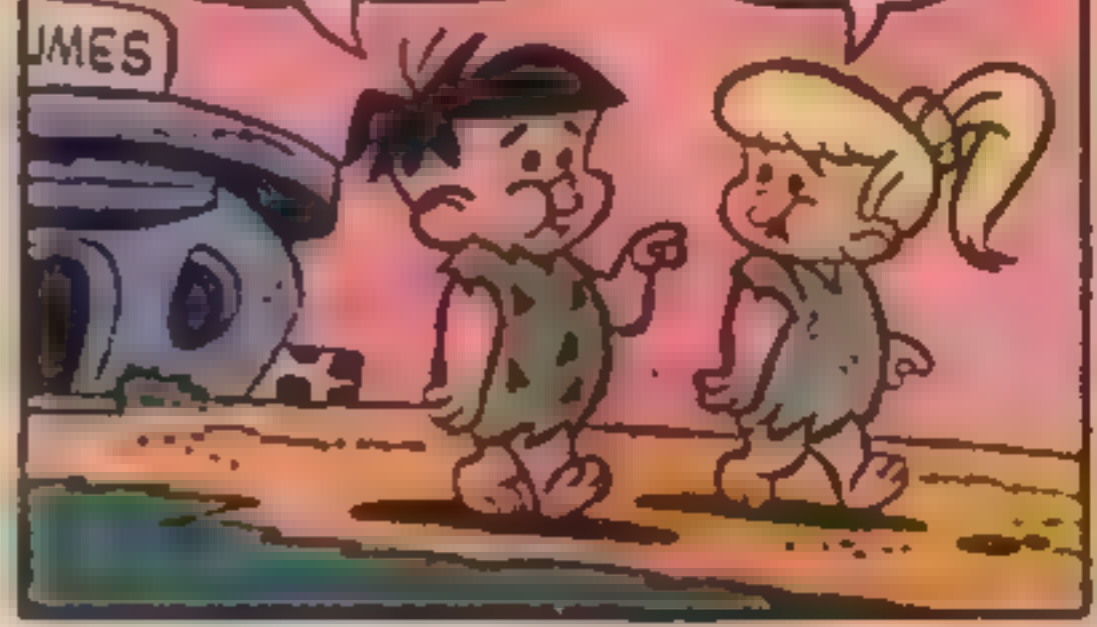
EVERYBODY MUST BE GOING TO THAT PARTY!



COSTUMES FOR RENT

YOU CAN SEW, SALLY! MAKE COSTUMES FOR US!

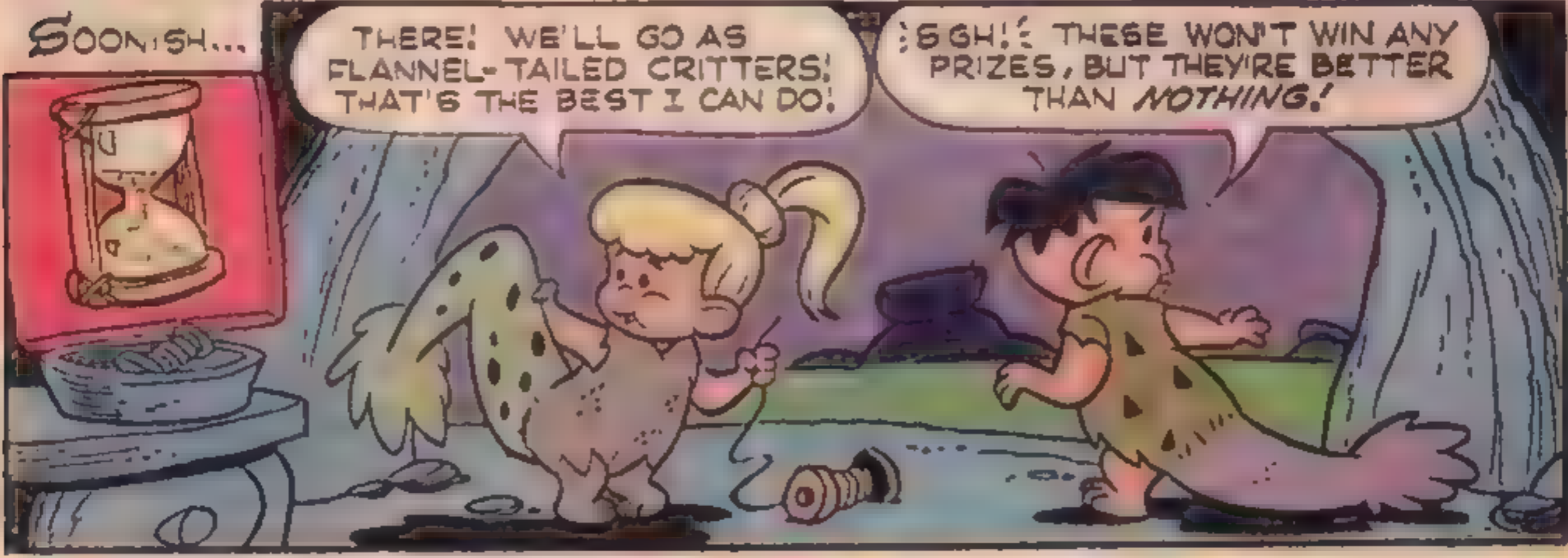
WELL, I'LL TRY...



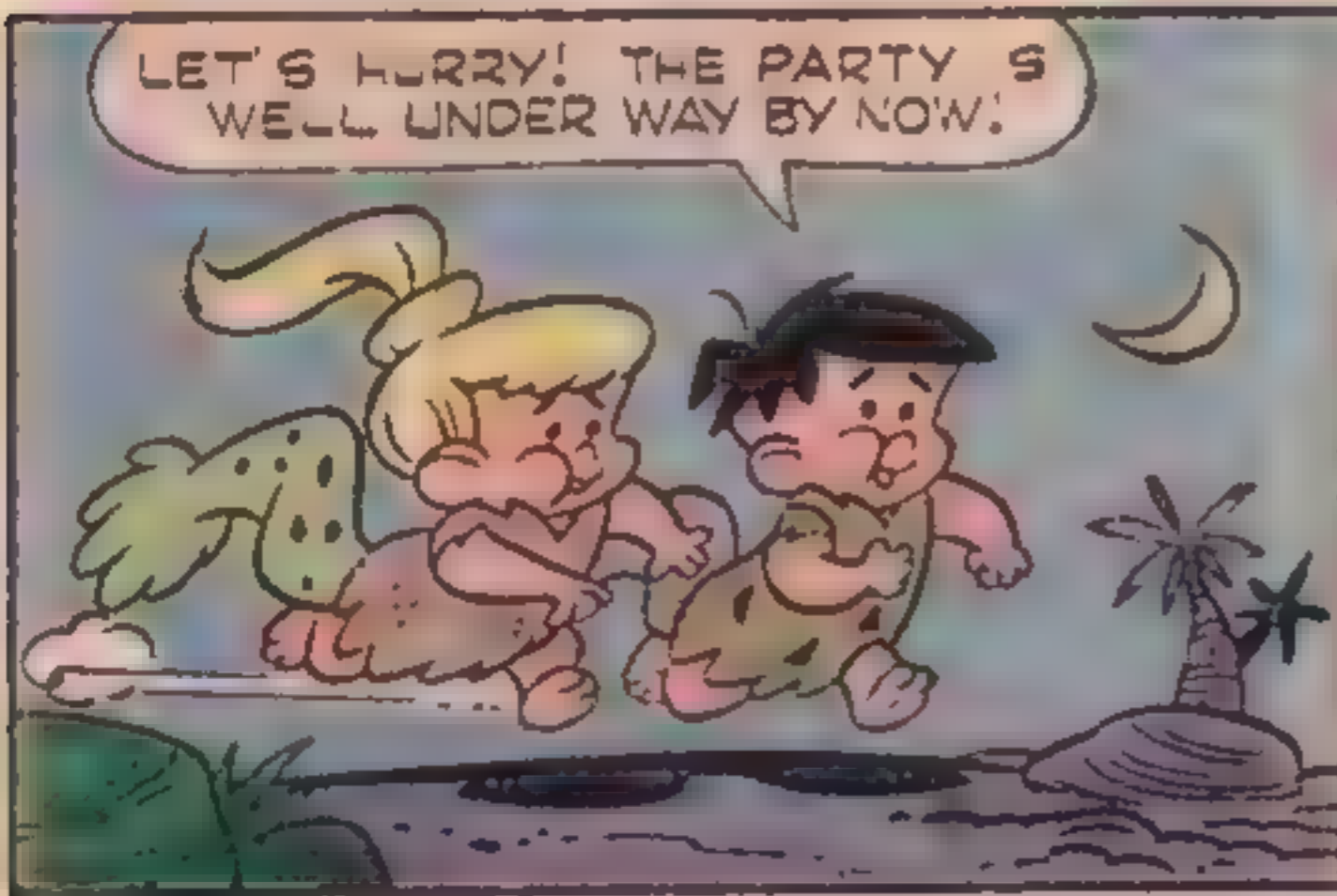
SOONISH...

THERE! WE'LL GO AS FLANNEL-TAILED CRITTERS! THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO!

SGH! THESE WON'T WIN ANY PRIZES, BUT THEY'RE BETTER THAN NOTHING!

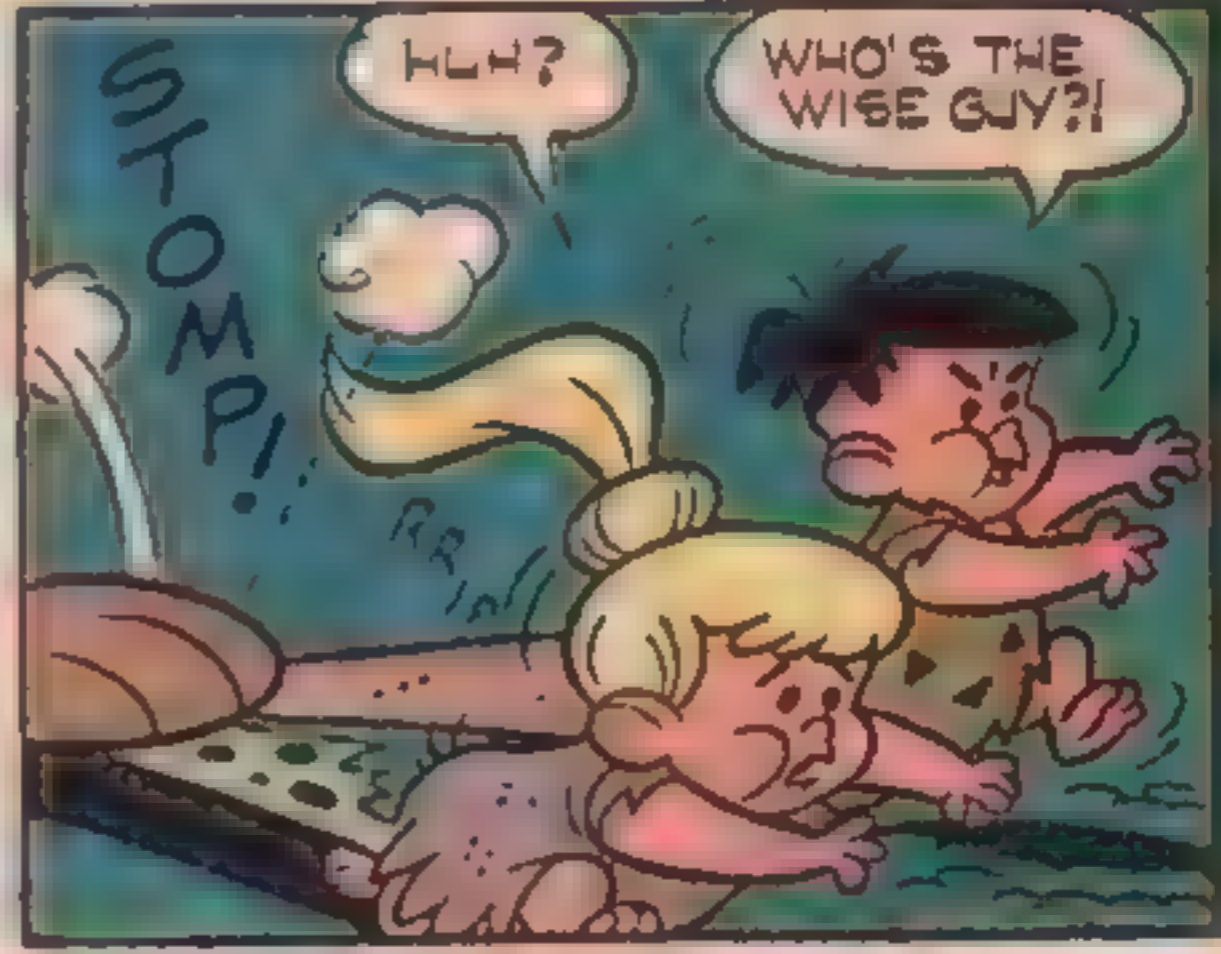


LET'S HURRY! THE PARTY'S WELL UNDER WAY BY NOW!

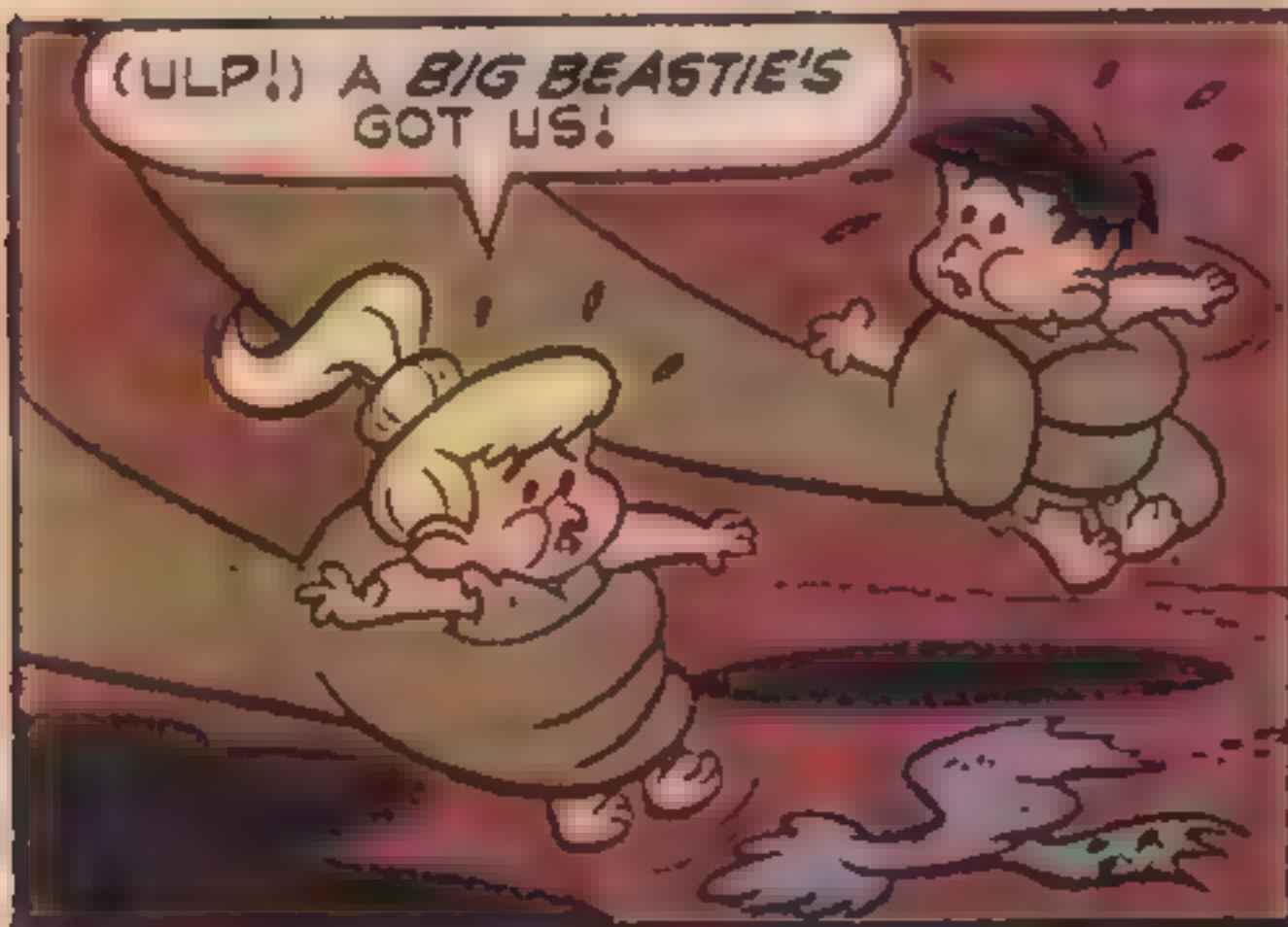


HLH?

WHO'S THE WISE GUY?!

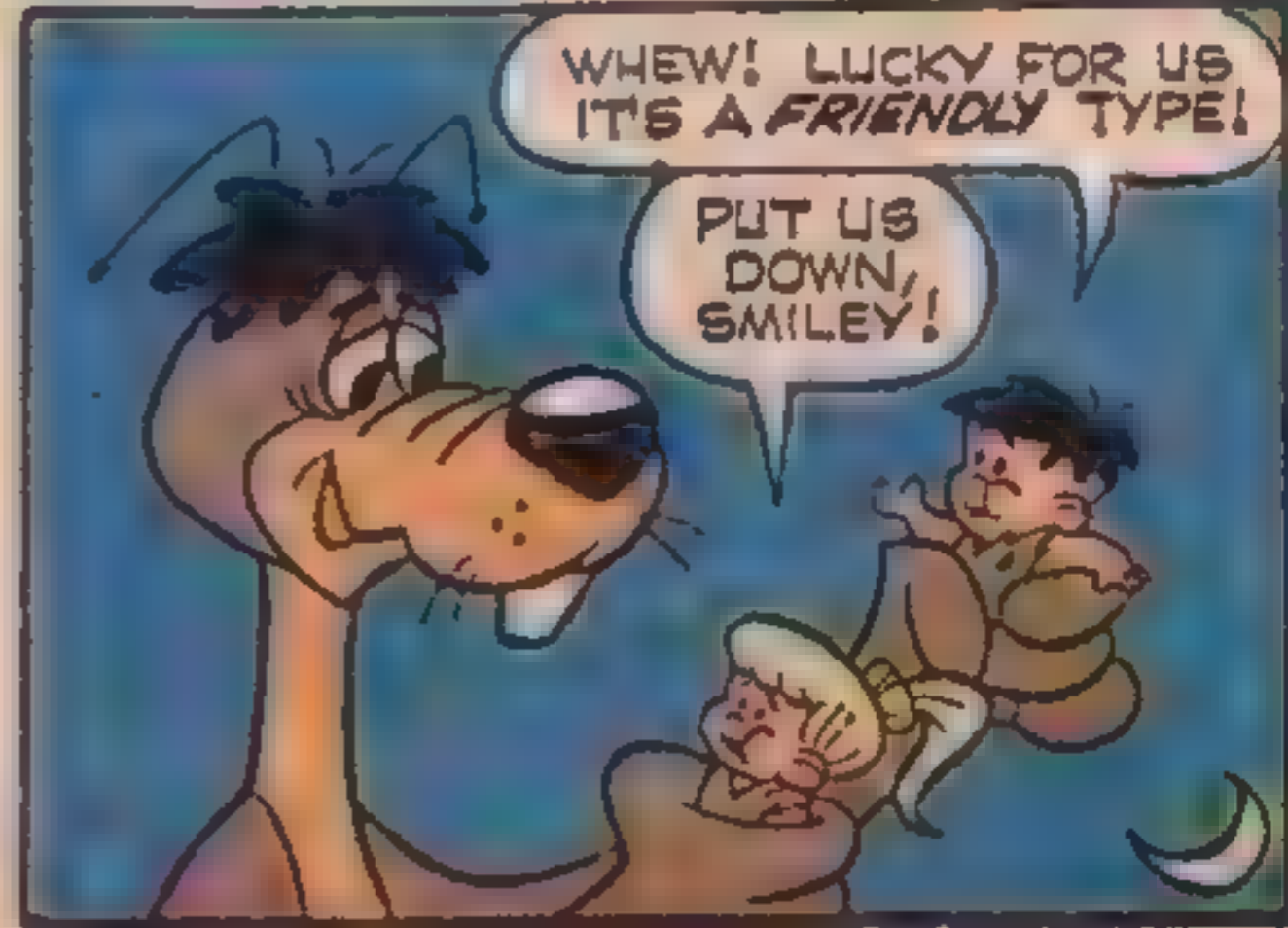


(ULP!) A BIG BEASTIE'S GOT US!



WHEW! LUCKY FOR US IT'S A FRIENDLY TYPE!

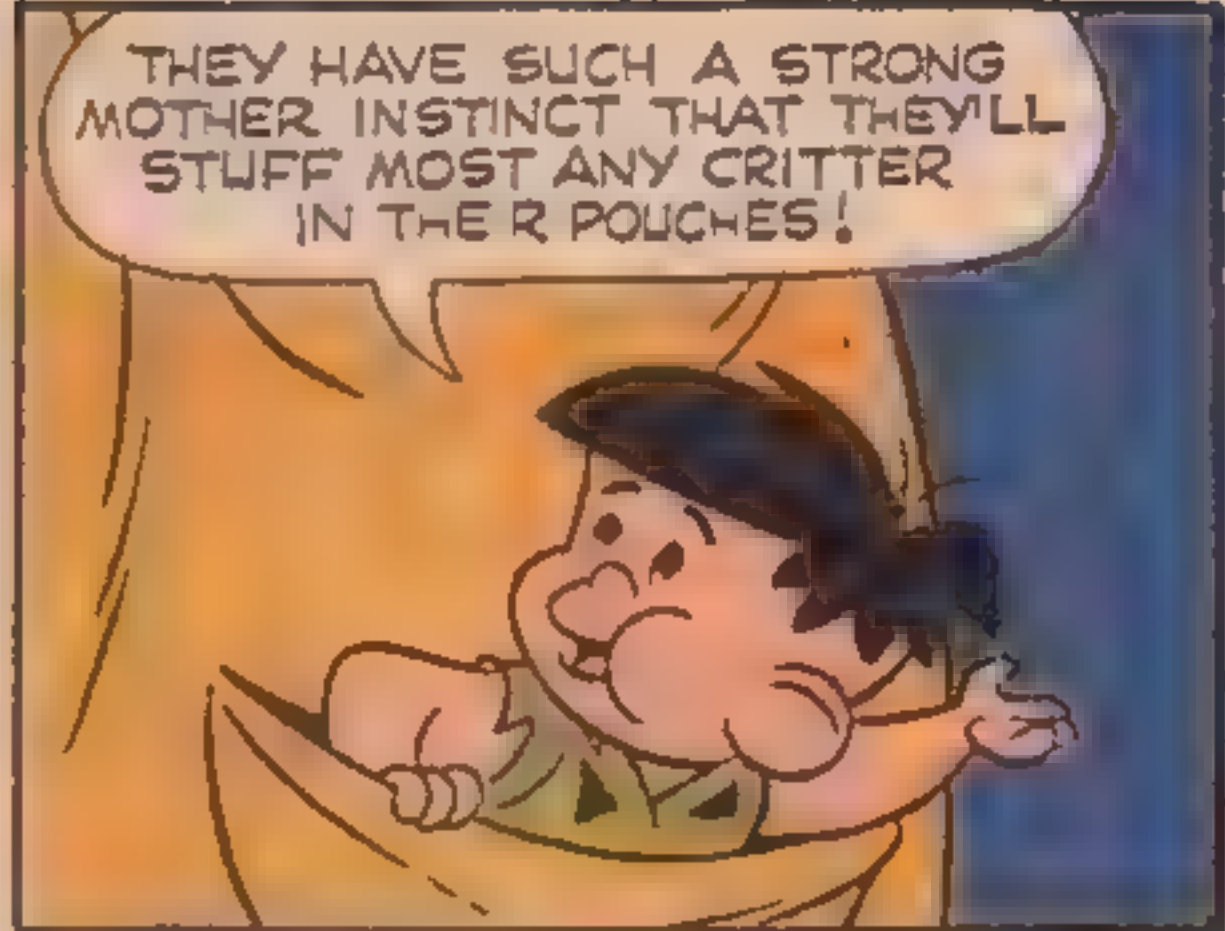
PUT US DOWN, SMILEY!



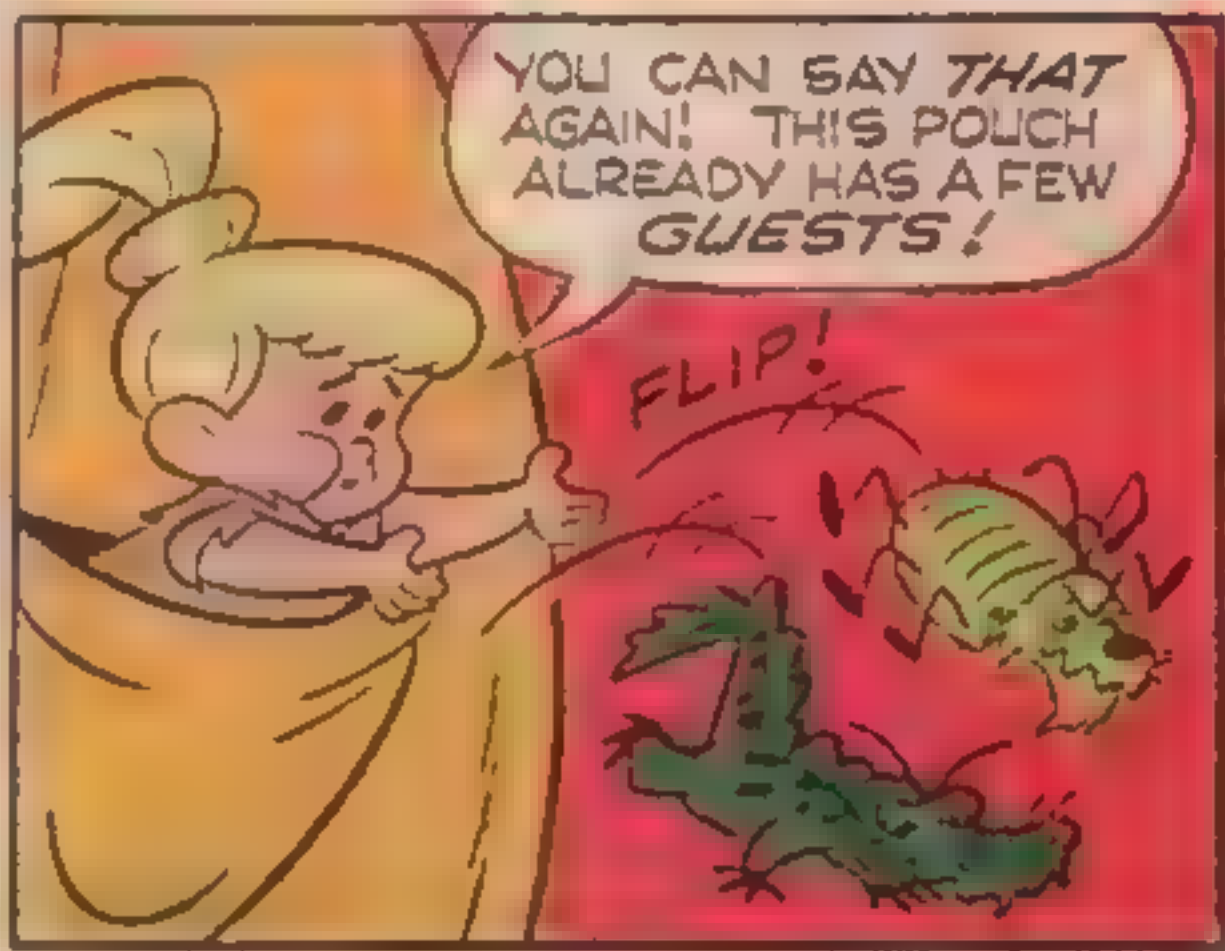


OH, NO! IT'S **POCKETING** US LIKE **ADOPTED** ONES!

SAY... THIS IS A **POUCHEROO!**

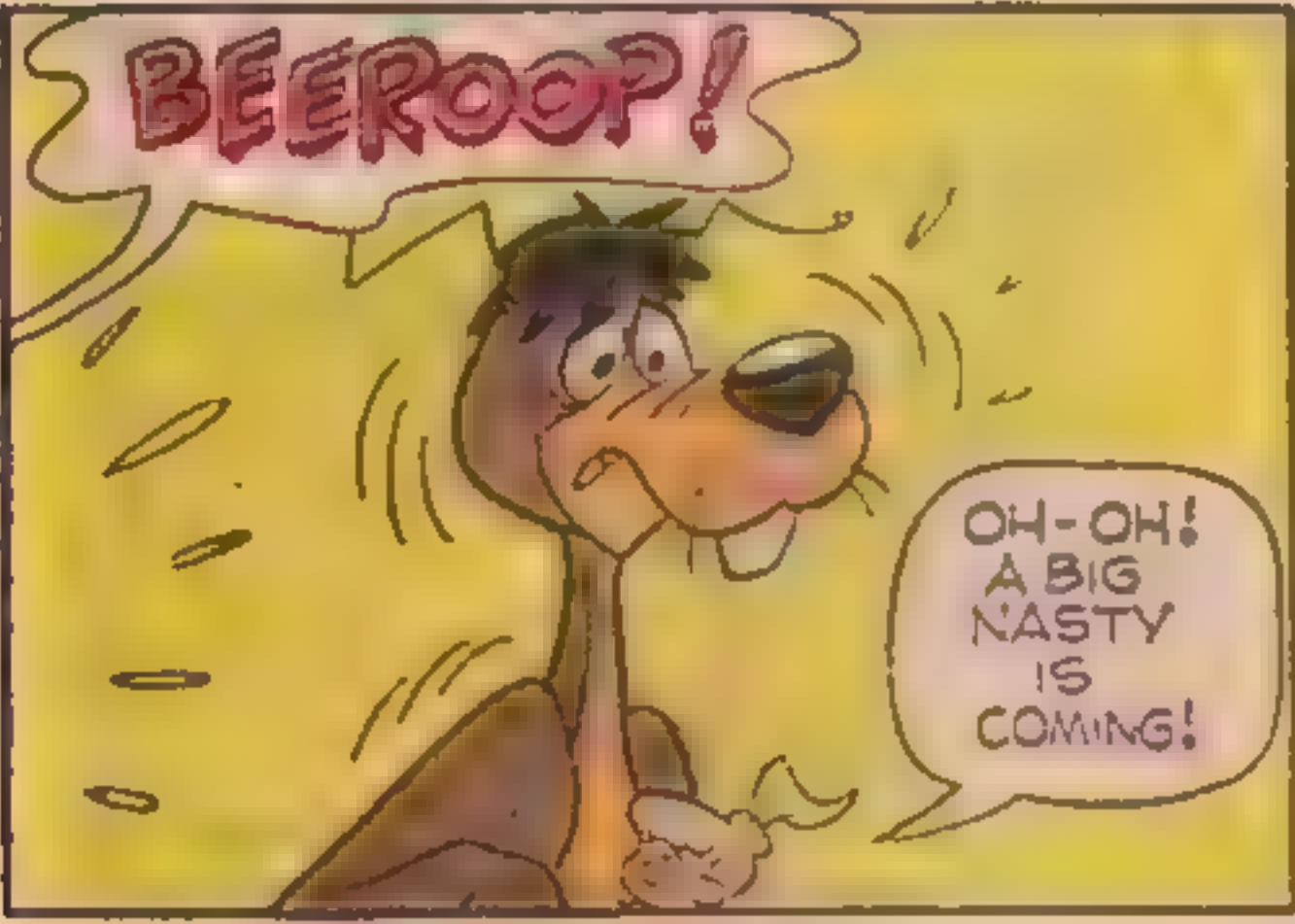


THEY HAVE SUCH A STRONG MOTHER INSTINCT THAT THEY'LL STUFF MOST ANY CRITTER IN THE R POUCHES!



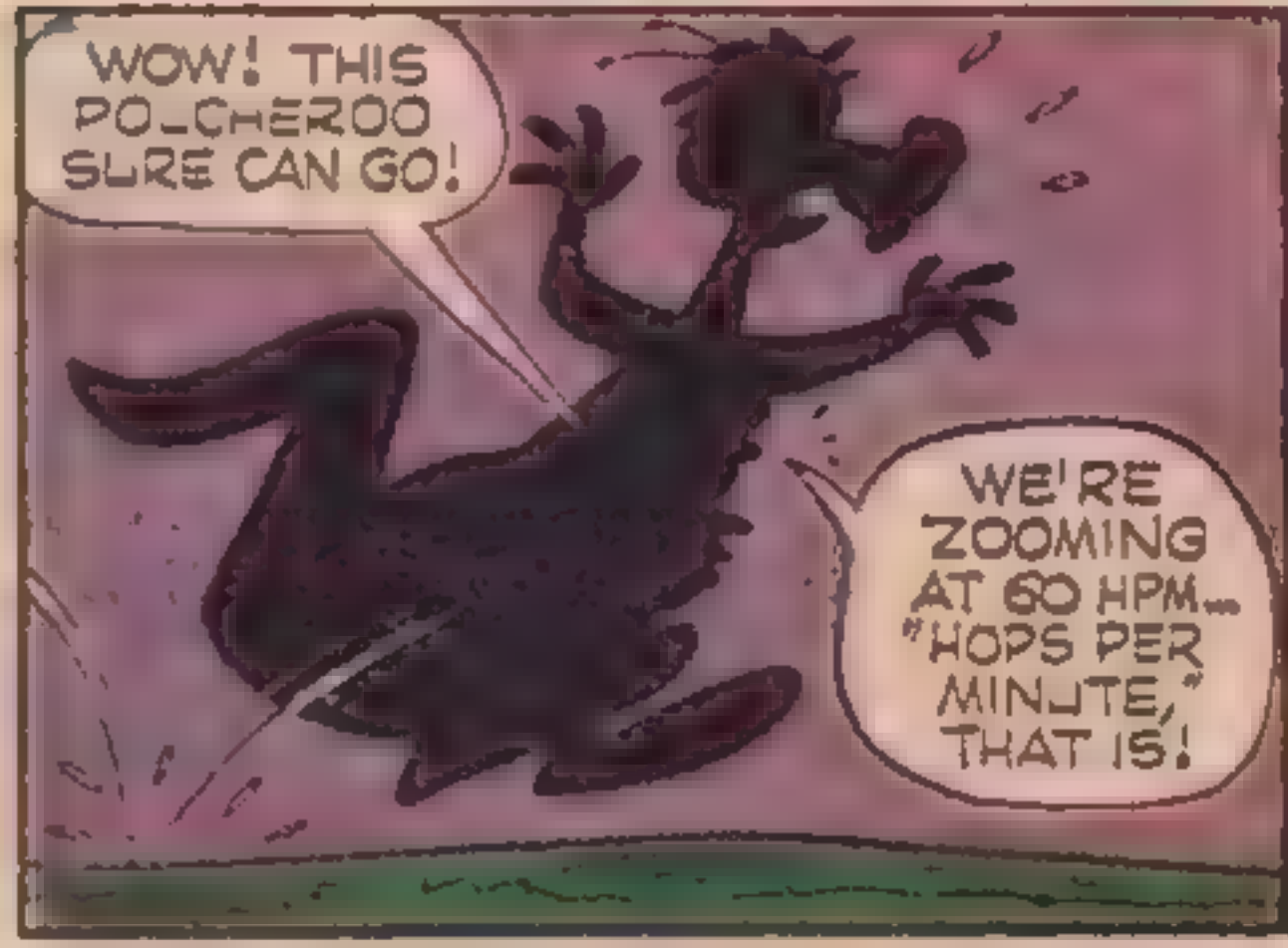
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! THIS POUCH ALREADY HAS A FEW **GUESTS!**

FLIP!



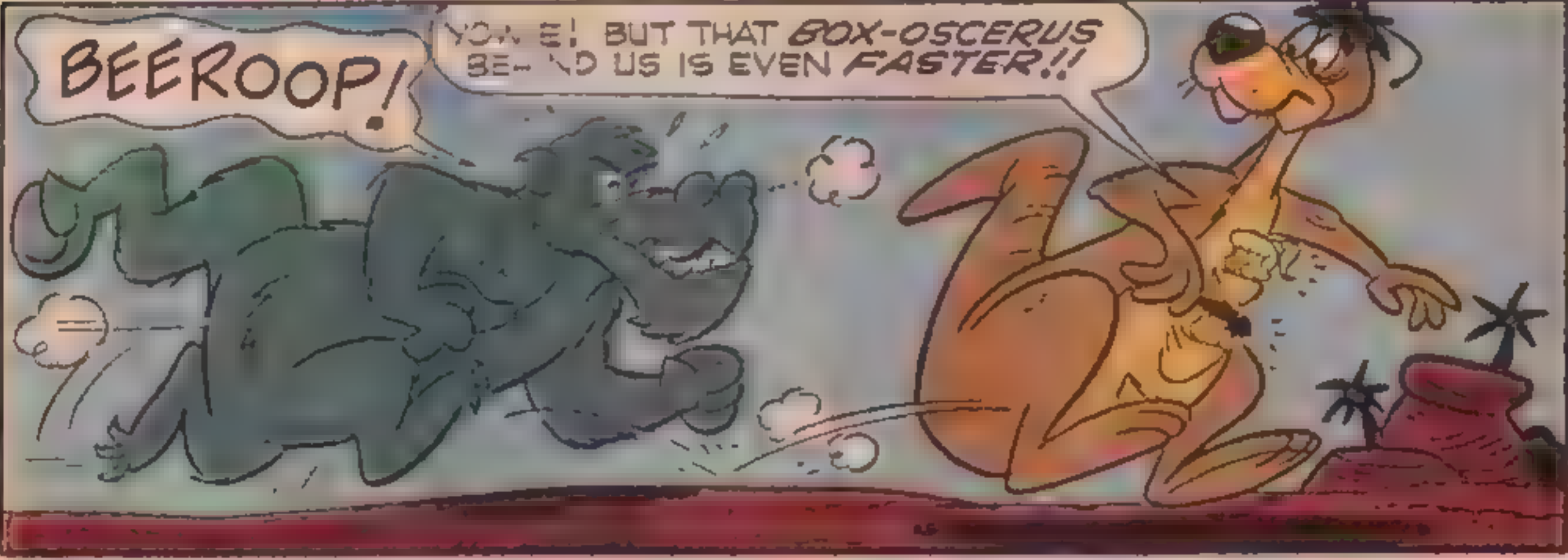
BEEEROOP!

OH-OH! A BIG **NASTY** IS COMING!



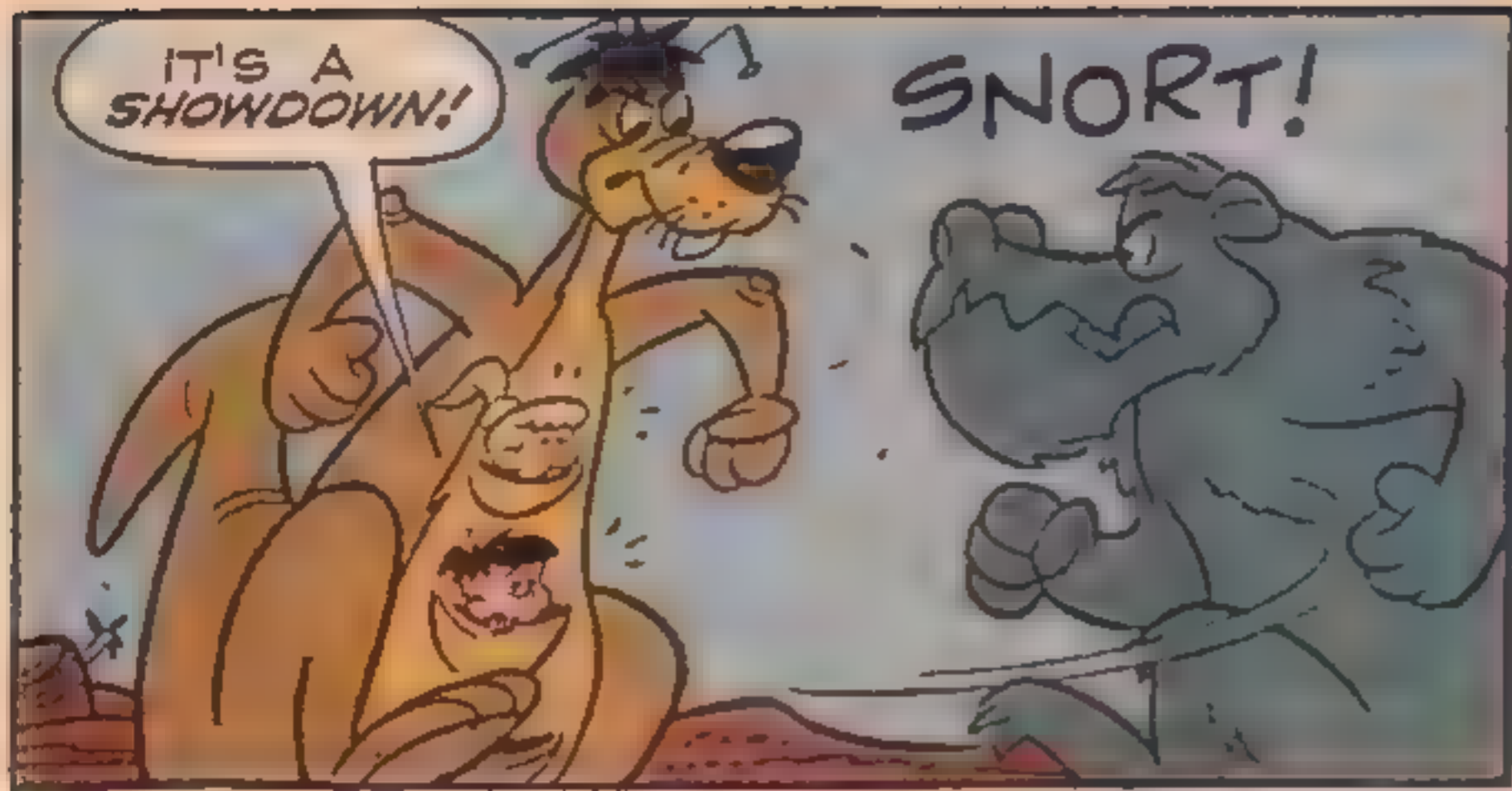
WOW! THIS **POUCHEROO** SURE CAN GO!

WE'RE **ZOOMING** AT 60 HPM... "HOPS PER MINUTE," THAT IS!



BEEEROOP!

YOWIE! BUT THAT **BOX-OSKERUS** BEHIND US IS EVEN **FASTER!!**

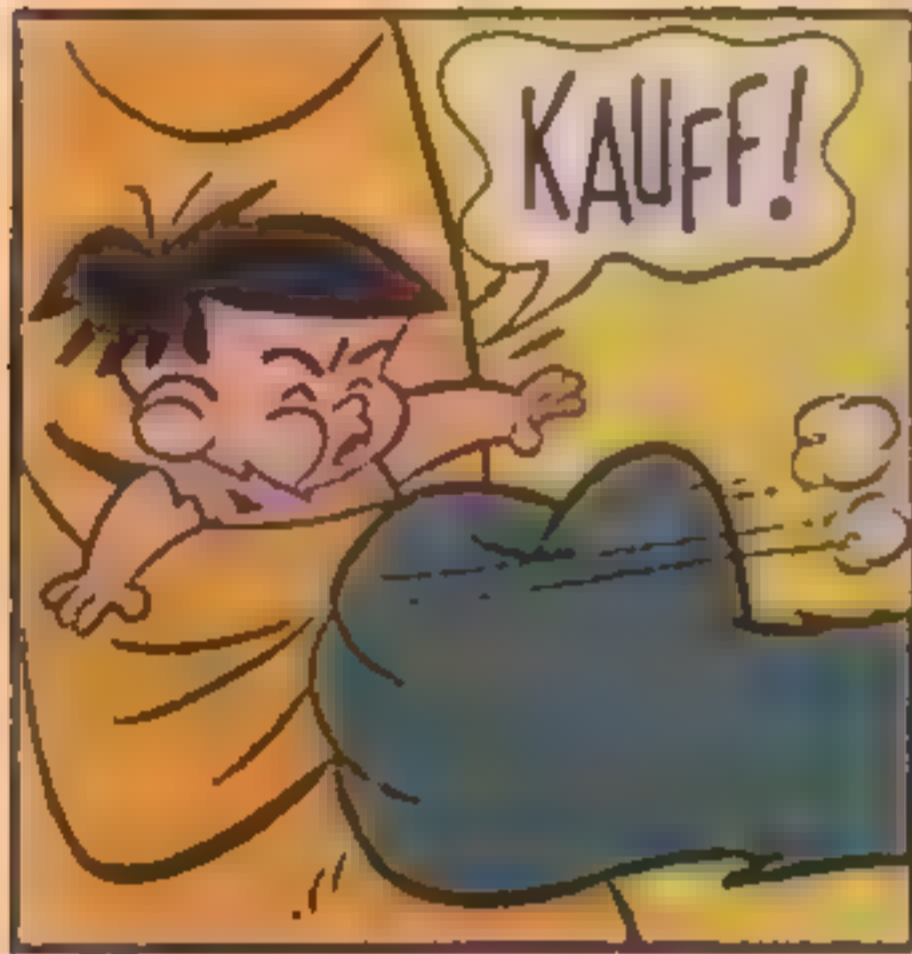


IT'S A SHOWDOWN!

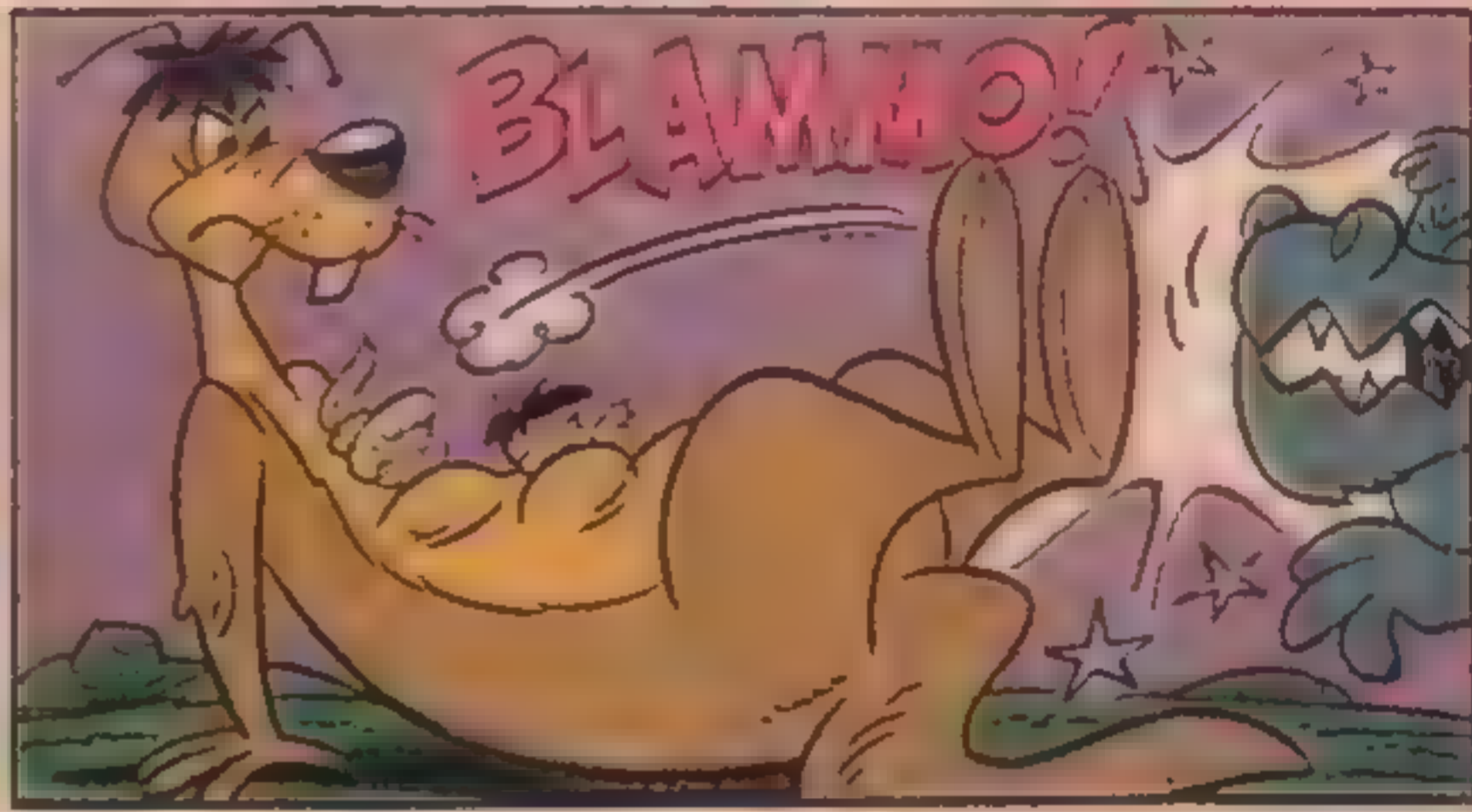
SNORT!



HOOF!



KAUFF!

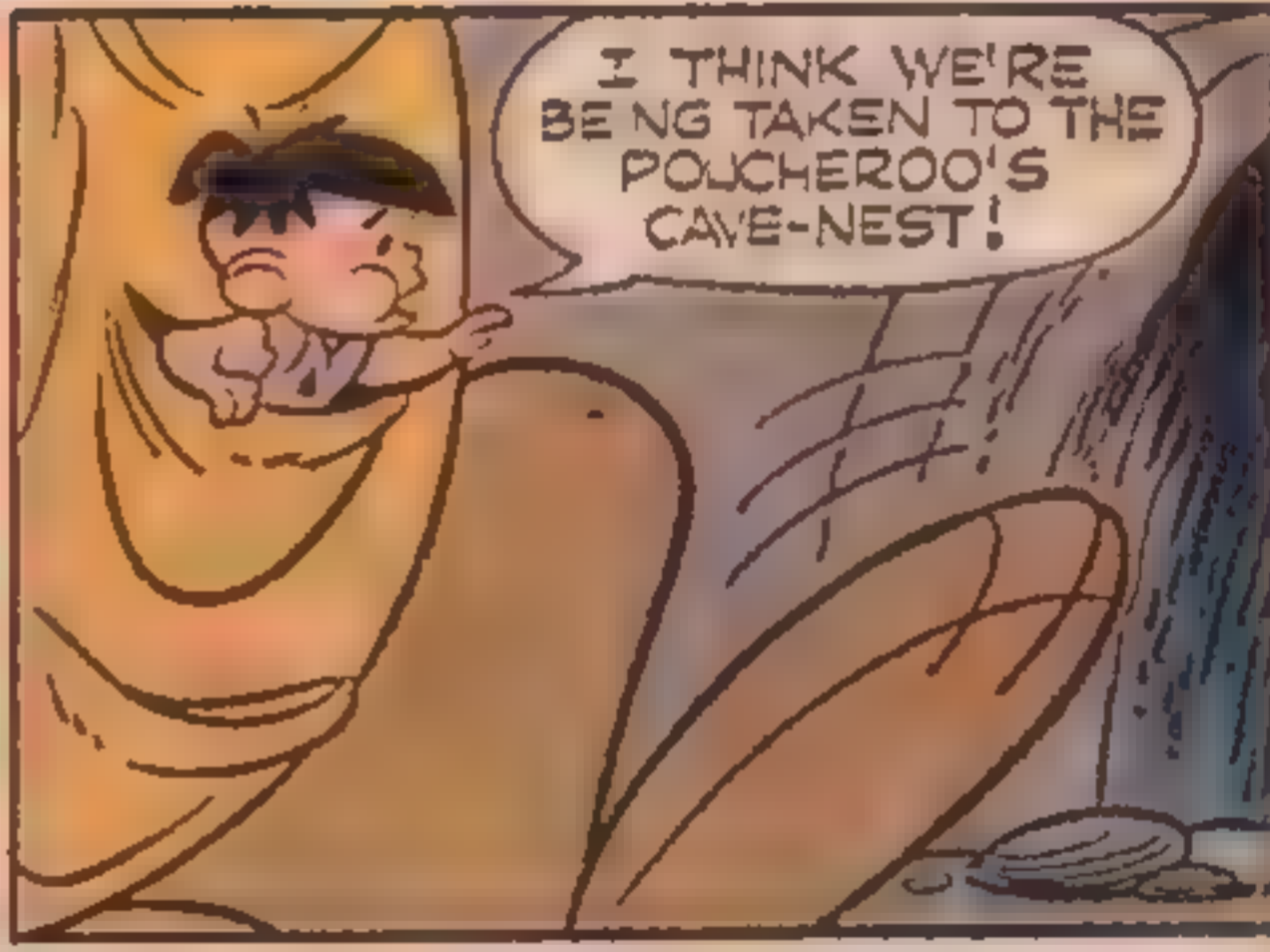


BLAMMO!

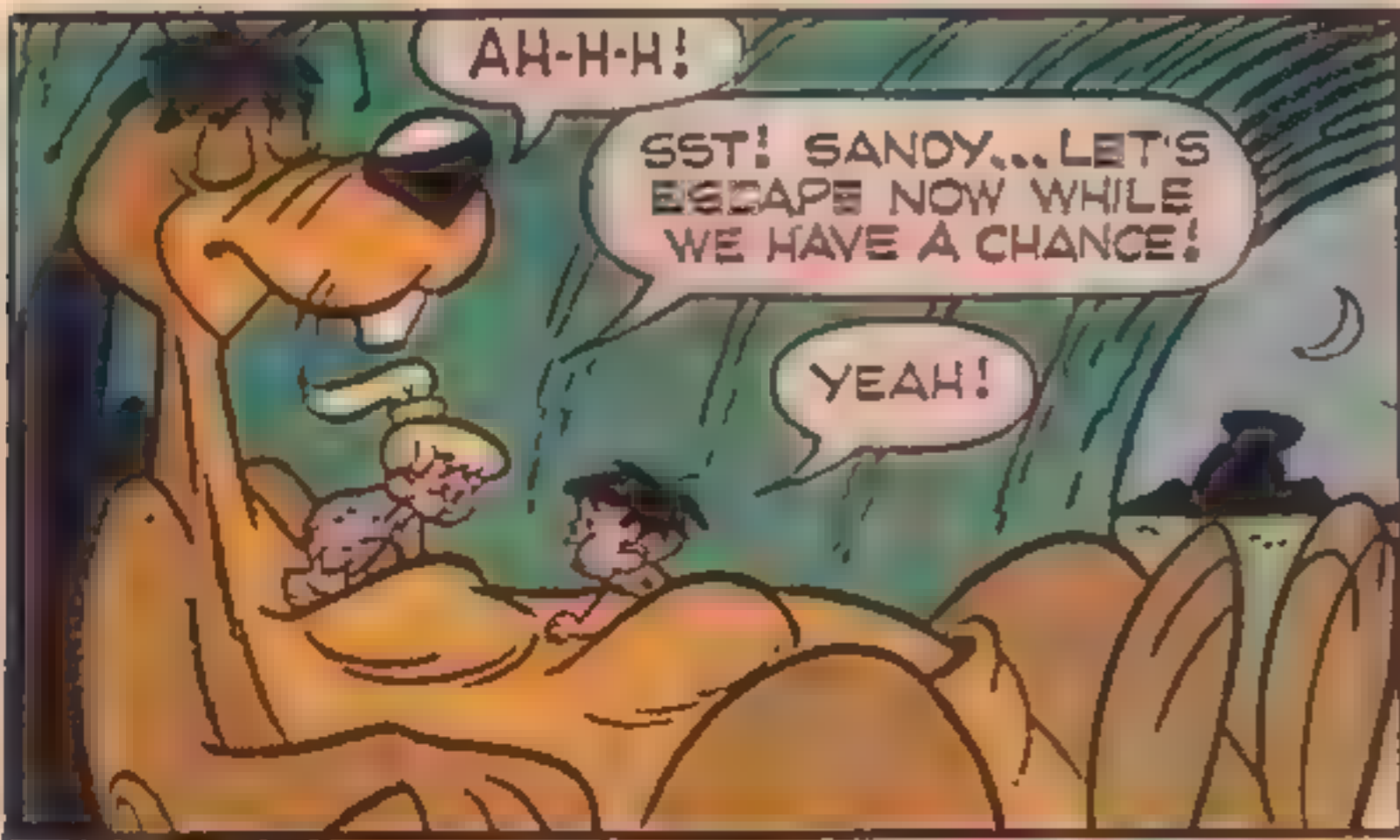


LIGHT! THE POLCHEROO WON...

...BUT WE LOST!



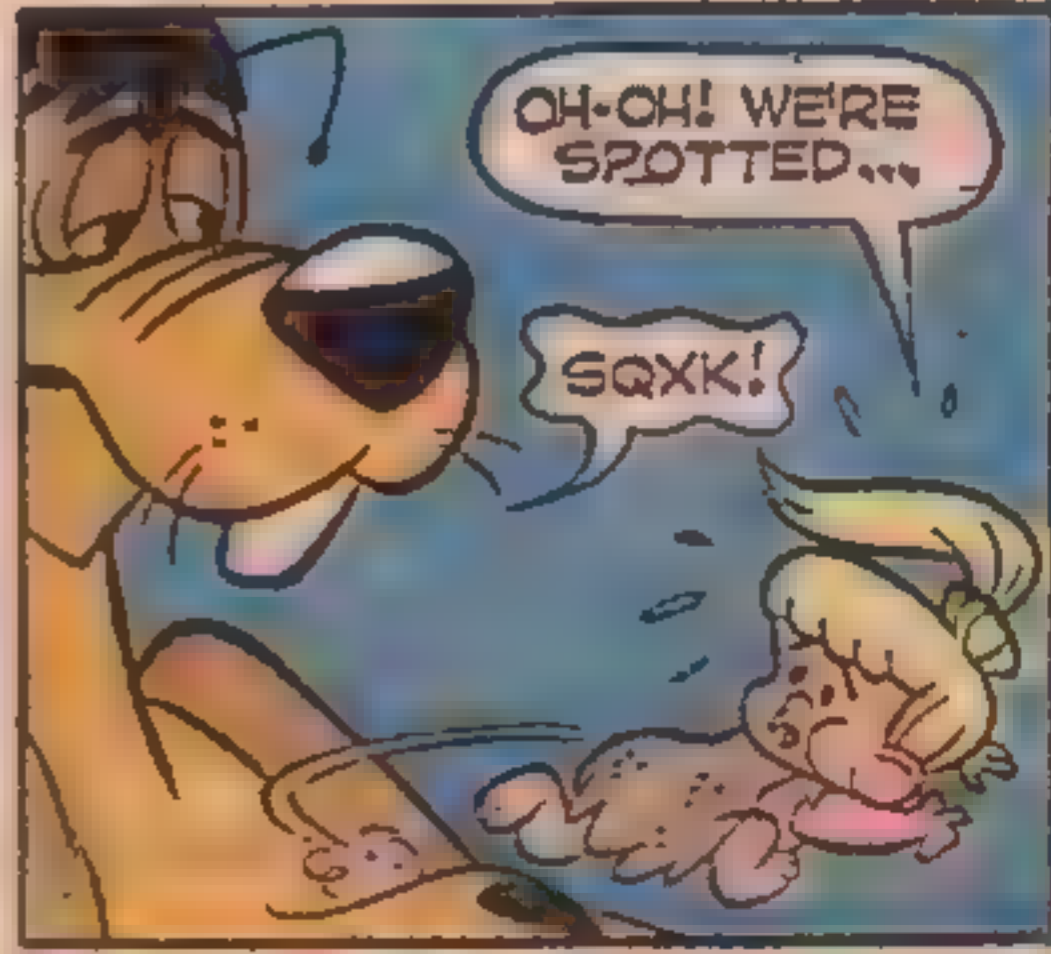
I THINK WE'RE BEING TAKEN TO THE POLCHEROO'S CAVE-NEST!



AH-H-H!

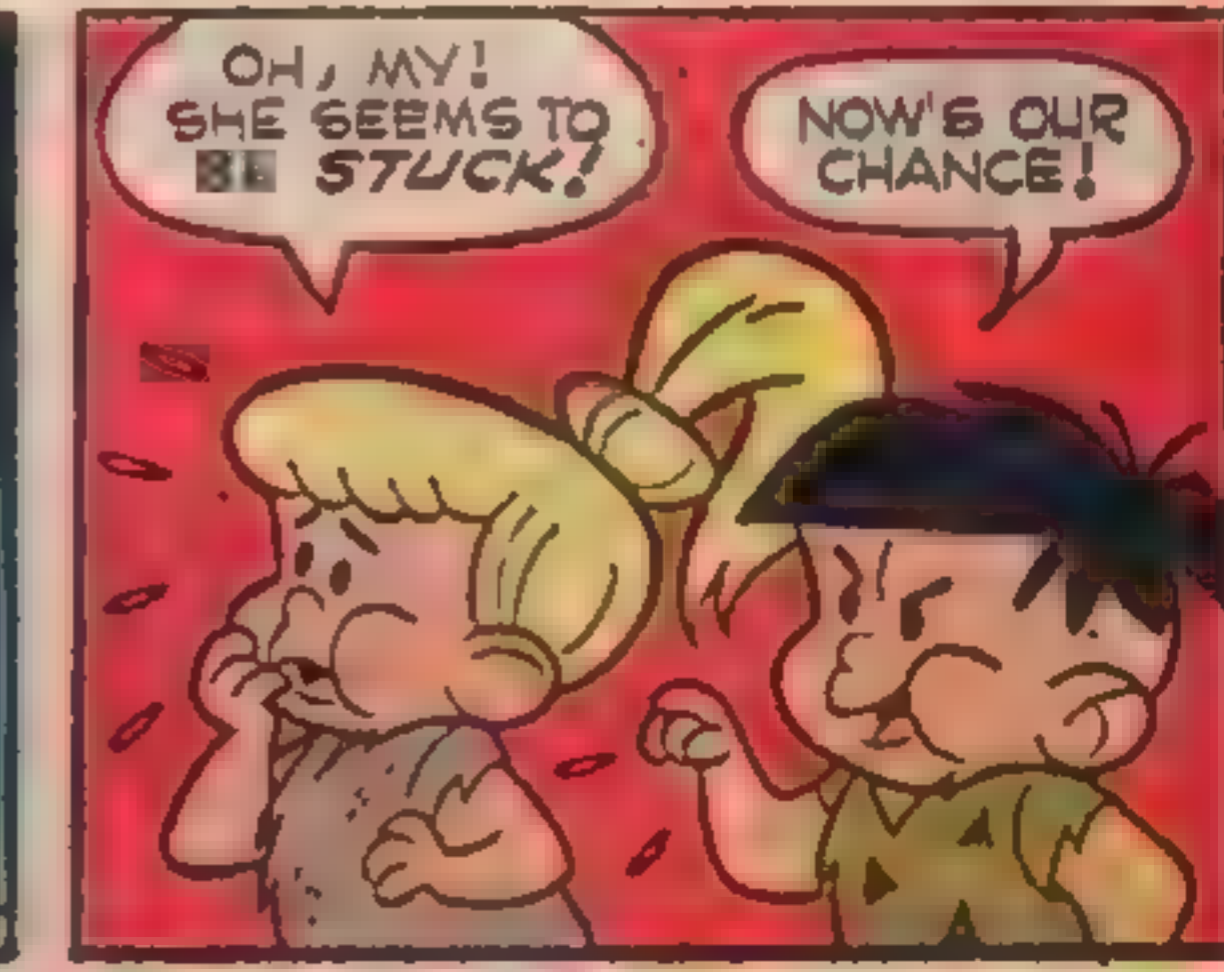
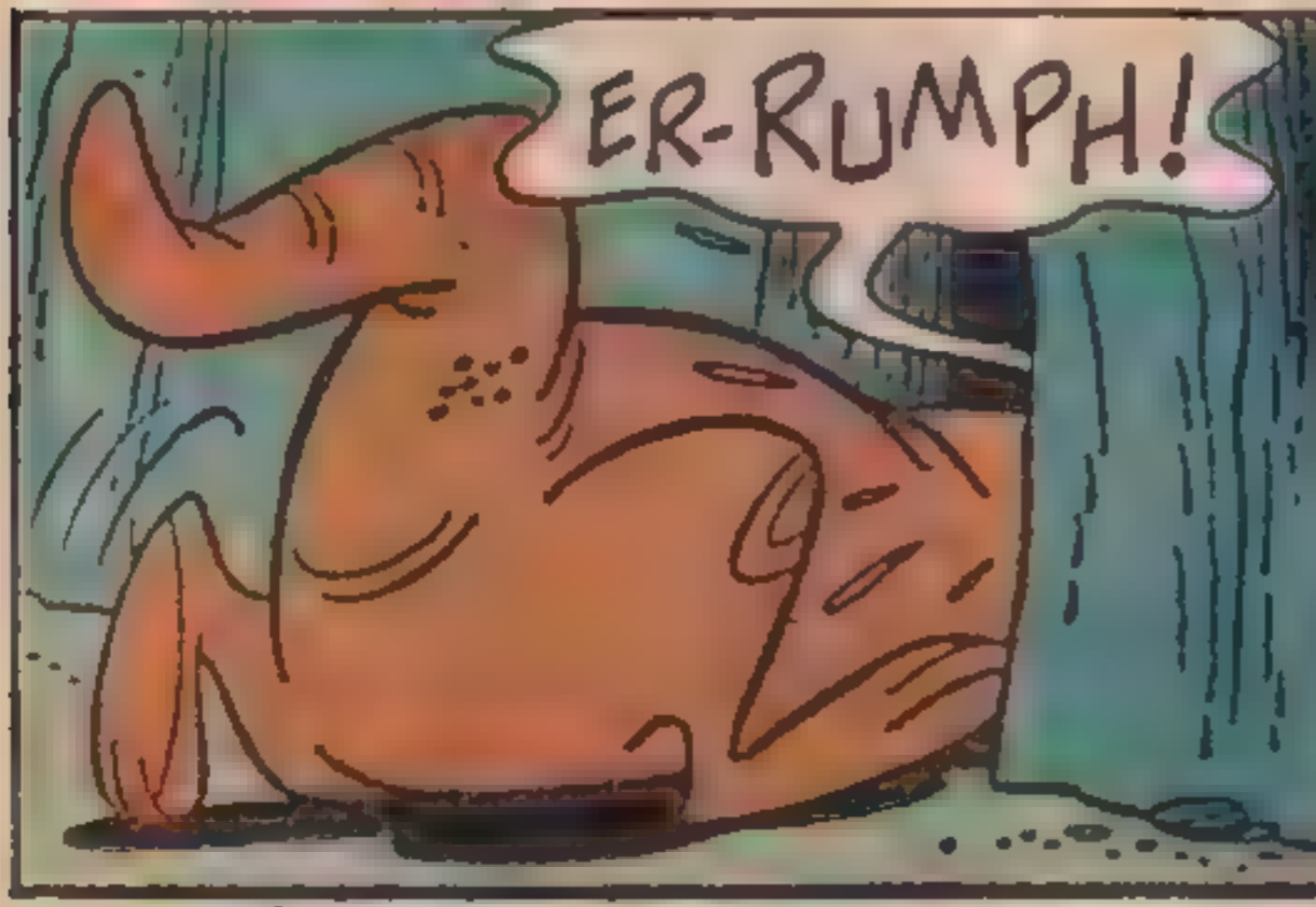
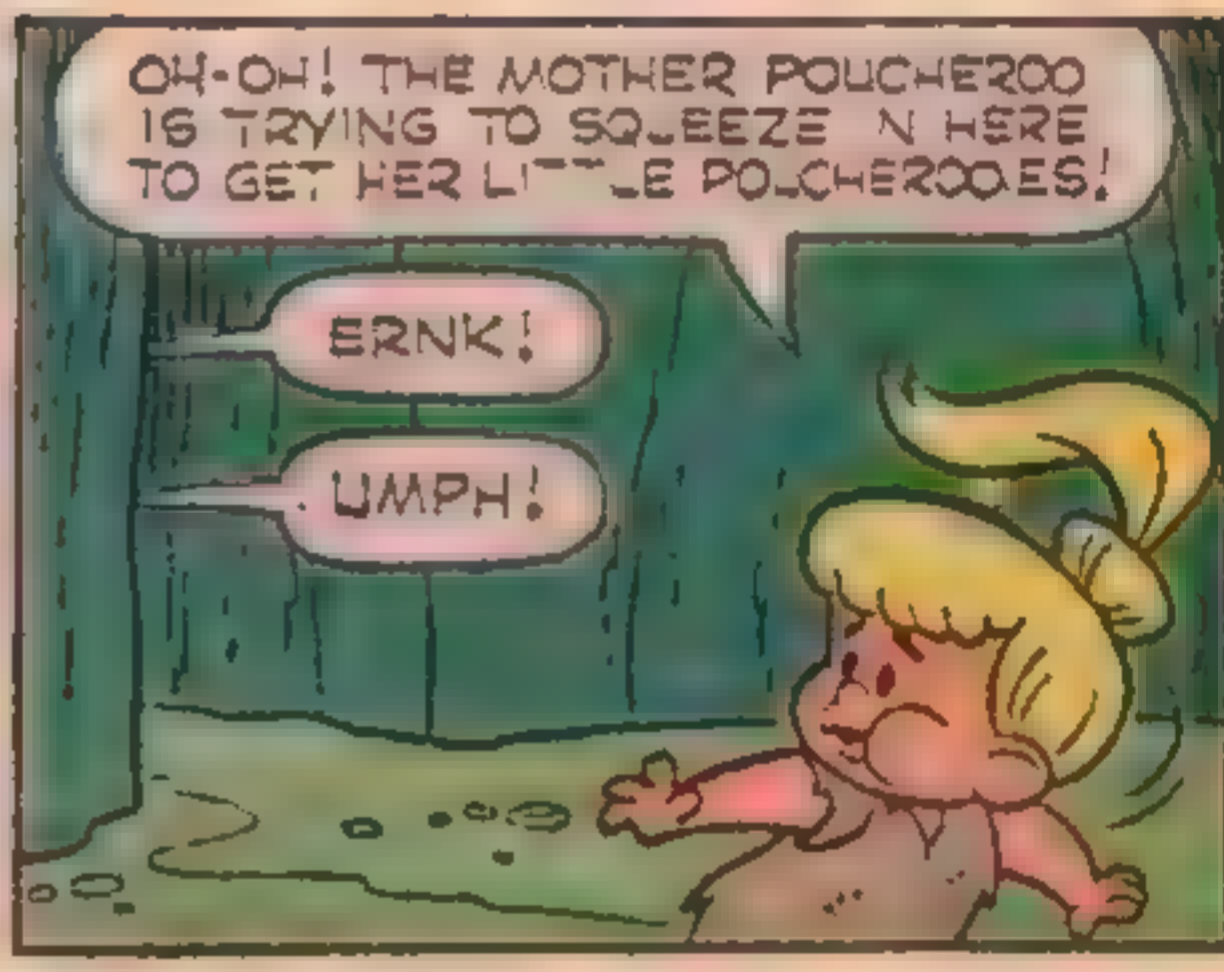
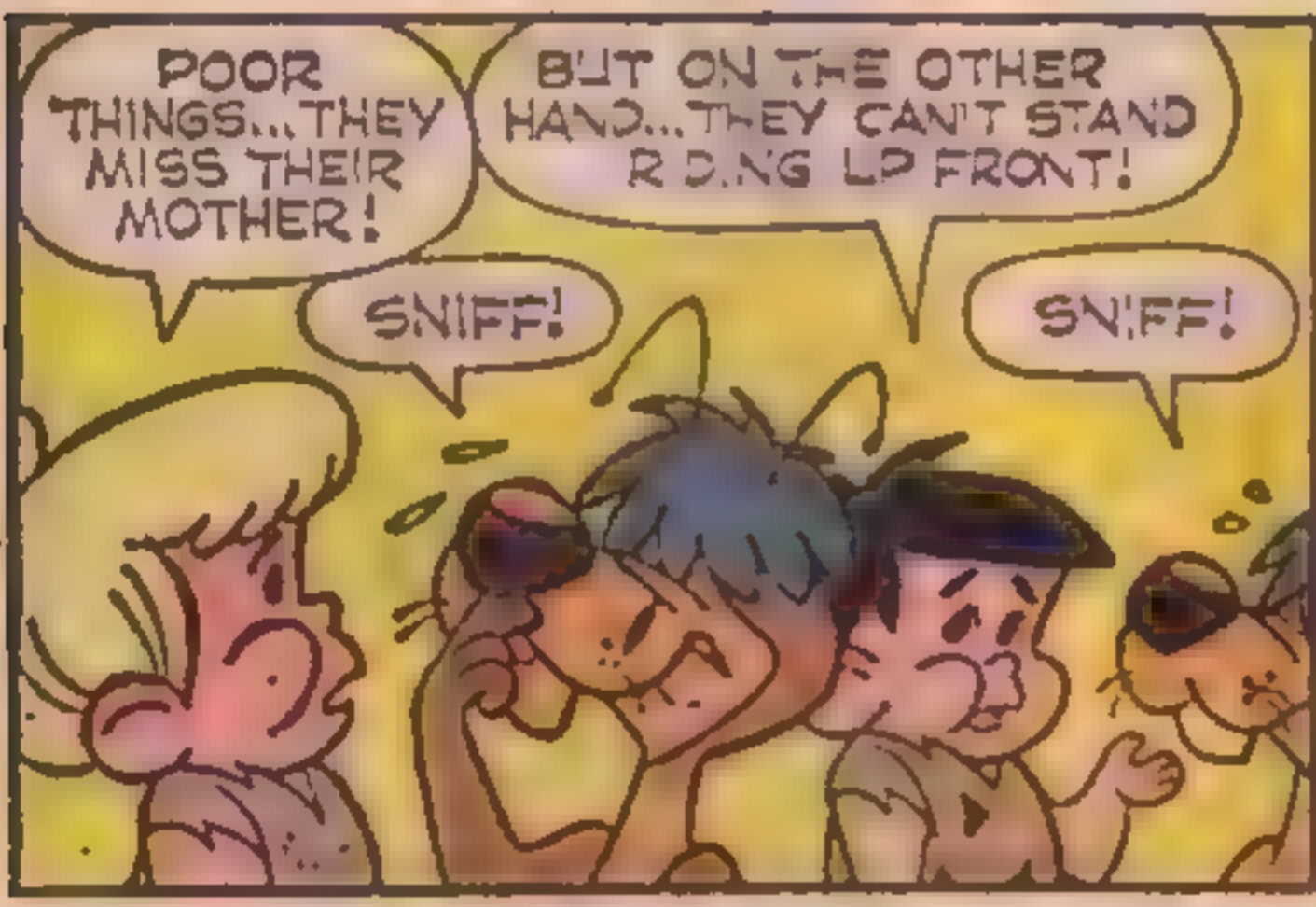
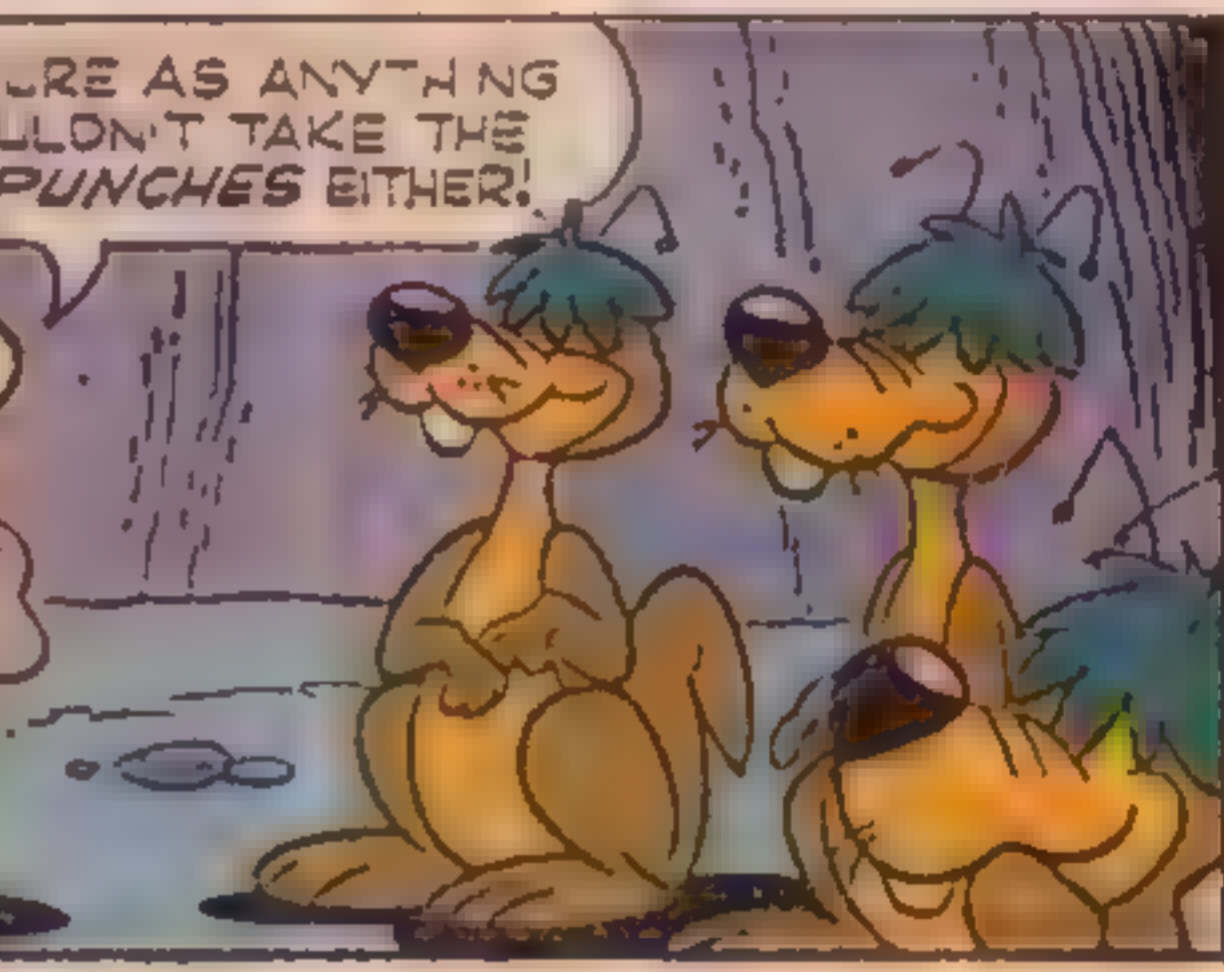
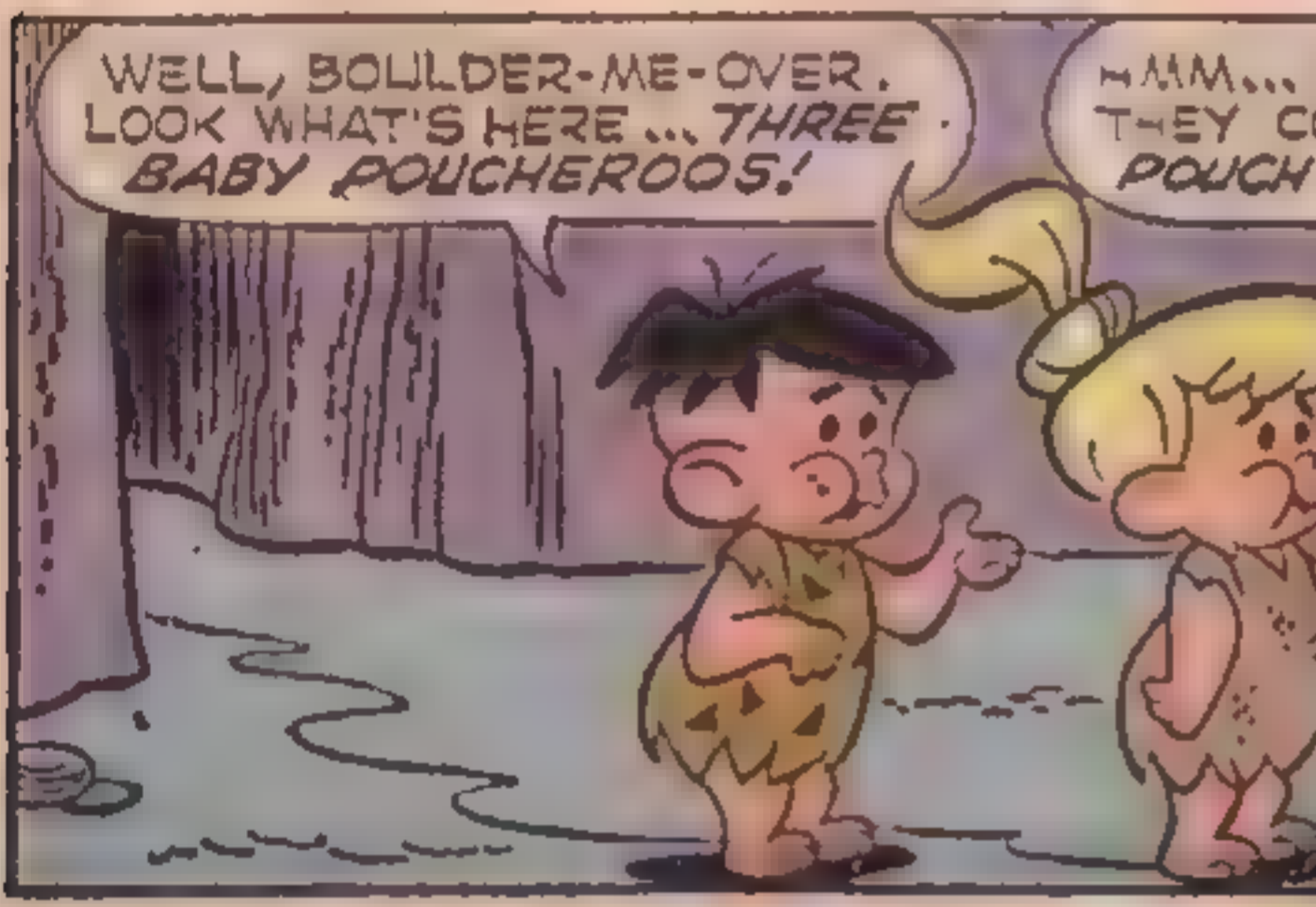
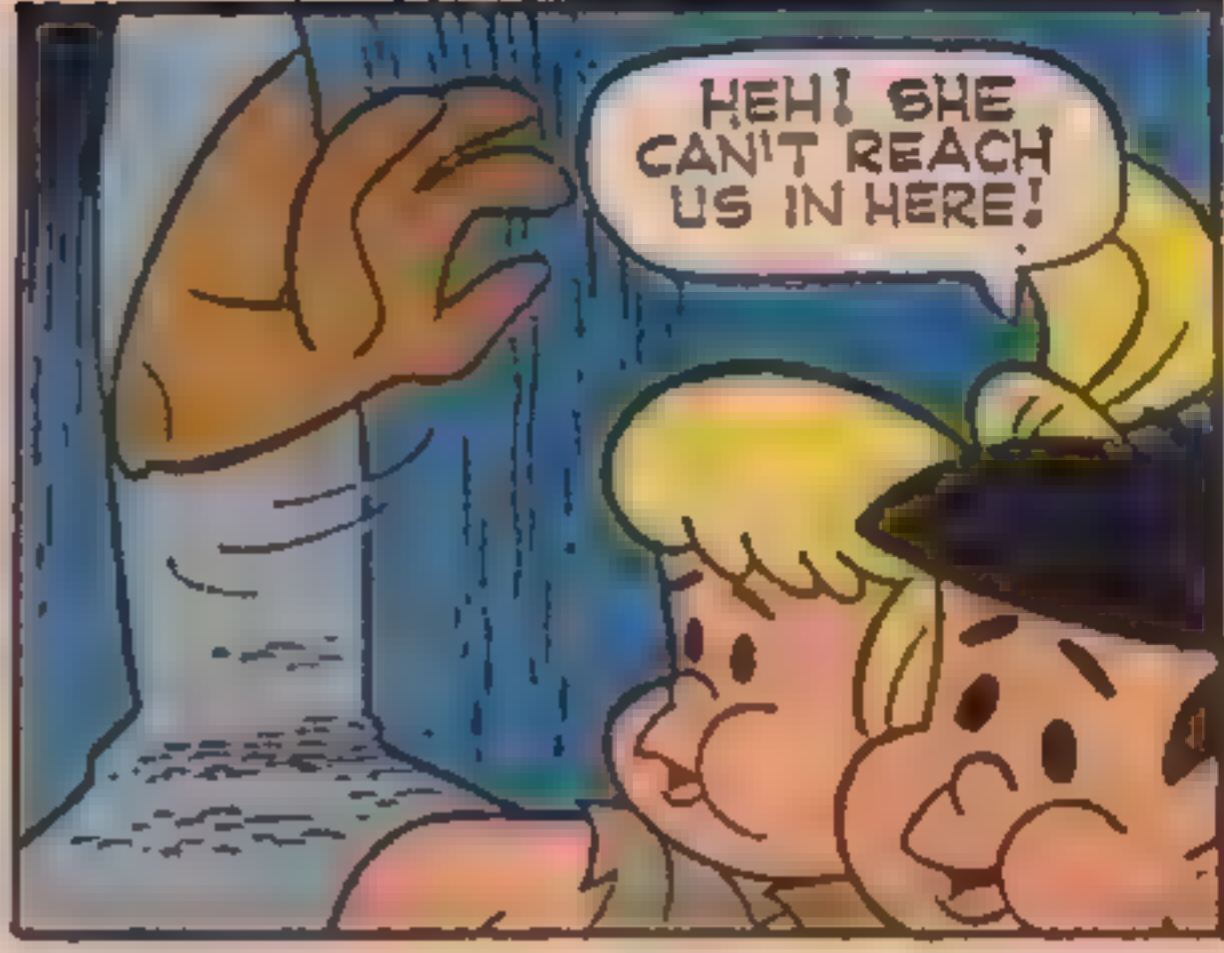
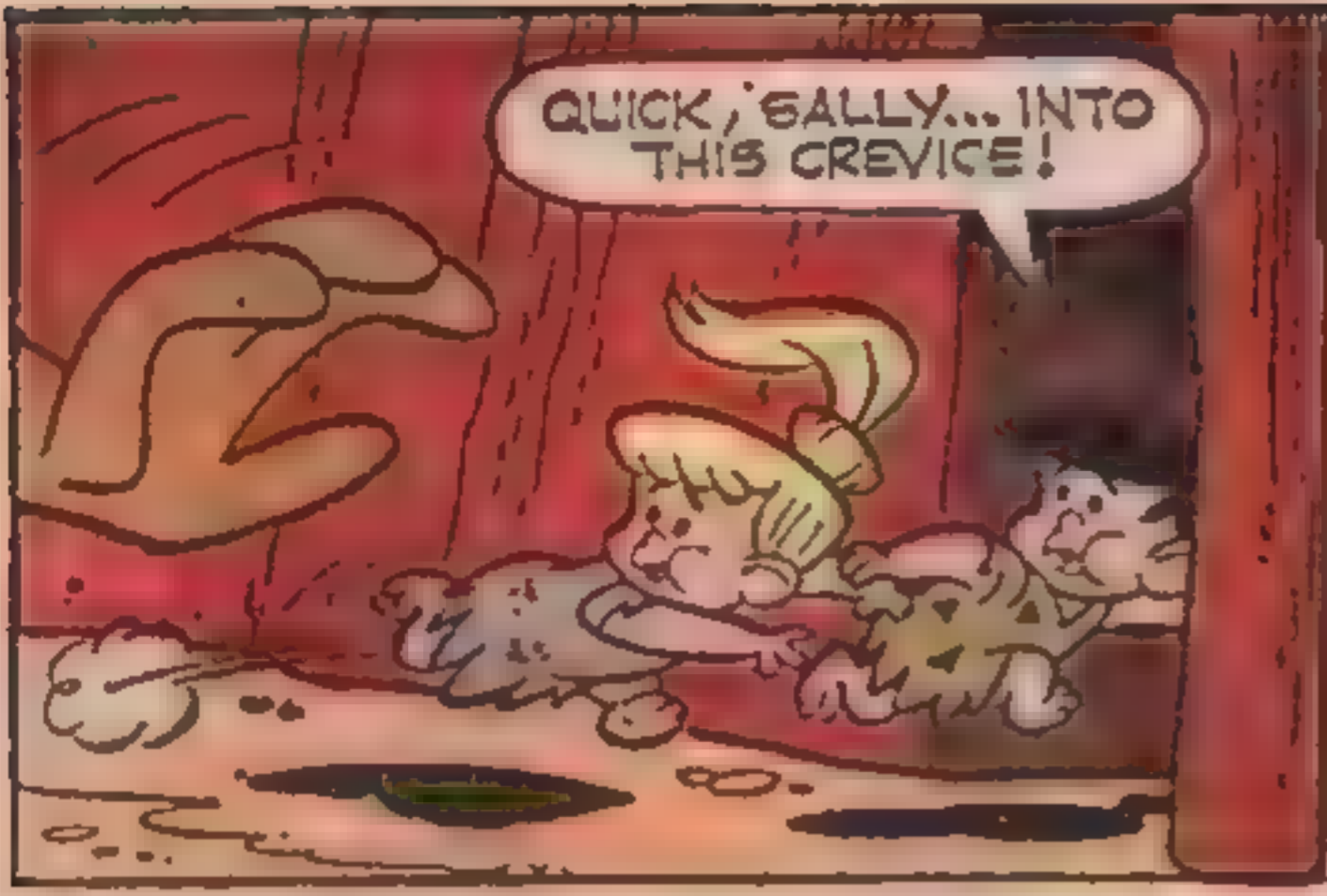
SST! SANDY... LET'S ESCAPE NOW WHILE WE HAVE A CHANCE!

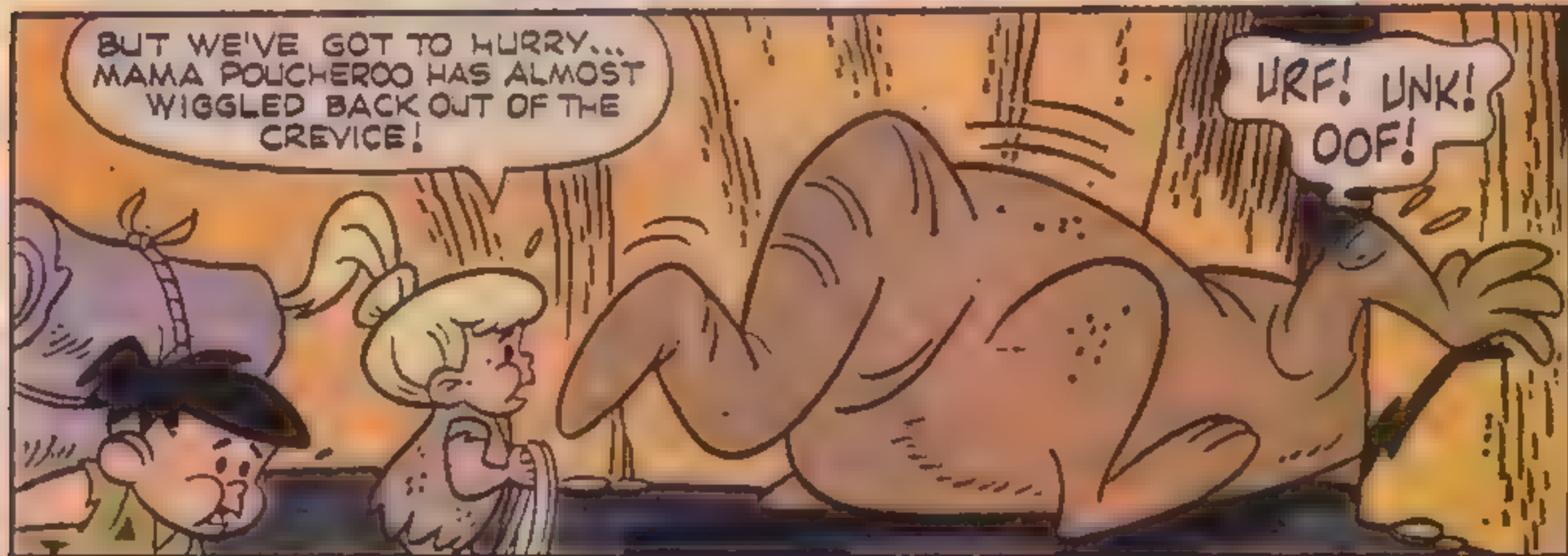
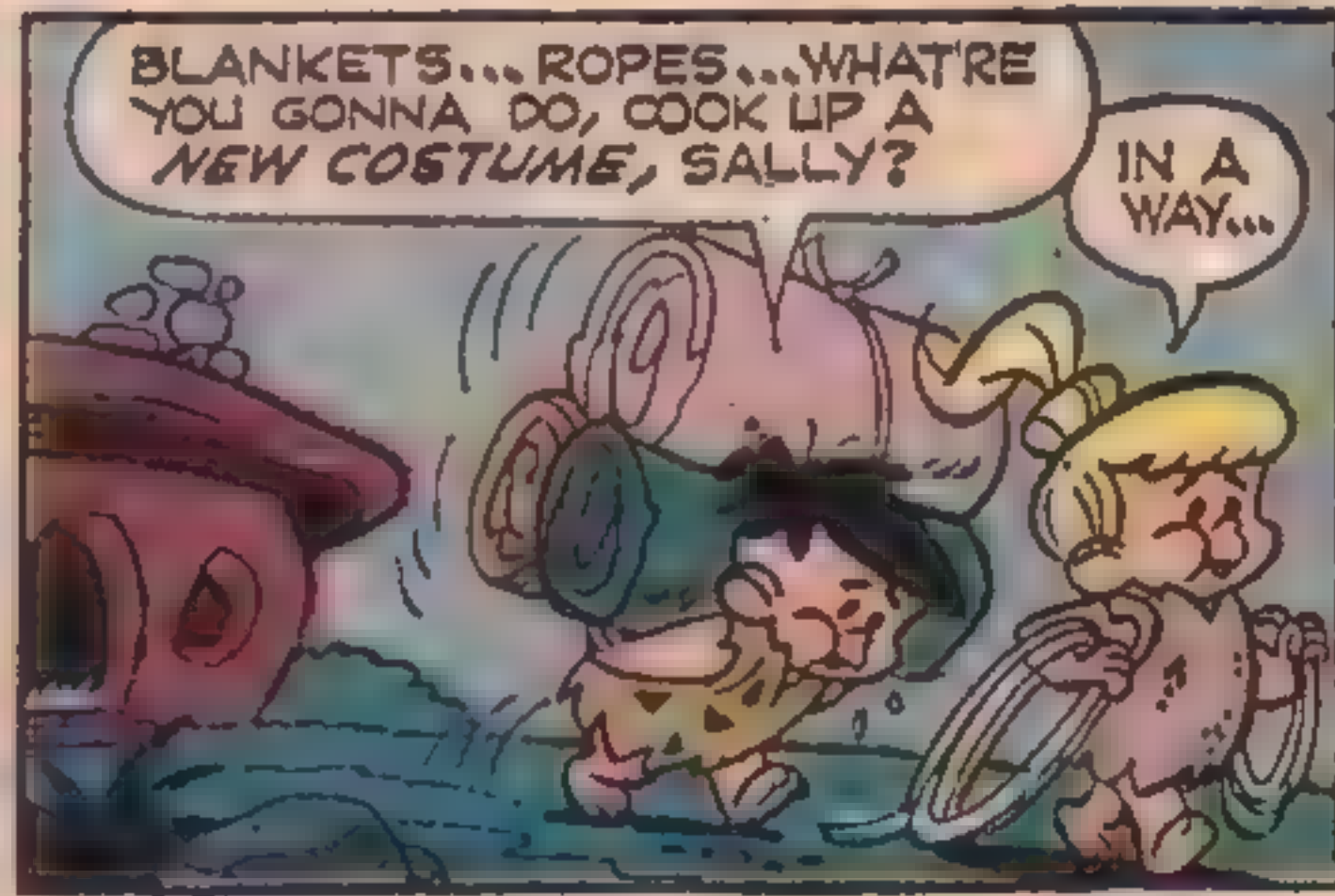
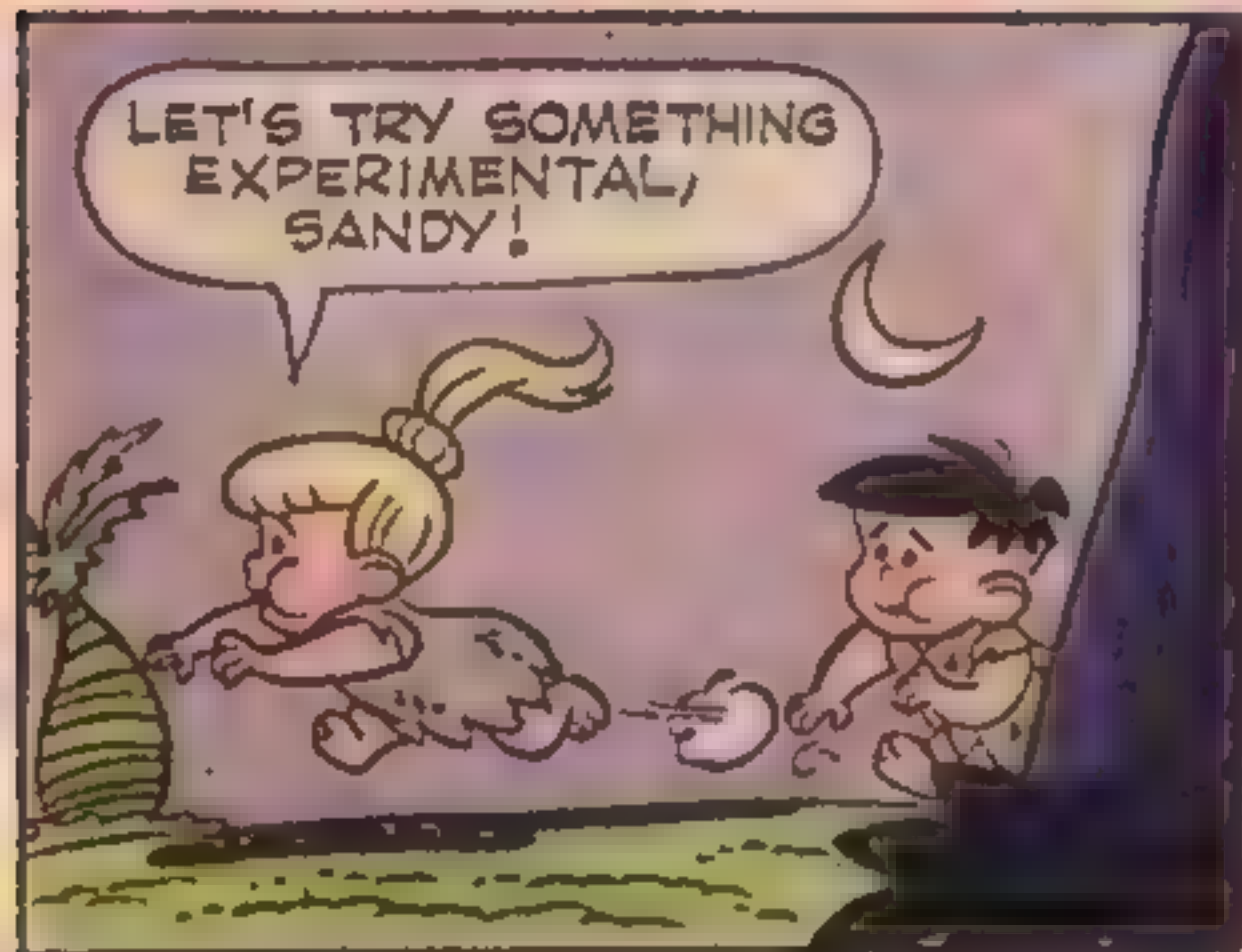
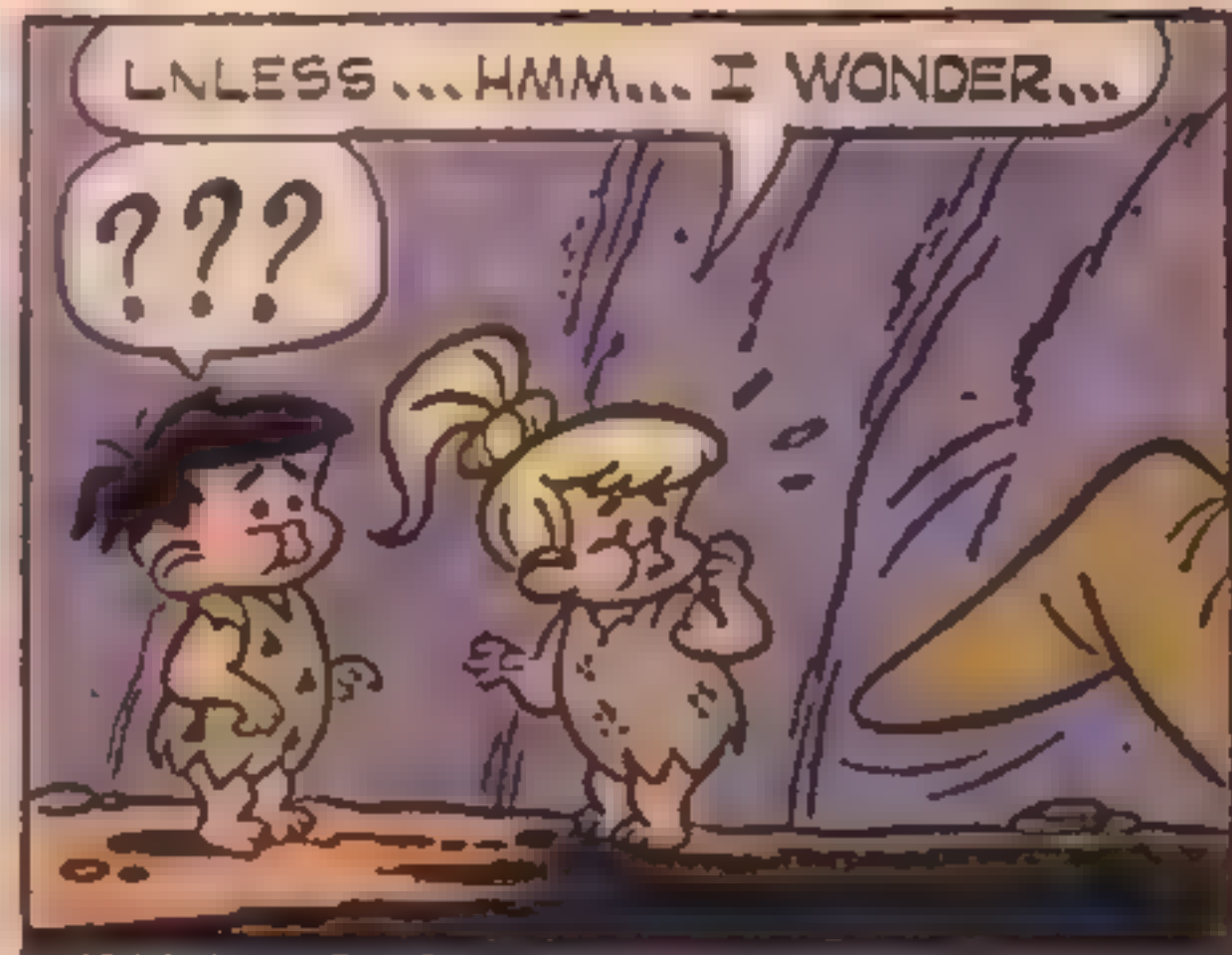
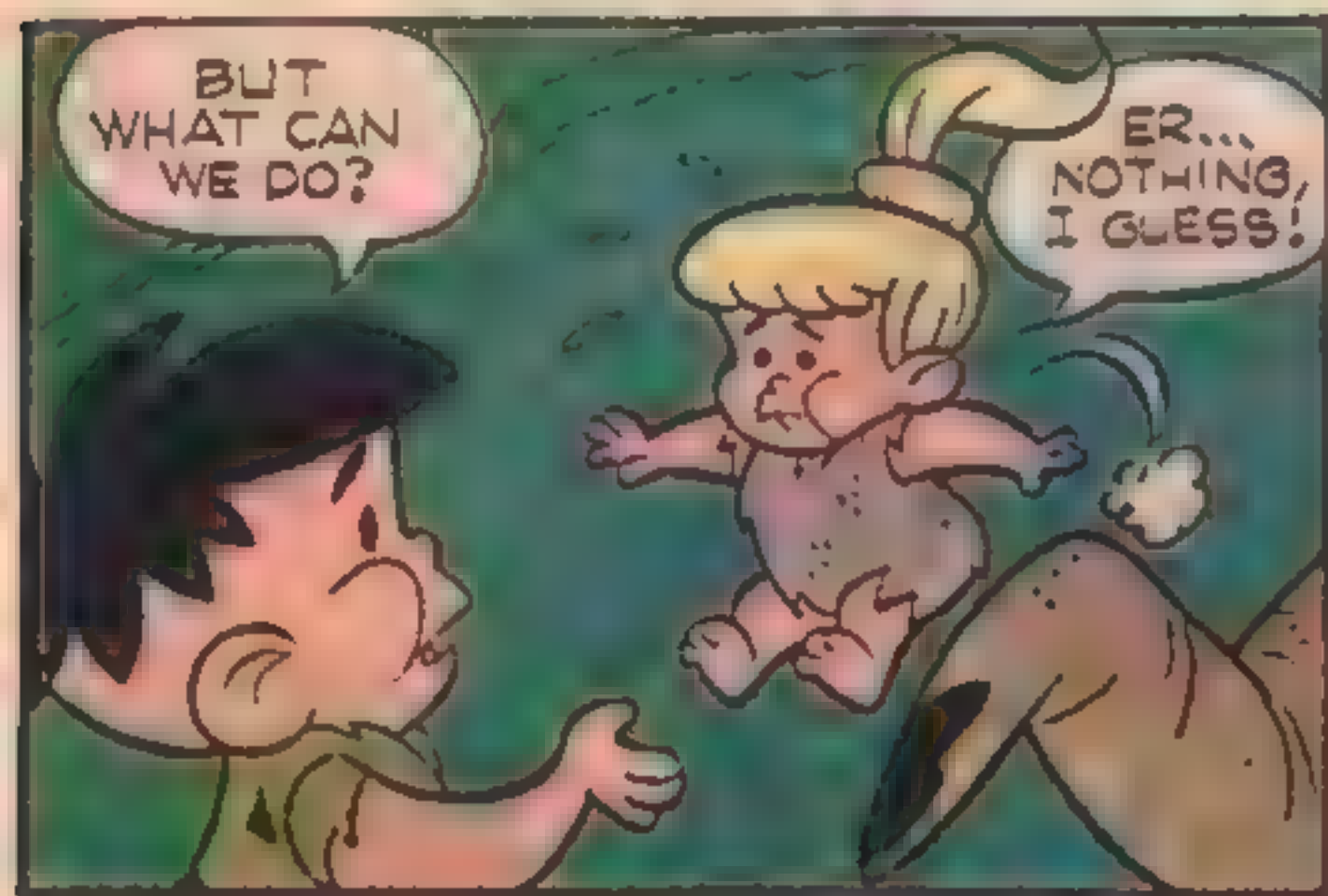
YEAH!

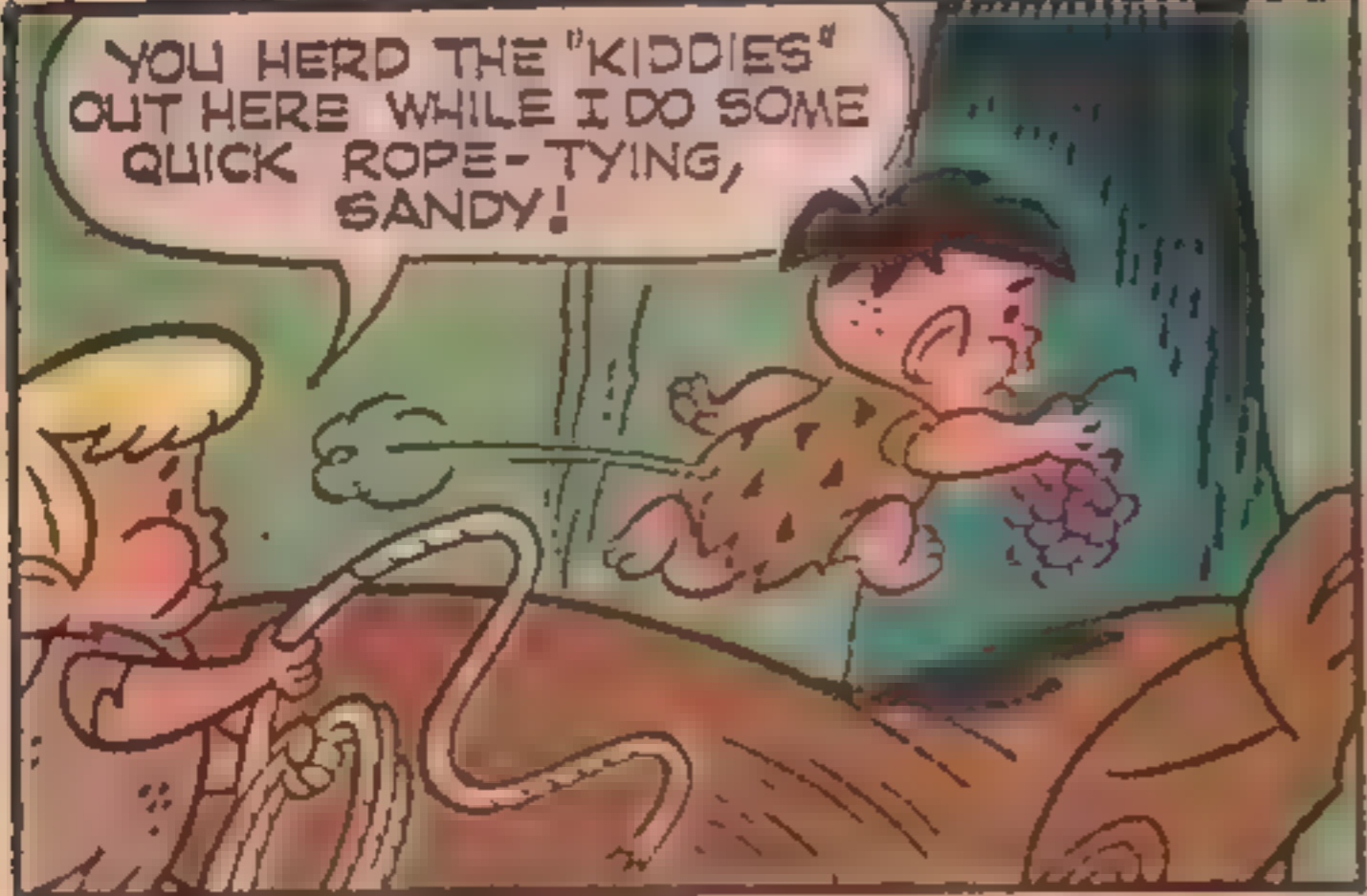


OH-OH! WE'RE SPOTTED...

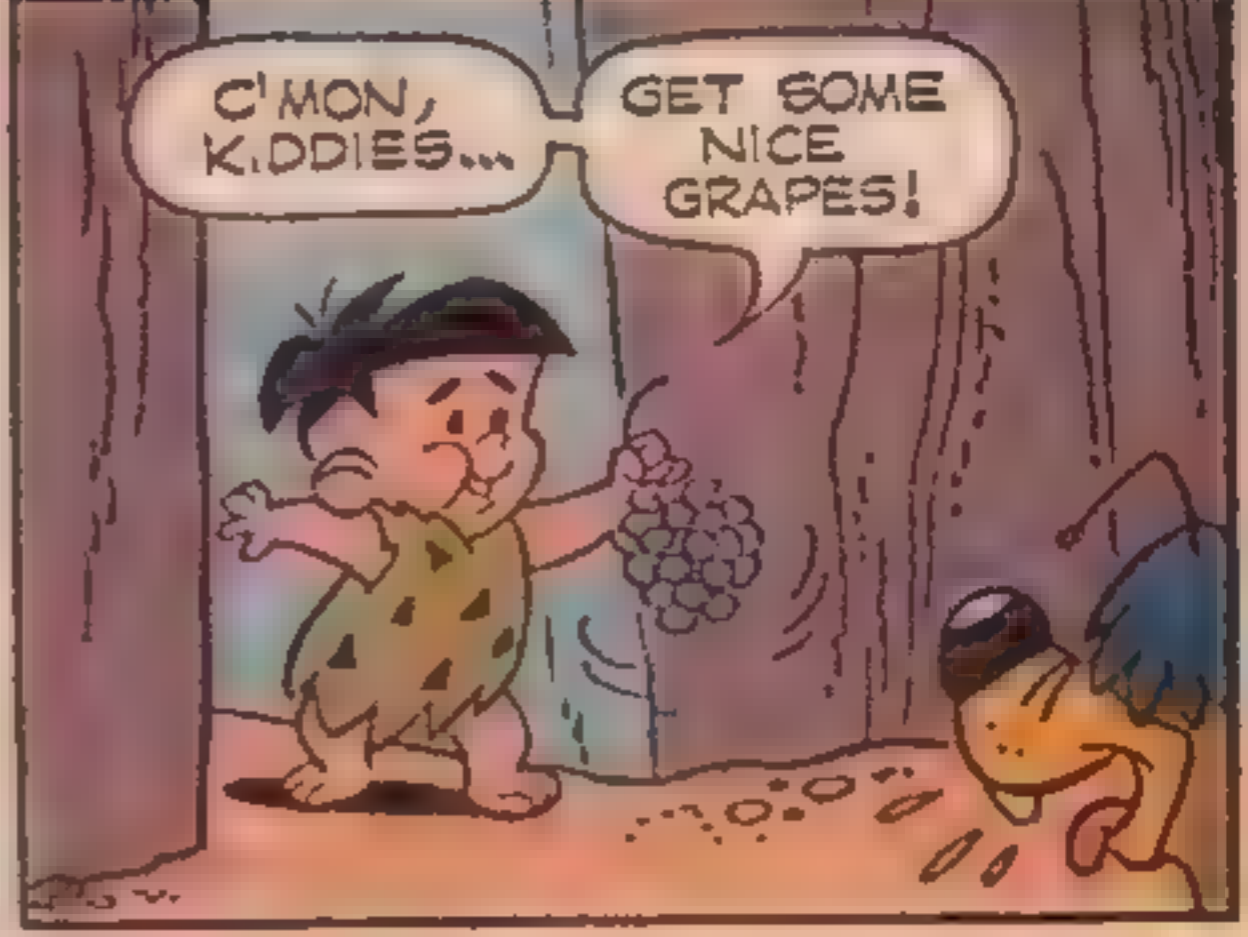
SQXK!







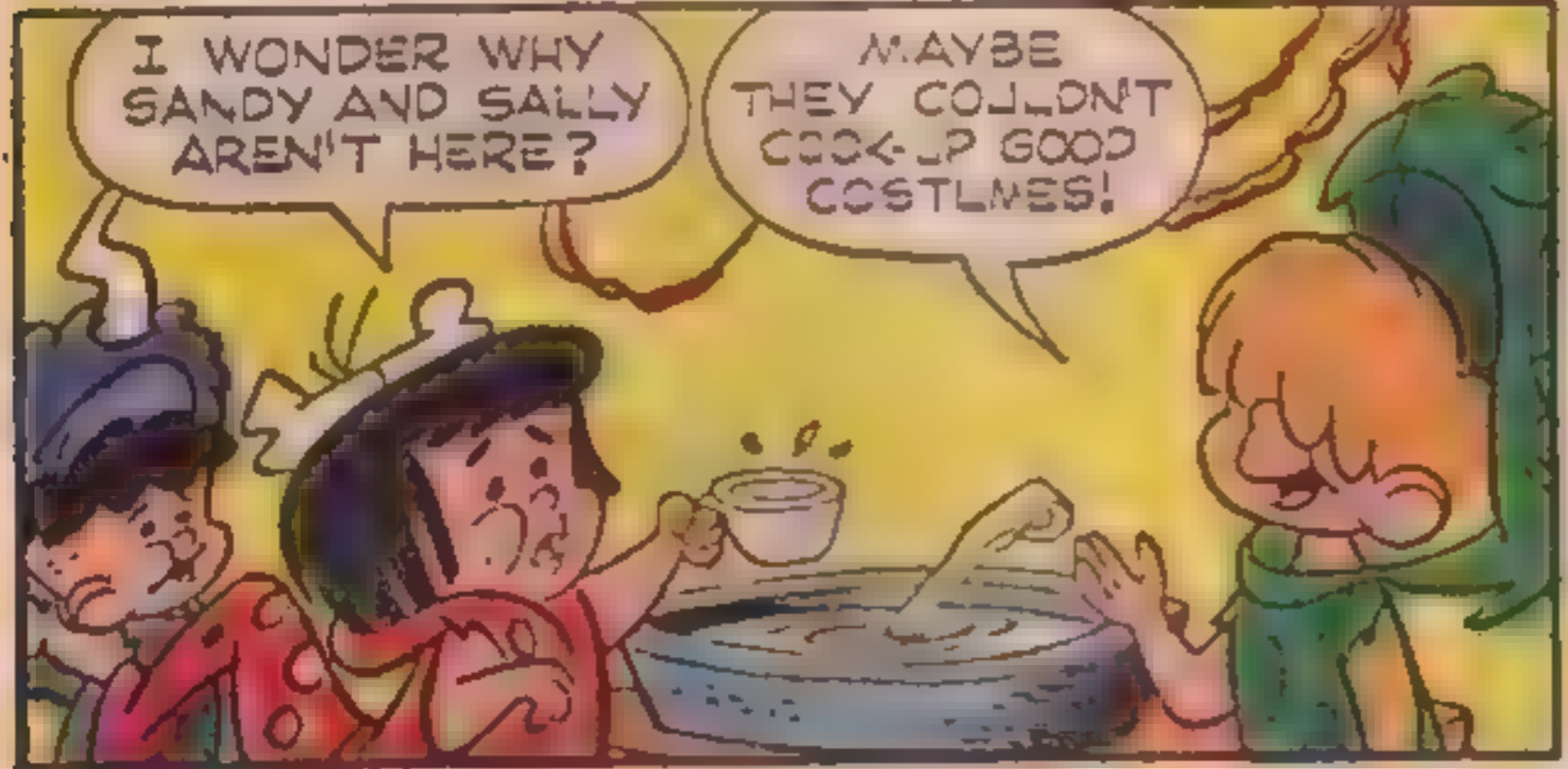
YOU HEARD THE "KIDDIES" OUT HERE WHILE I DO SOME QUICK ROPE-TYING, SANDY!



C'MON, KIDDIES...

GET SOME NICE GRAPES!

WHILE AT GYPSY CRYSTAL'S COSTUME PARTY...



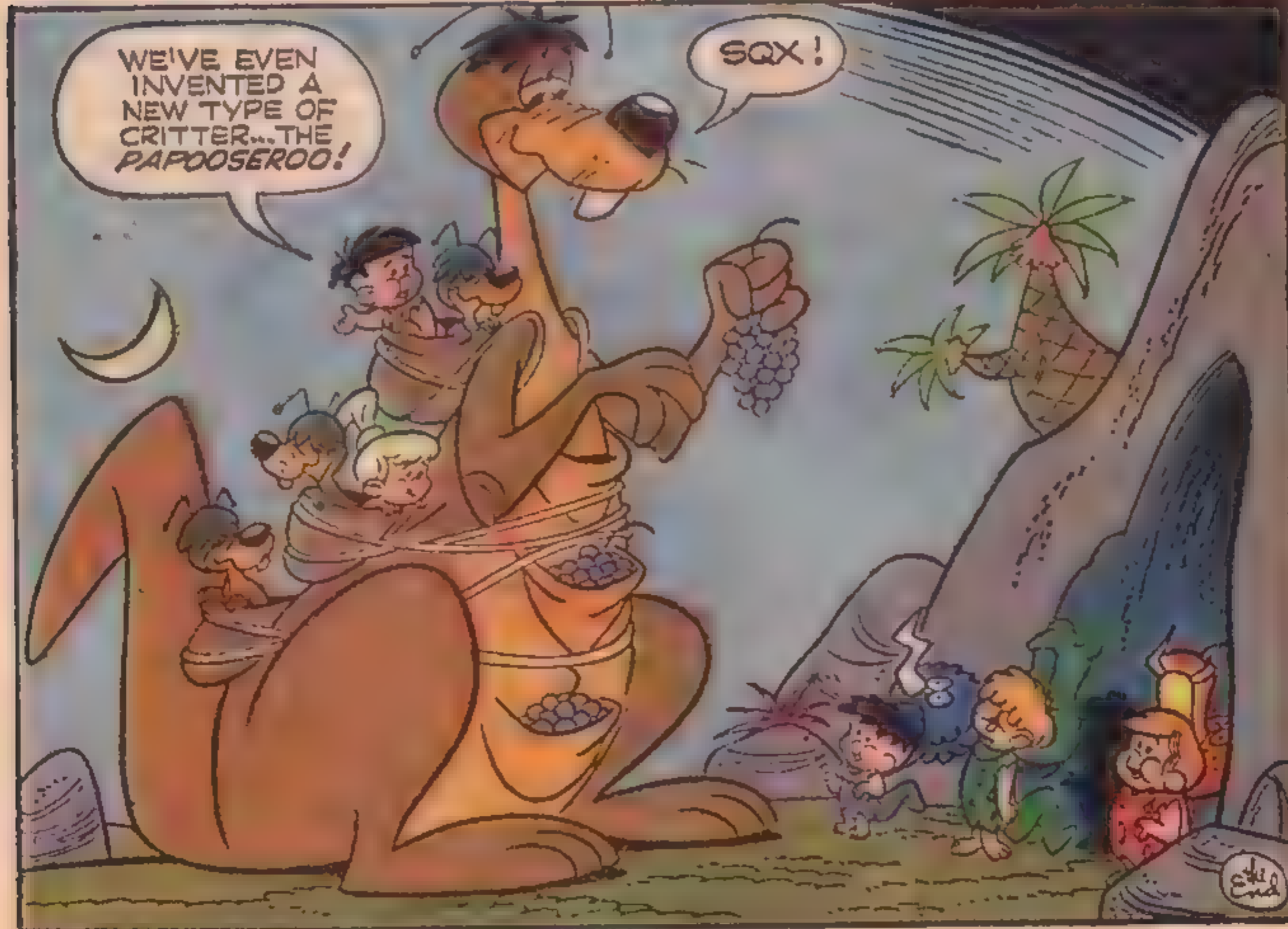
I WONDER WHY SANDY AND SALLY AREN'T HERE?

MAYBE THEY COULDN'T COOK-UP GOOD COSTUMES!



SAYS YOU! WE'VE GOT A SUPER OUTFIT!

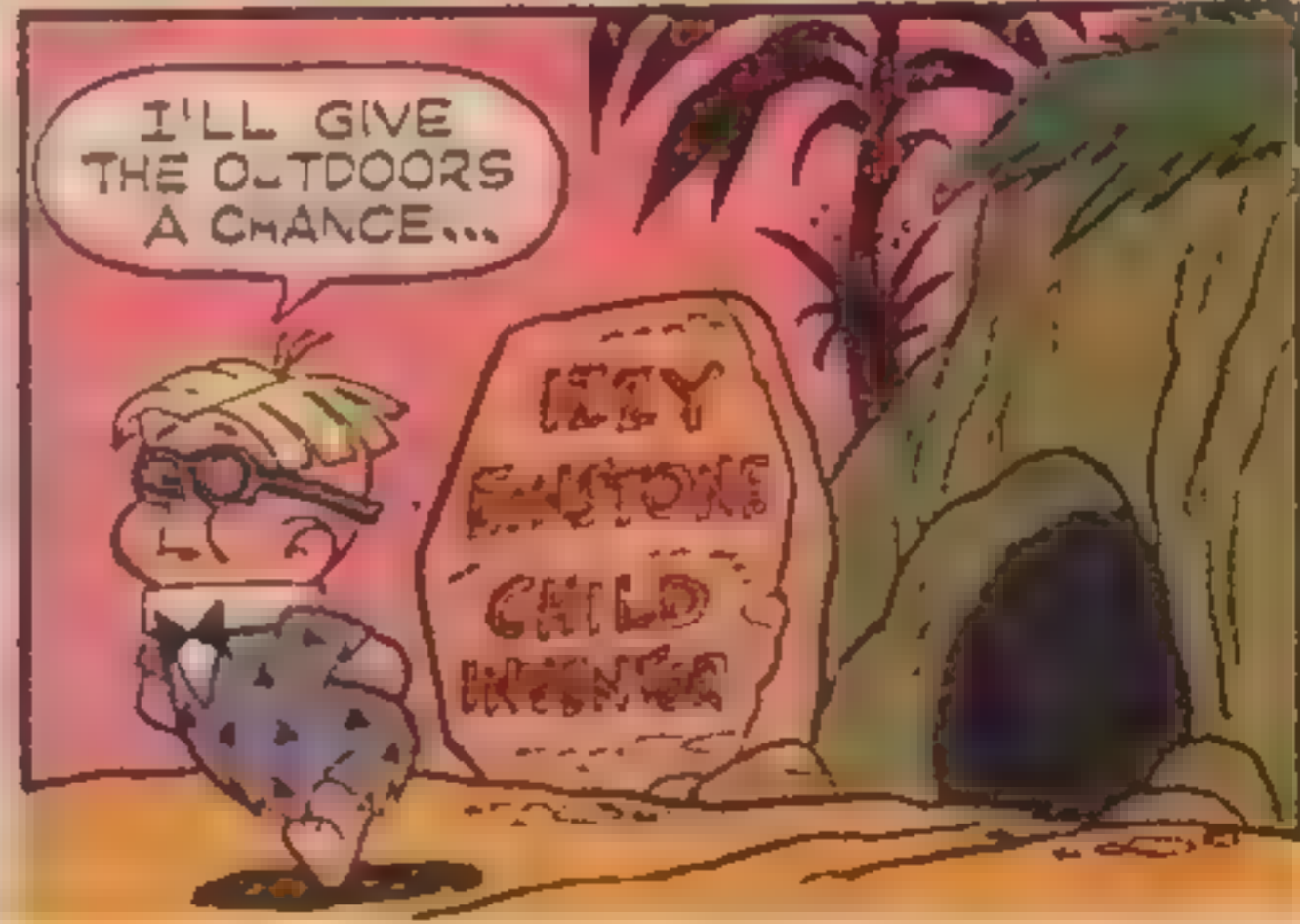
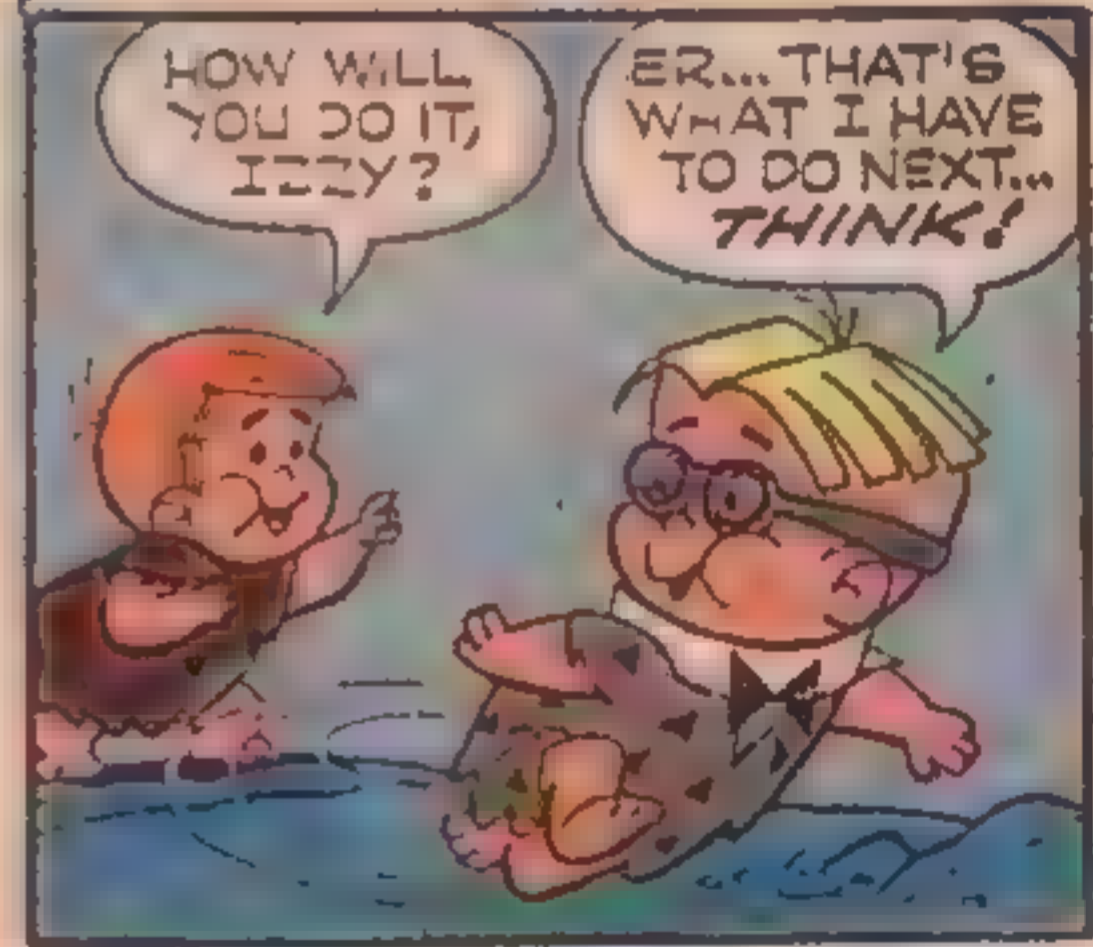
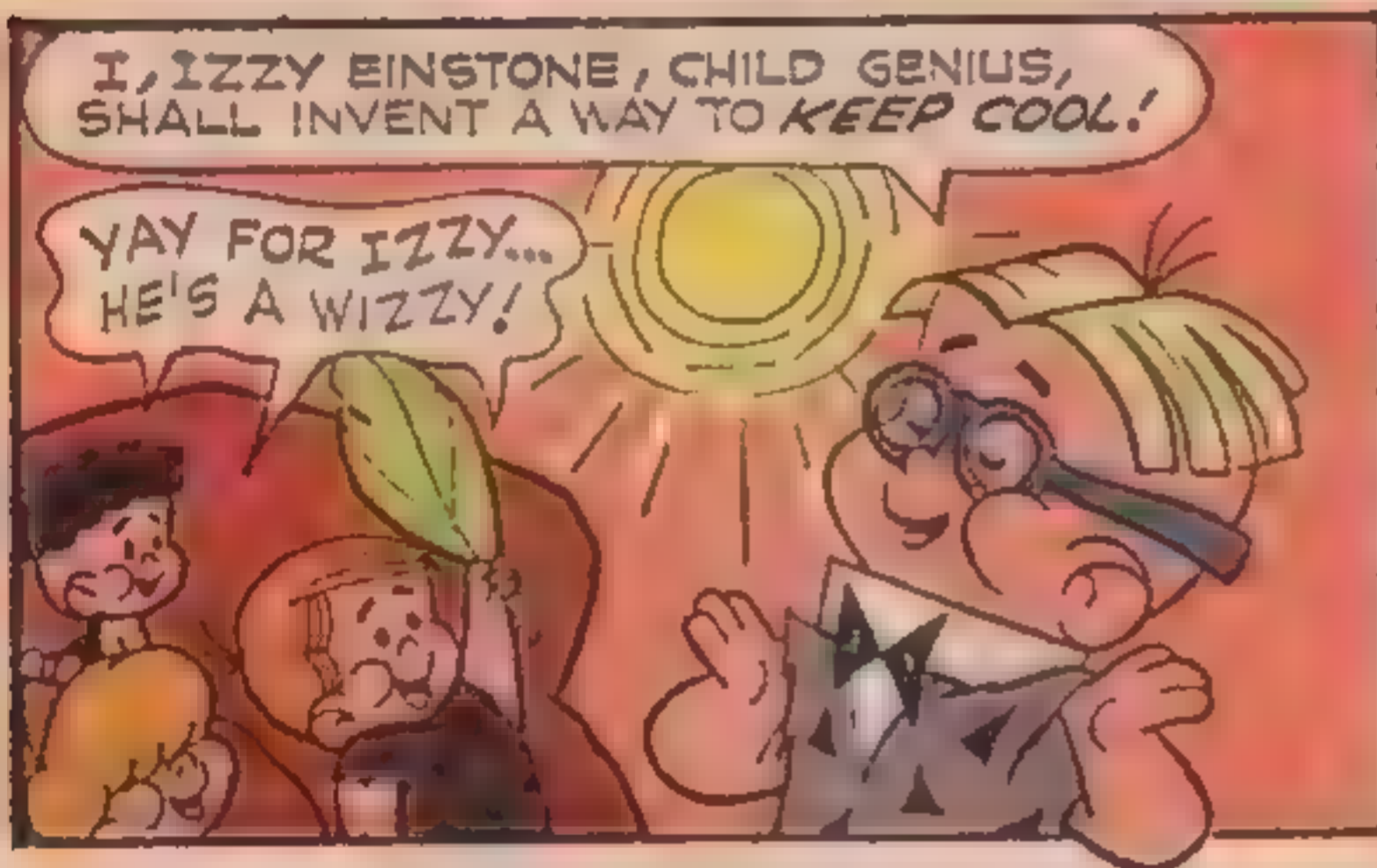
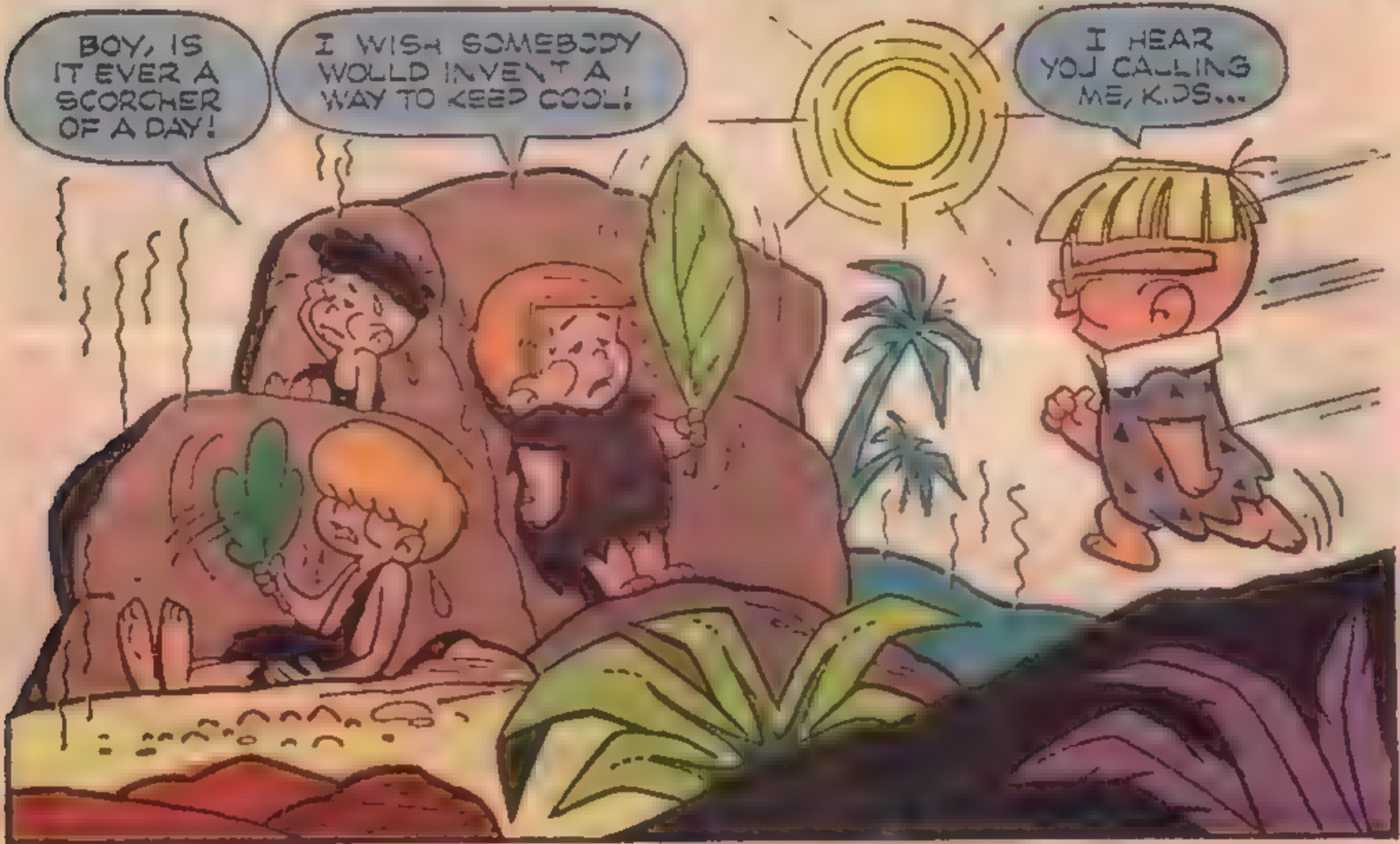
G-GOLLY!

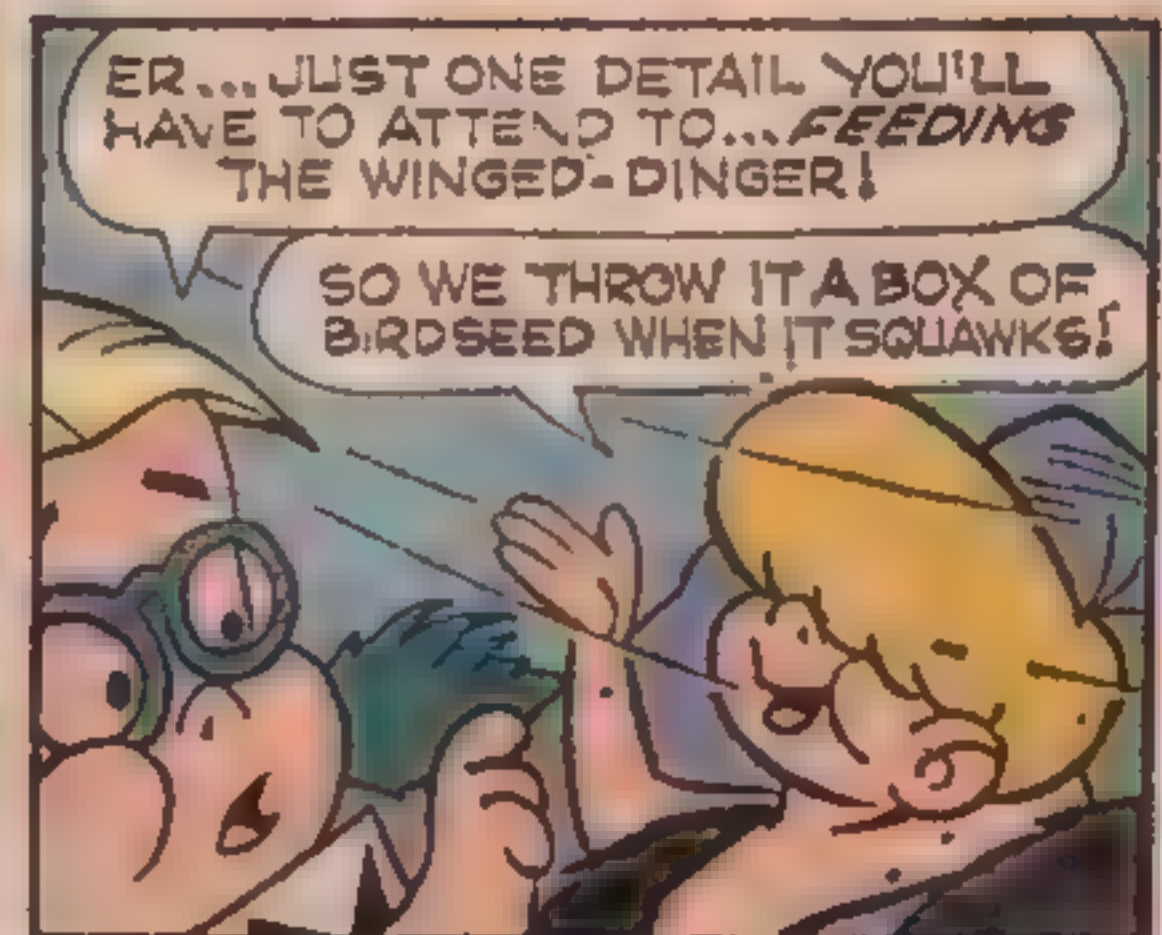
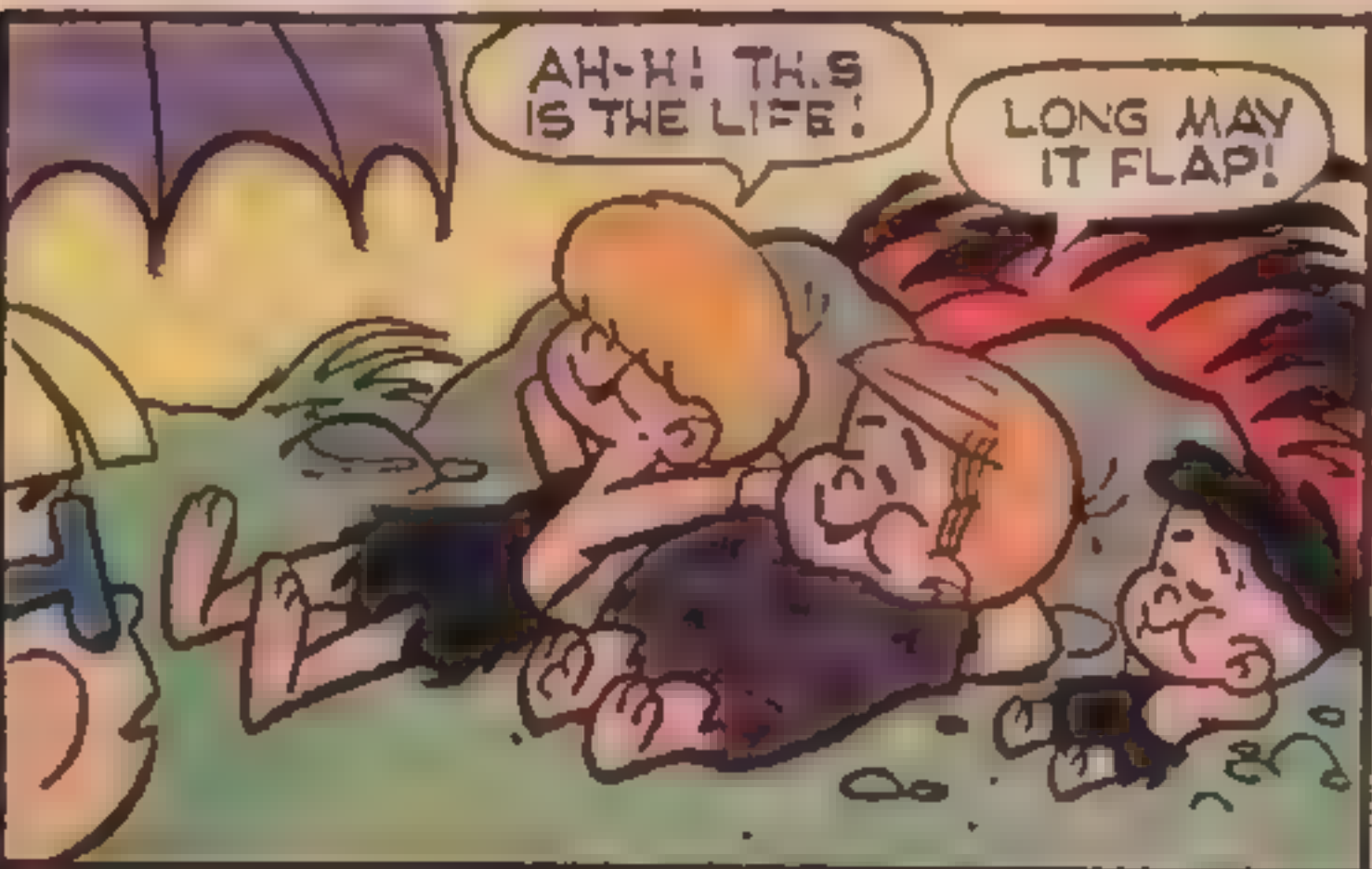
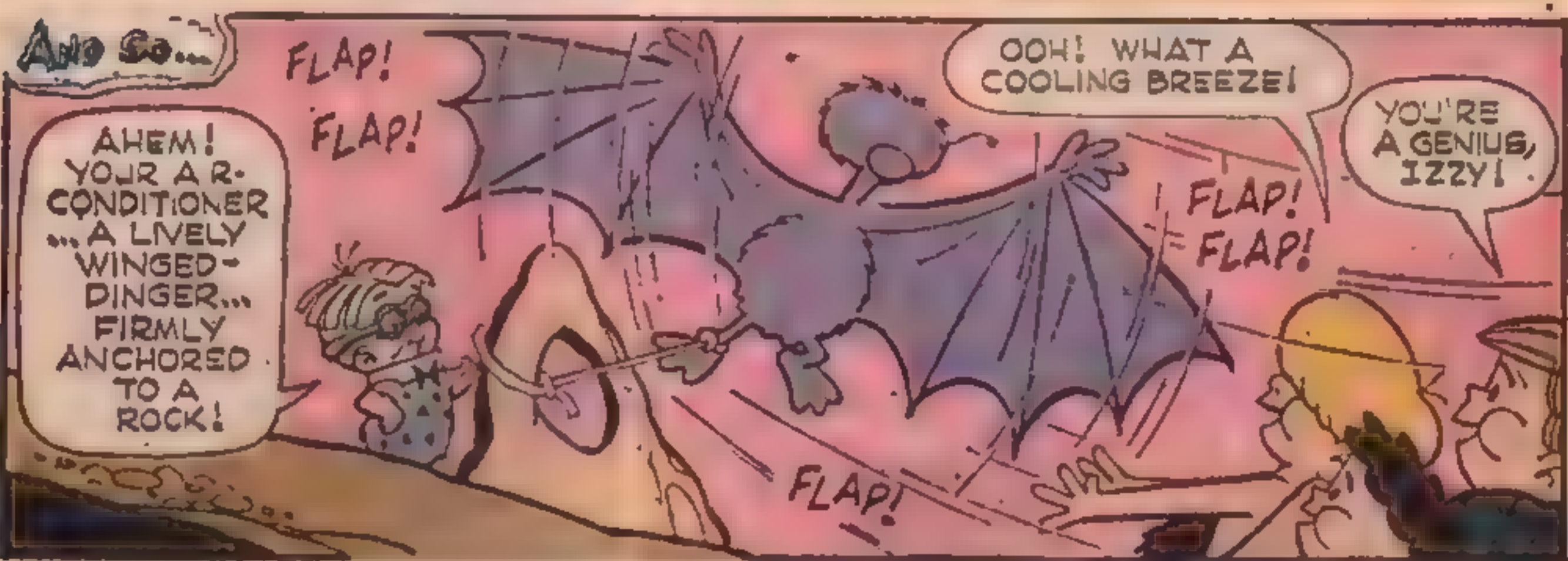
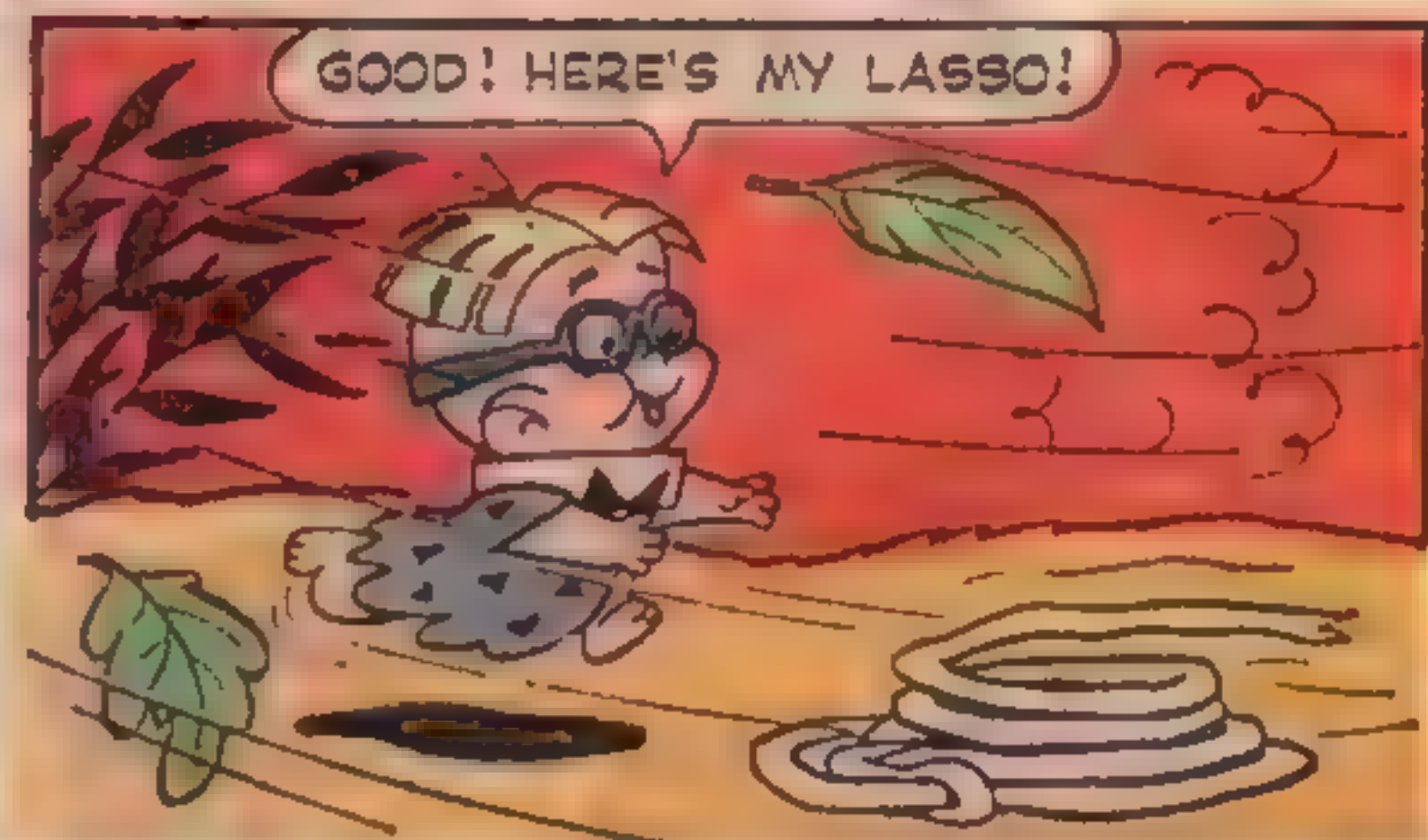
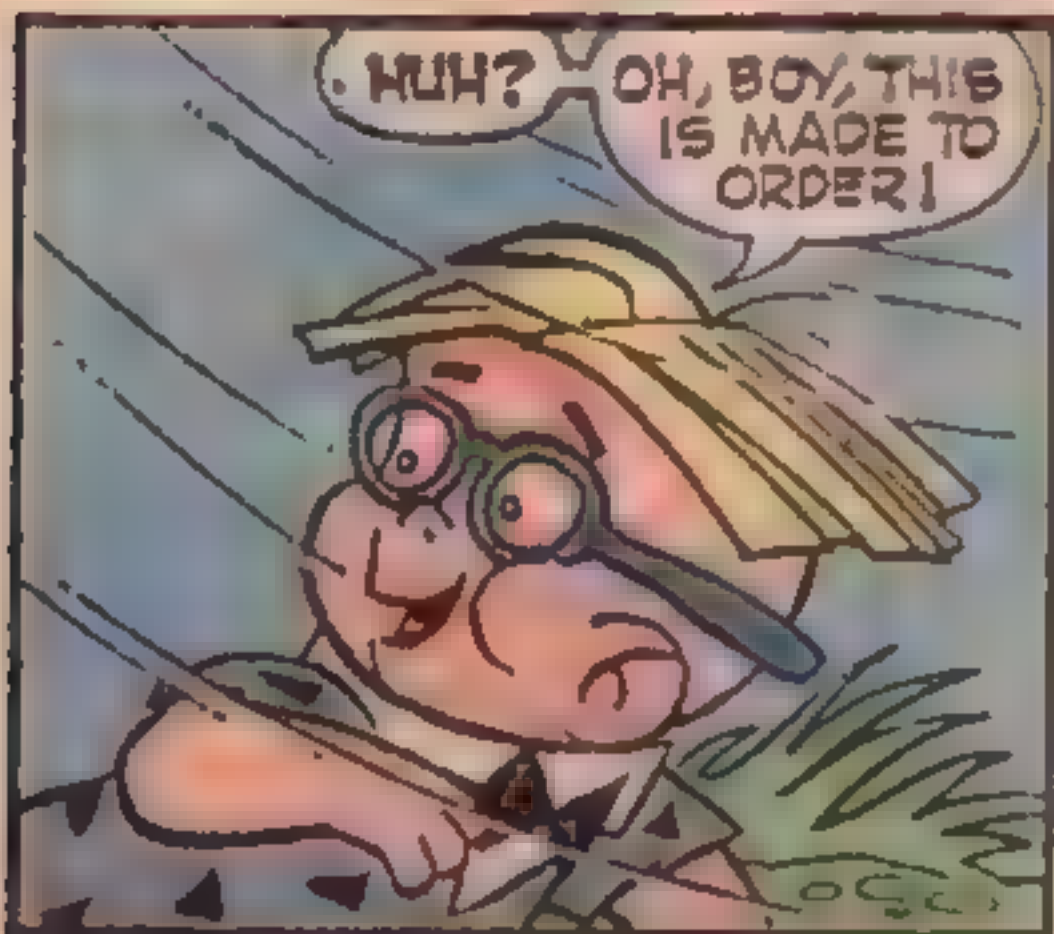
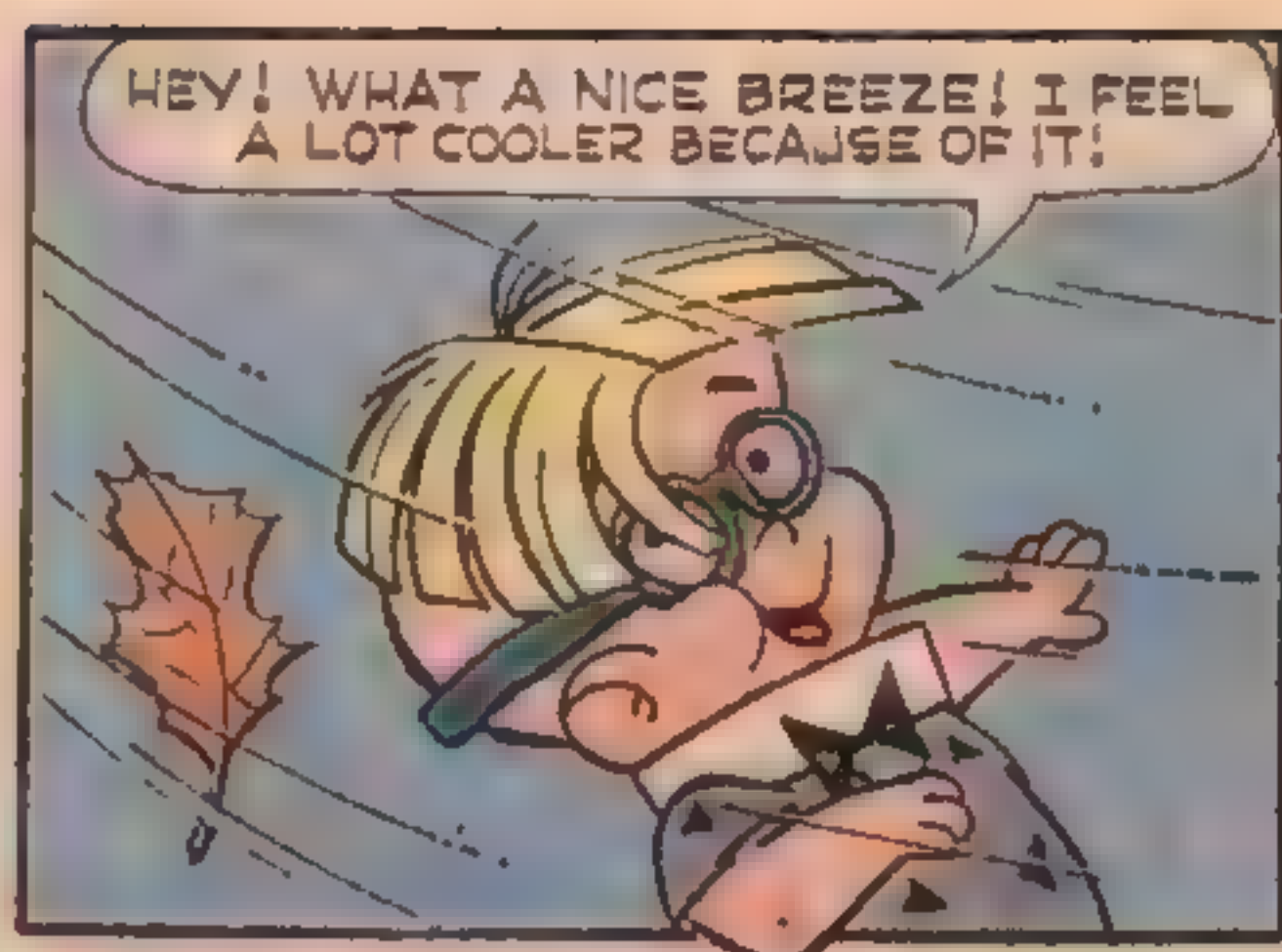
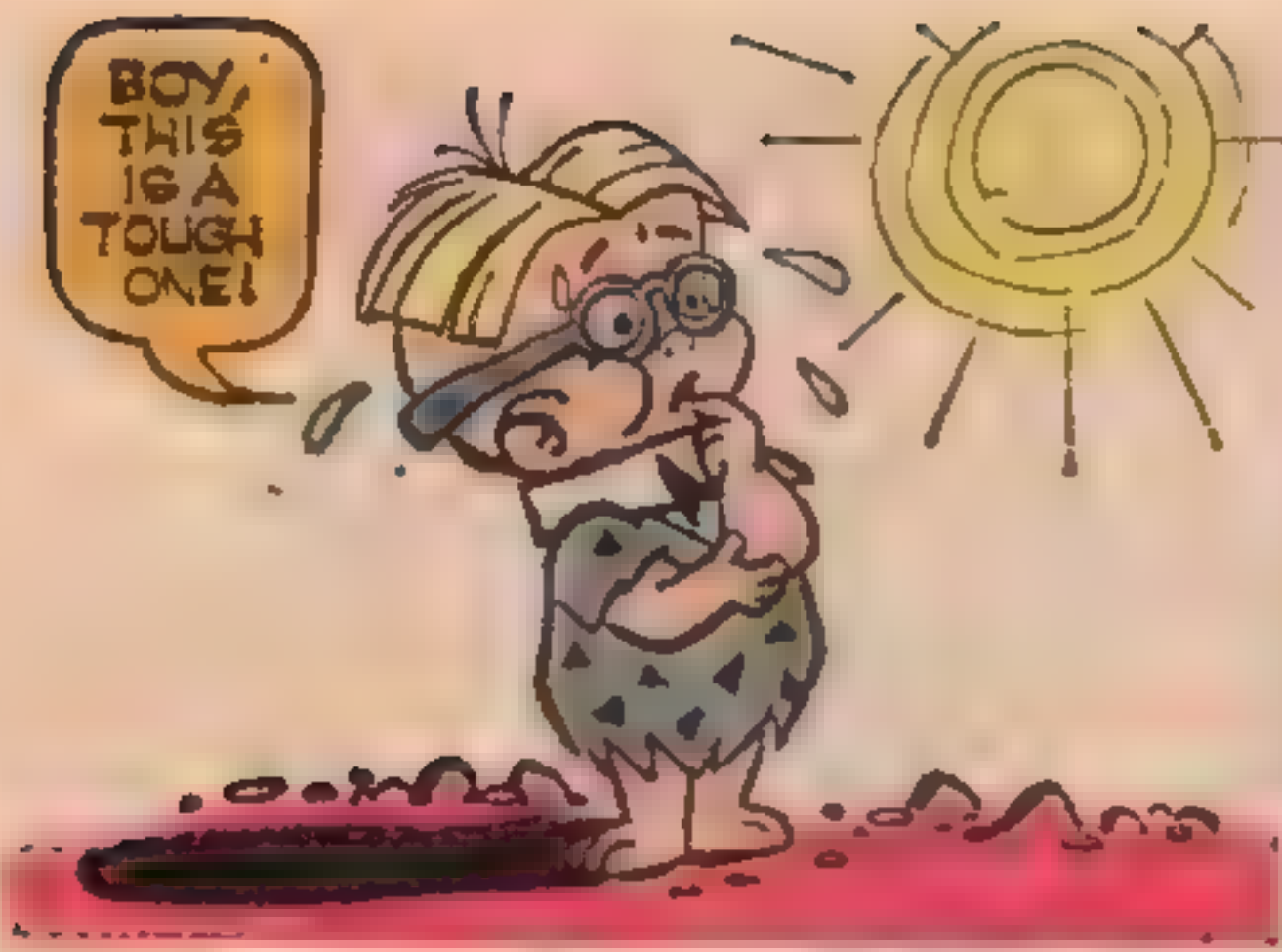


WE'VE EVEN INVENTED A NEW TYPE OF CRITTER...THE PAPOOSEROO!

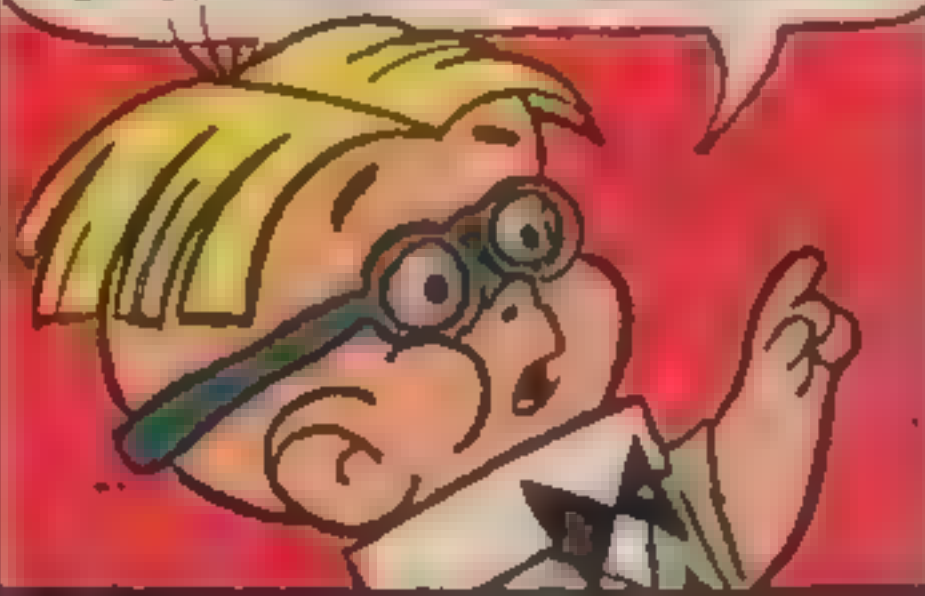
SQX!

the end

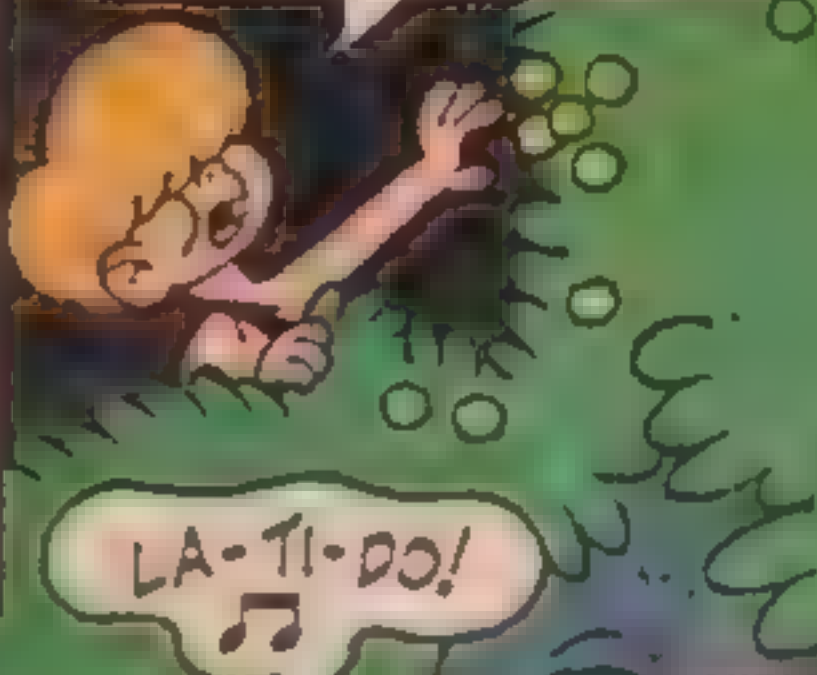




IT'S NOT AS EASY AS THAT... THE WINGED-DINGER EATS ONLY SOPRANO-BERRIES!



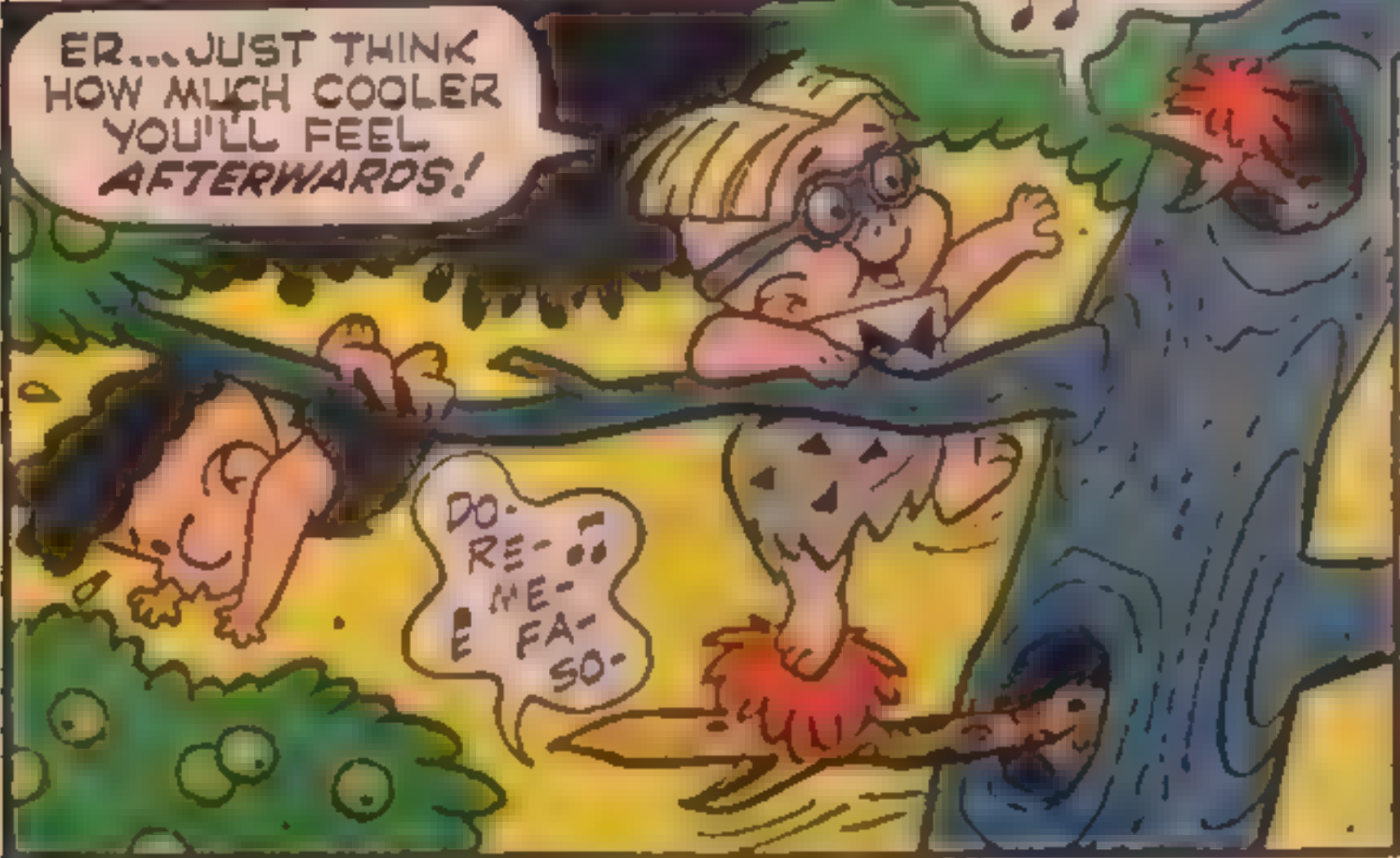
UGH! AND SOPRANO-BERRIES ONLY GROW ON TOP OF OPERA TREES:



WE'RE HOTTER THAN EVER!



ER...JUST THINK HOW MUCH COOLER YOU'LL FEEL AFTERWARDS!



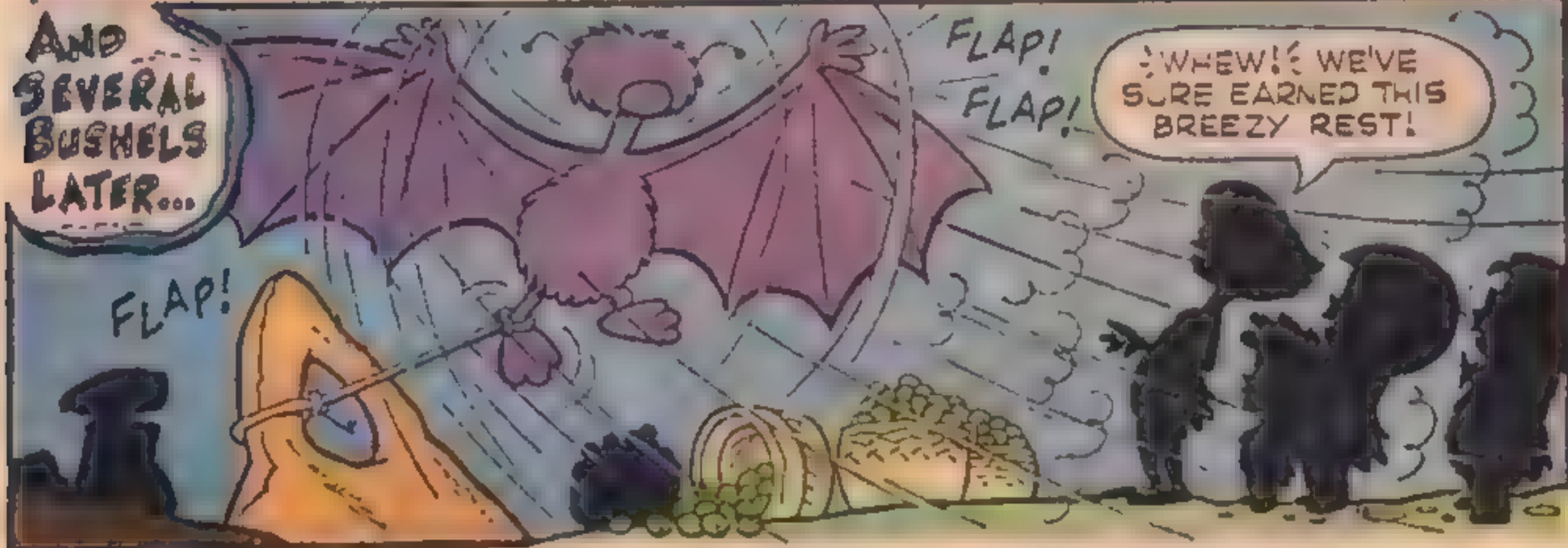
LA-TI-DO!

DO-RE-ME-FASO-

AND WE CAN PICK A WHOLE DAY'S SUPPLY AT ONCE, AND THAT'LL END IT TILL TOMORROW!



AND SEVERAL BUSHELS LATER...



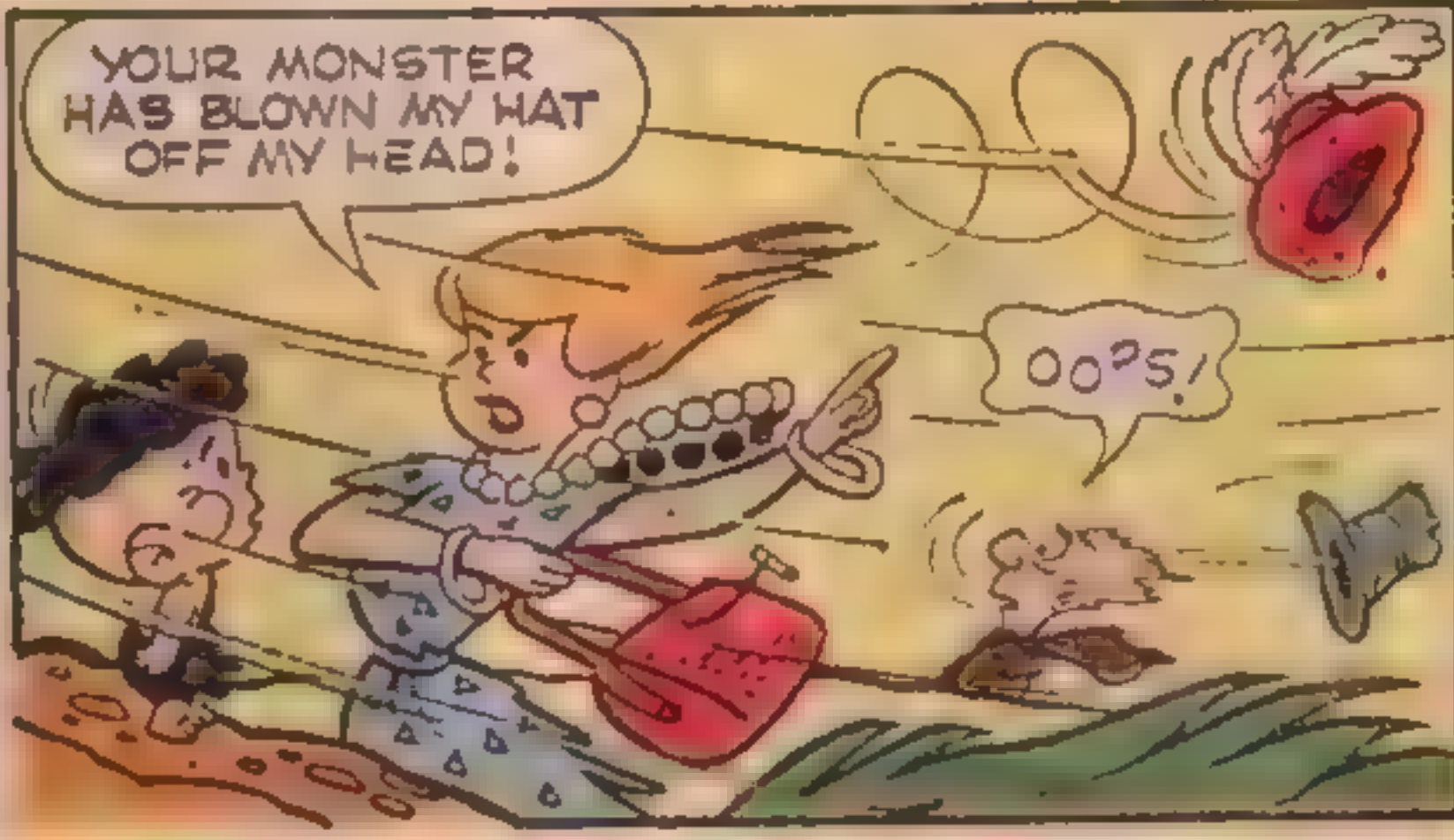
FLAP! FLAP!

WHEW! WE'VE SURE EARNED THIS BREEZY REST!

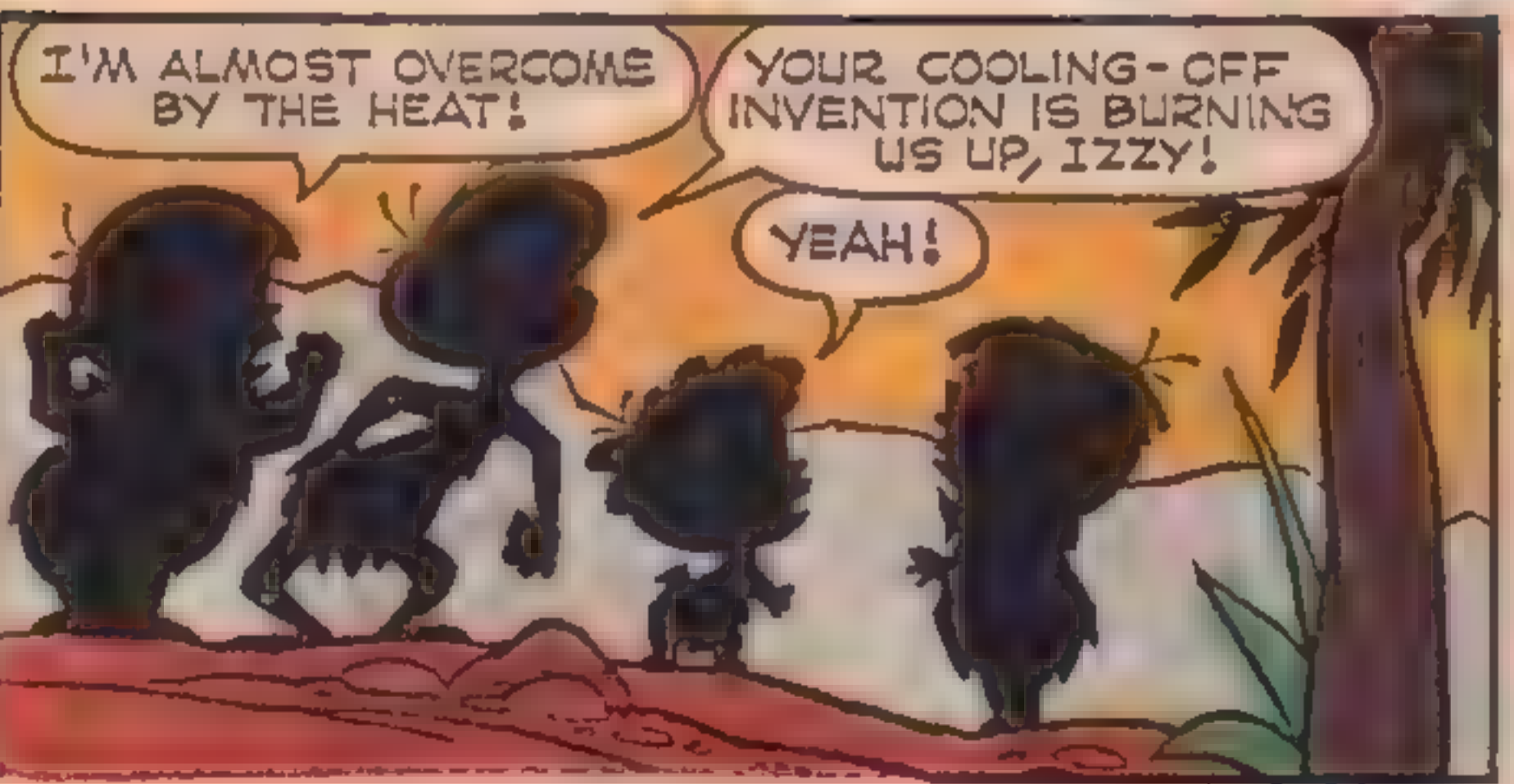
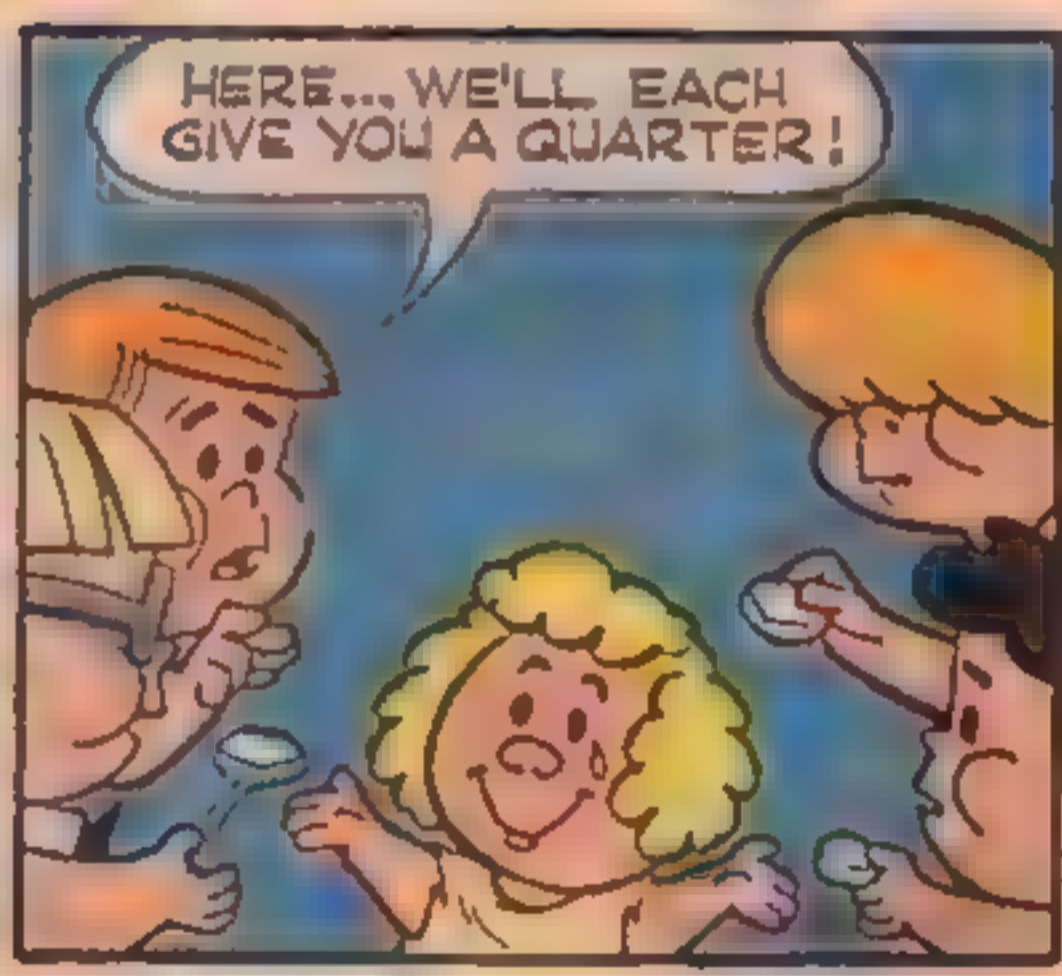
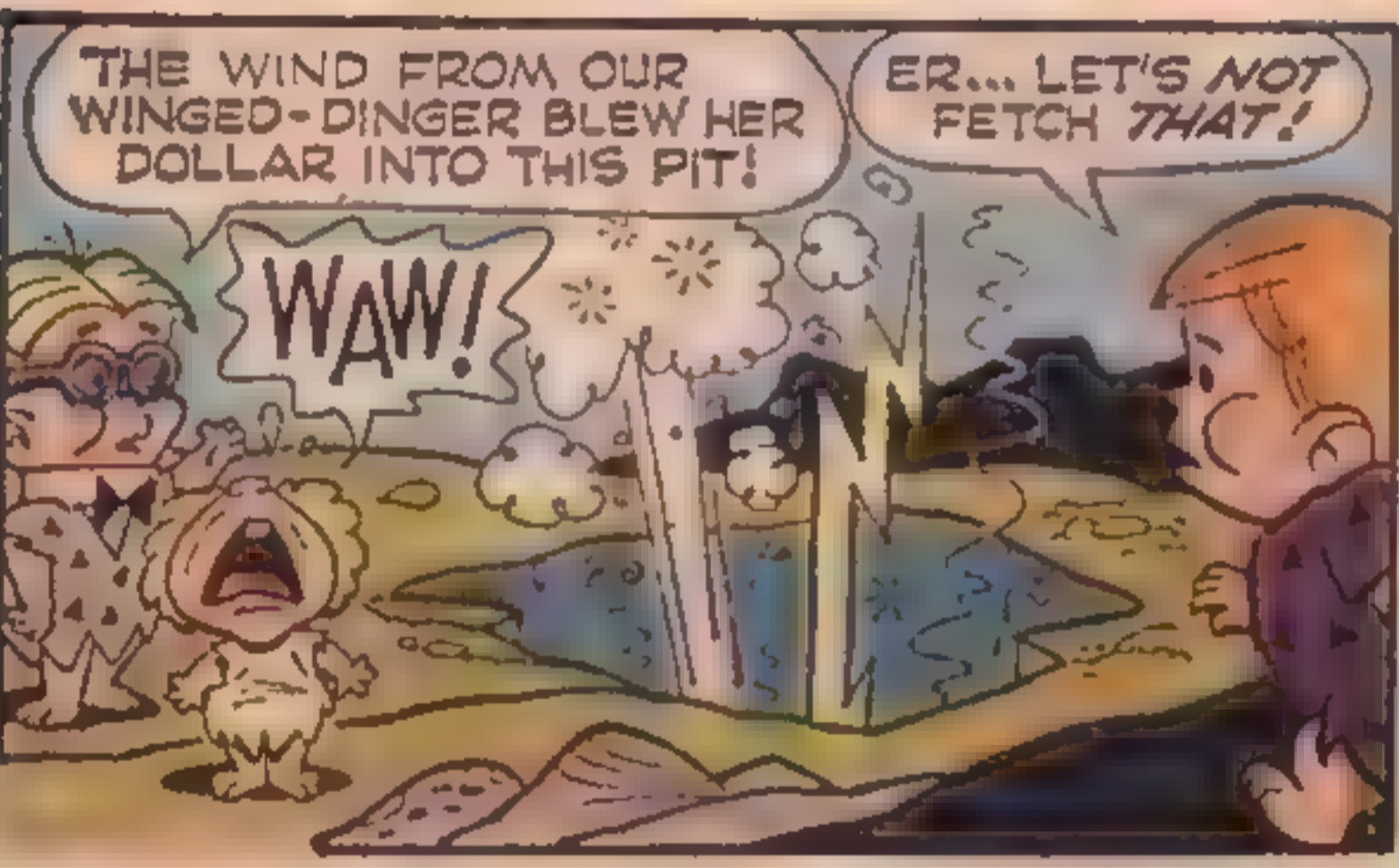
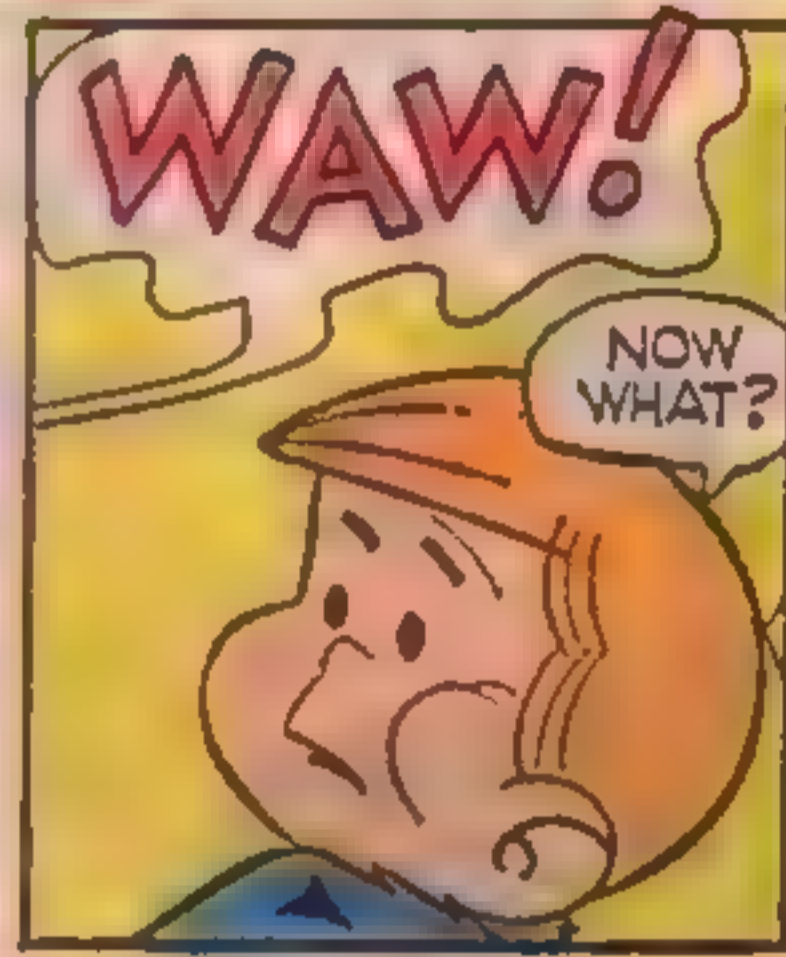
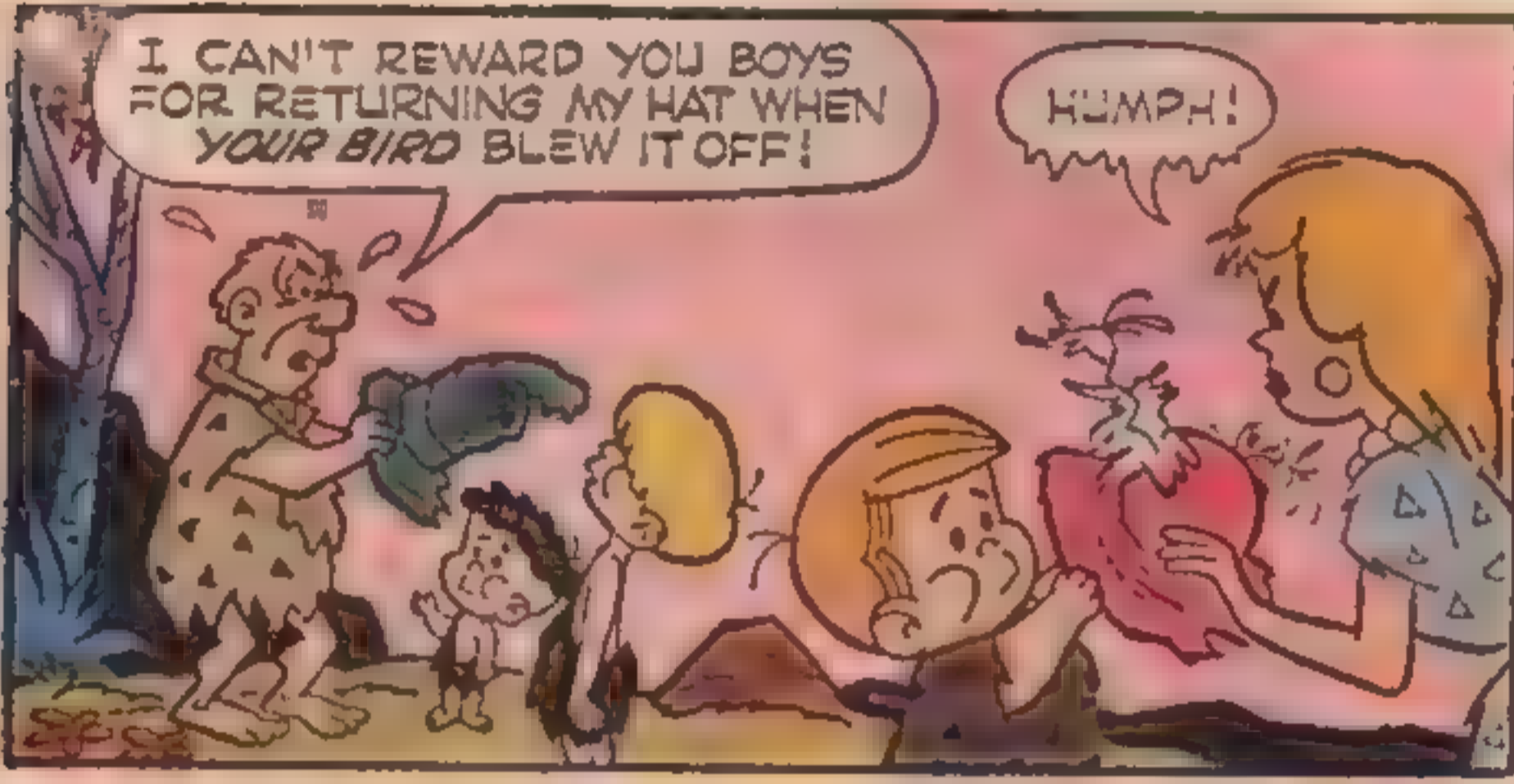
EEEK!
NOW WHAT?!

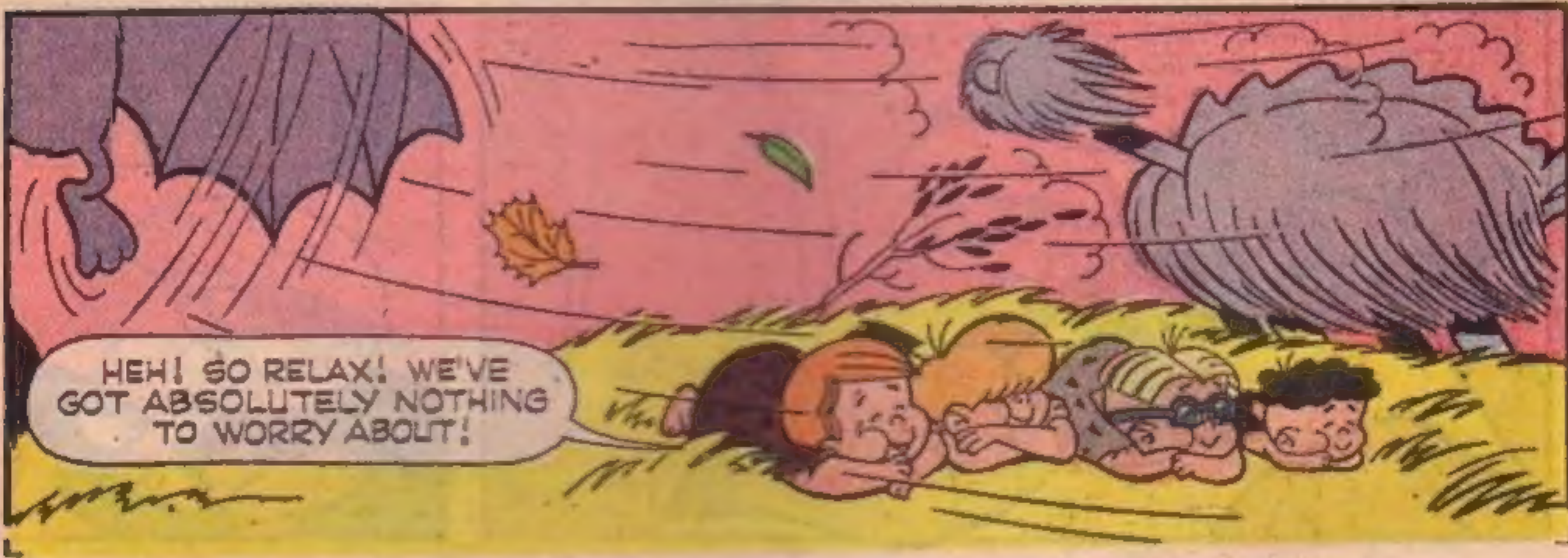


YOUR MONSTER HAS BLOWN MY HAT OFF MY HEAD!



OOOPS!







WELL, SADDLE-MY-SAURUS...
A POODLE-OSAURUS HAS
FLOPPED DOWN ON TOP
OF THE CAVE KIDS!

SXKS!

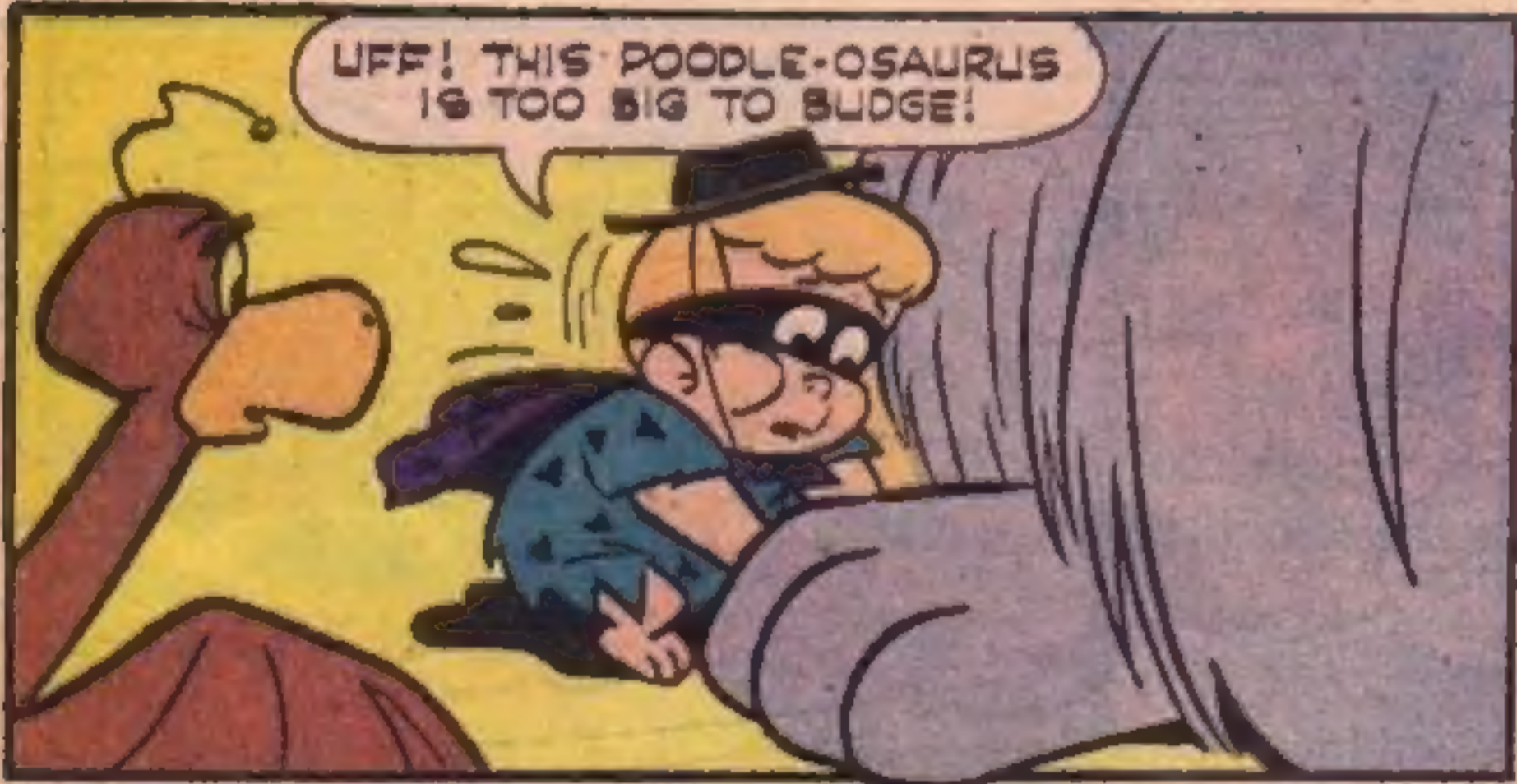
UGH! I GUESS
HE JUST WANTS TO
COOL OFF IN THE
BREEZE, TOO!

...BUT NOW WE'RE
HOTTER YET... PLUS
SQUASHED!

FLAP!

FLAP!

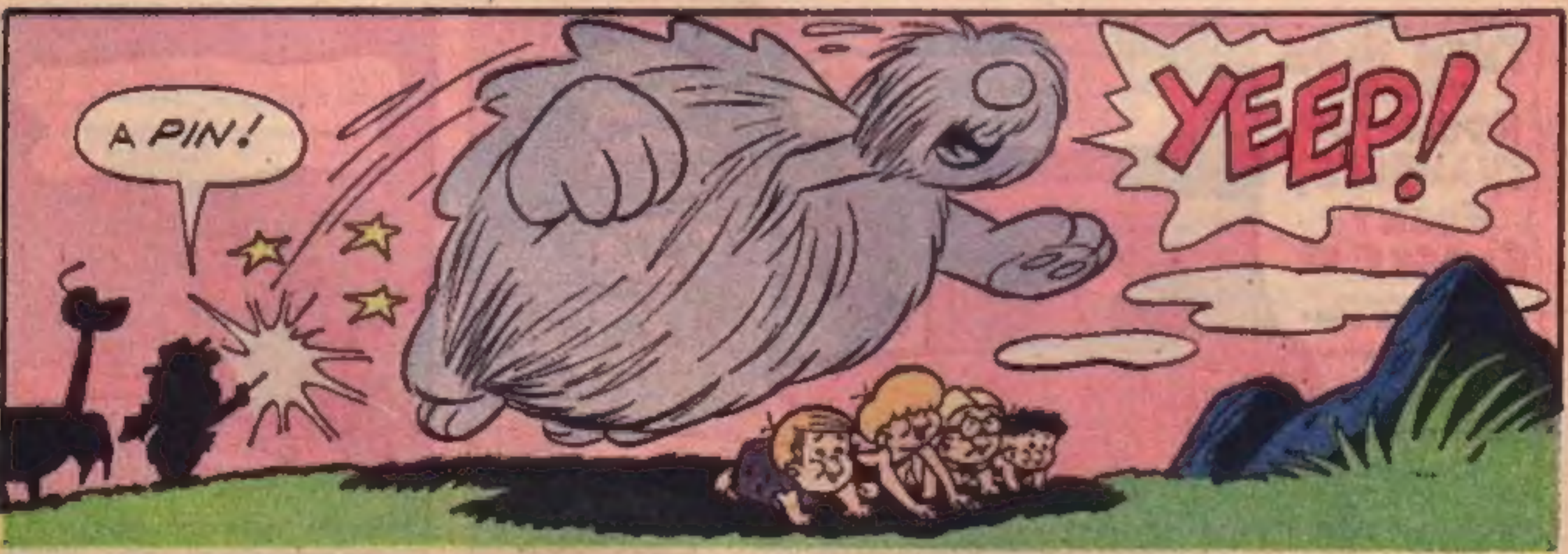
FLAP!



UFF! THIS POODLE-OSAURUS
IS TOO BIG TO BUDGE!

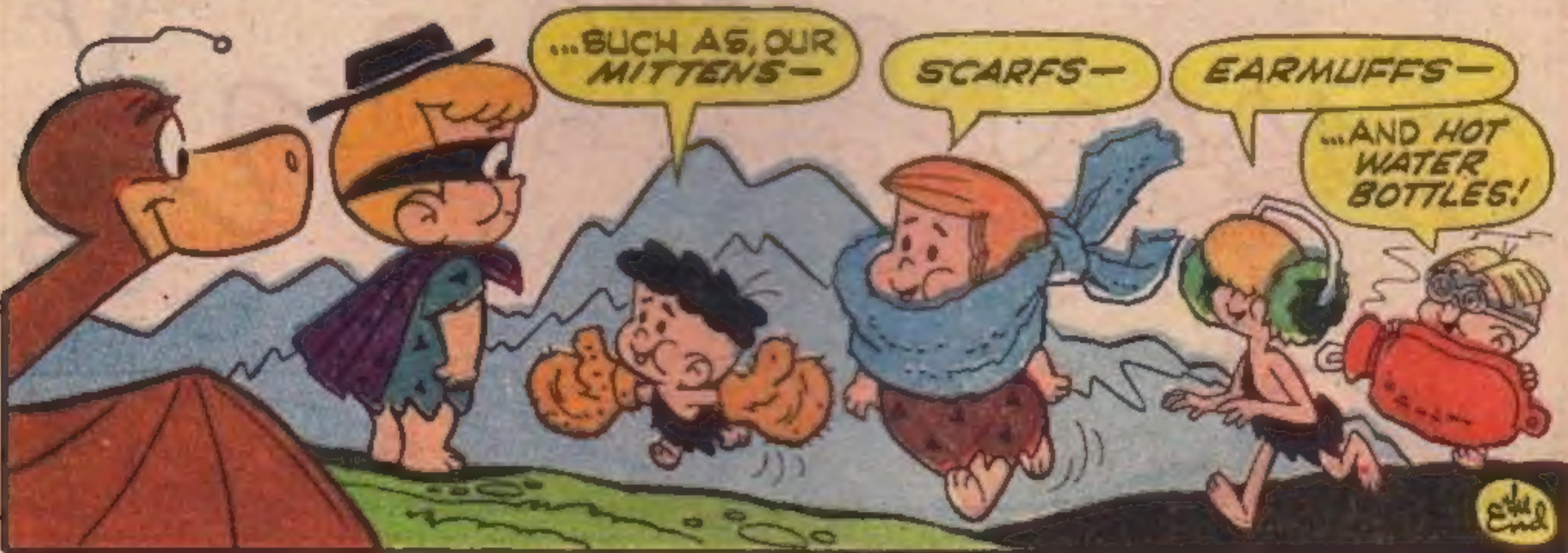
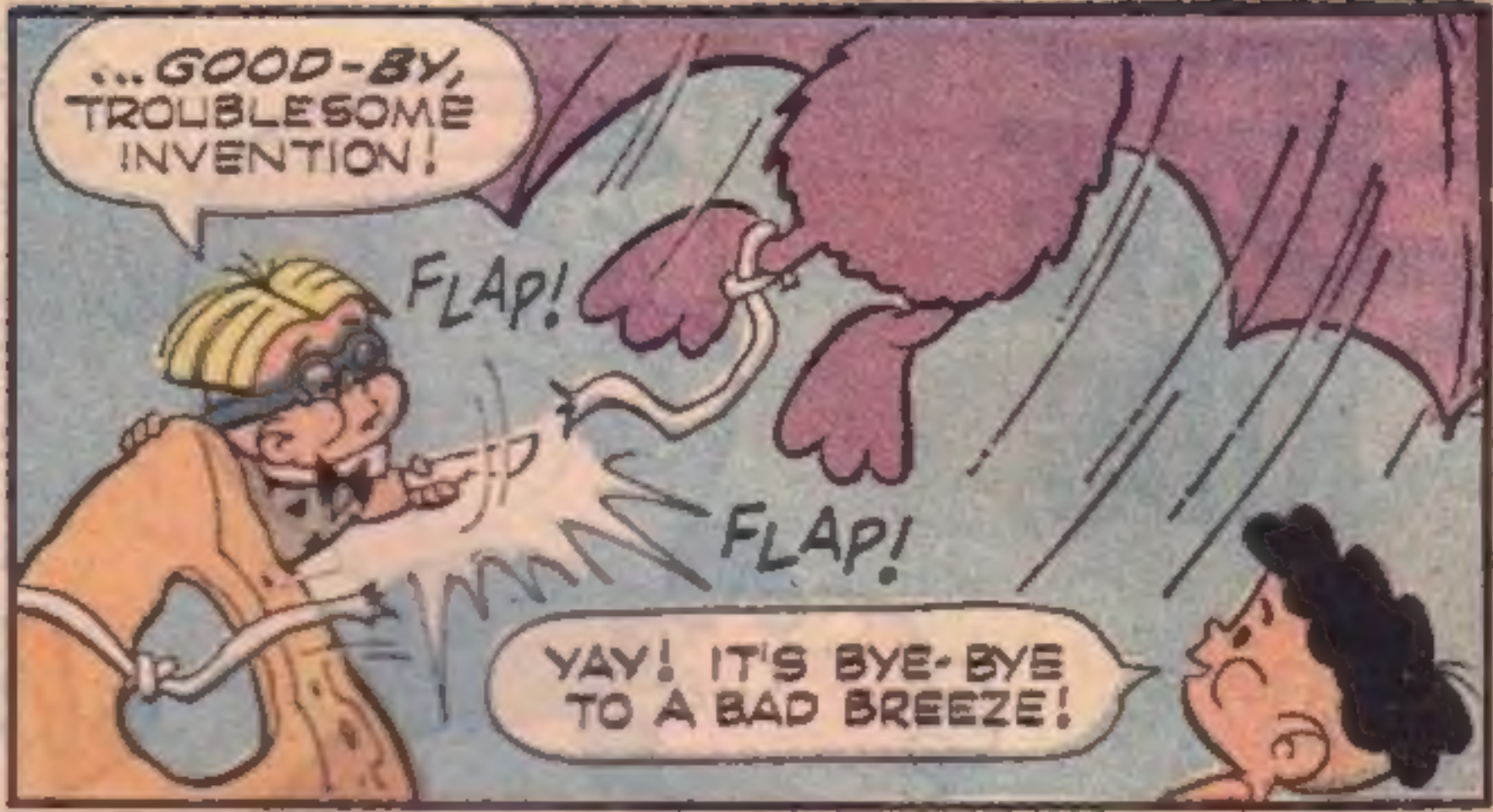


I MUST THEREFORE
RESORT TO MY SMALL,
BUT POTENT SUPER-
SECRET WEAPON...



A PIN!

YEEP!



CAVE KIDS

